

Home Folks

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A Series of Stories
by Old Settlers of
Indiana County,
Indiana.

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Home Folks



VOLUME I.

A Series of Stories
by Old Settlers of
Fulton County,
Indiana.

III
WALSWORTH
Marceline, Mo., U. S. A.

Preface

In compiling the personal history and experiences of our fellow townsmen, the purpose is not to sue for the praise which sometimes come to those who give expression to great and lofty ideas that sway the literary world, but, to preserve to coming generations, the simple life stories of those who are our neighbors and friends. Realizing that the hourglass of time, which is even now casting its lengthening shadow over these brave men, will soon check off the hour of their earthly departure, we owe it to them to keep their memory green, by reason of the many privations they endured, that we and those to come may enjoy the blessings which have followed as a natural sequence. The stories are those of pioneer days, of the incidents not found in history, but which made history in this county possible. To this end, "Home Folks" is circulated locally, that we may read and reflect on the duty and honor we owe those who laid the foundation for the civilization of today.

MARGUERITE L. MILLER.

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WILLIAM A. WARD

DOINGS IN FULTON COUNTY.

Some Important Events and Interesting Incidents Concerning Our Early History.

BY WILLIAM A. WARD.

AS I GO BACK IN MEMORY, over my long and somewhat eventful life, it is almost impossible to realize that it has been my good fortune to see this part of Indiana change from unbroken forest, filled with wild game and inhabited by Indians, to a highly civilized land of cities, fertile farms and comfortable homes. Neither can our boys and girls in this thriving age of education and competition in the affairs of men, understand anything of the hardships endured by the brave men and women who left their kith and kin in other states, came to a strange country, built homes and blazed a way for coming generations to find comfort and competence.

It is not my intention to relate any historical data of those early days, when Rochester did not exist, even in fancy, but to tell some of the incidents which are indelibly stamped on my memory, and acquaint a modern public with matters that are of importance to me.

When a mere babe, two and one-half years of age, my parents, Ebenezer and Rachel Ward, with their seven children, left their home in New York, and journeyed, by slow degrees, to Indiana, arriving here in about four months. I was too young to remember incidents in the overland trip, but recall that my parents frequently talked of the journey, and said that not far distant from this place, we staid three nights at one house, yet traveled every day, the ground being so soft that our teams and horses were nearly lost in the mire. It was hitch and unhitch, the advance being slow indeed. After a long and patient struggle we reached our destination and became citizens of the Hoosier state.

To go into the details of constructing a home, clearing land and the many privations sustained by my people, would lengthen this effort too much. Suffice it to say that the only whites here in those days, which I think was in 1831, were George Bozarth, William Lindsey, Joseph Truckey, Thomas Robb, DeClair, a half Frenchman, and "Friend" Johnson, who was the Indian gunsmith. We soon made friends with the red men, and as I grew in size and age, I became the interpreter for the whites. As time went on, the pale faces became more numerous, and stores and houses were built. Among those early store keepers, I recall the names of Johns and Dave Holland, the store standing on what is now the corner of Main and Third streets. James Moore was also a store keeper and held forth in a log building, where he sold whiskey by the barrel, receiving \$125 per barrel, the same being purchased by the Indians. The story went that Moore sold the liquor straight until the Indians were drunk, then watered the whiskey, and they would drink until they were sober. Discovering the deception, they would pour the remainder on the fire with the comment, "Too much bish."

About this time Benjamin Benjamin put in an appearance and erected the first frame house of any consequence. It still stands, a monument to the enterprise of the builder, and may be inspected by any citizen. I refer to the first house south of the Barcus lime house on Main street. It was in this house that the first tragedy occurred among the white settlers. Margaret Reese, who lived there with her husband, decided that she wanted to get rid of her spouse, and daily administered broken doses of arsenic, the man dying in two weeks. Dr. Howes and Dr. Chas. Brackett removed the stomach of the dead man and took it to LaPorte, where it was analyzed by Dr. Meeker, who could not tell whether the poison had been administered before death or had been dropped in the bottle containing the stomach on the way to LaPorte. Mrs. Reese was acquitted and allowed to go her way.

Another incident that may be of interest now comes to my mind. A band of thieves began to make life miserable for the settlers. Houses, stores, mills and stock received visits from the band, the territory of their operations reaching as far as Ft. Wayne, LaFayette and Logansport, Forrest mills, near the latter place losing heavily. The headquarters of the band was an old house which stood a mile south of what is now Fulton, on land owned by William Wright. The band was composed of two Murdock brothers, Wright boys, Kingsley and Stotenburger. All efforts to capture the thieves and bring them to justice seemed of no avail.

I have passed over the time when the settlement had attained to the dignity of a village, and Fulton county had been organ-

ized. James Gregory had been elected sheriff, and had left nothing undone to bring about the arrest of the offenders of the law, accomplishing but little. The following men then decided they would capture the outlaws and laid plans which were successfully carried out: Dr. Lyman Brackett, Eli Clifford, Luke Ward and William Spencer. Men were stationed at the south end of the village, others at the north end, where the stage, which was driven by Henry Barcus, always stopped. When all was ready the above named men rode boldly to the rendezvous of the robbers, which they surrounded. Wm. Spencer, who was the leader, knocked at the back door, and was met by a cross dog, which he promptly dispatched with a club, then hearing some one within, without further ceremony, broke in the door, coming face to face with Stotenburger, the most desperate of the gang. It was a hand to hand fight, and Spencer surely would have lost his life had he not called for the others to come to his aid, for Stotenburger, who was a strong man, was slowly, step by step, forcing Spencer backward to a table on which laid a long knife. The front door was soon demolished, others of the band captured and Spencer freed from his dangerous position. A search was made of the upper floor. Here a bed was found that seemed empty and smooth. A grab at the cover though, revealed another of the thieves, who was soon tied to the rest and the coterie marched to town. As an example to the rest, Stotenburger was tied to a tree and lashed until his body was a mass of cuts and bruises. The thieves were then put in safe keeping, tried before Judge Wright and sentenced to prison. The prisoners were to be taken to Jeffersonville, the journey being made in an open wagon. Is there any cause for astonishment when I say all escaped save one, and he was too sick to make the attempt? He died soon after reaching prison. For several years after breaking up this band, dress goods, silks, satins, groceries, flour and money were found in hollow trees and various places where the thieves had concealed their spoils.

Another tragedy that occurred at a somewhat later day, but still an incident of those primitive times, was a cold-blooded murder east of town, and the circumstances may be remembered by one or two still living. Arnold Perry, an old bachelor, resided on a farm with his sister and nephew, Jackson Clemens. The lad wanted to secure the farm and marry a girl of the neighborhood, so followed his uncle to the woods where he was clearing the land, and deliberately shot him in the back, killing him instantly. All night neighbors searched for the missing man, finally finding the body and gave it burial, then turned their attention to locating the murderer. Old man VanLue openly accused the boy of killing his uncle and he confessed to the crime

and the motive. The criminal was brought to town, a preliminary hearing given him and he was bound over to circuit court. Rochester could not boast of a jail, so Clemens was kept in the County Auditor's office in the old court house, during the day, and taken to the court room at night, where he was chained to the floor. Abel Greenwood was sheriff and he and I watched Clemens night about. The night before the trial, Greenwood suggested that he stay with the prisoner while I take a rest. I am not prepared to say the sheriff planned the escape of the murderer, but the facts are that when daybreak came the bird had flown, no one knew where. He had broken his chains, burned the boards from the windows and departed for parts unknown. Long afterward, I heard that he had settled in Nebraska, changed his name to Jackson Burse, married and prospered. I offered to bring him back, on learning his whereabouts, but the authorities seemed to think the expense would be greater than the benefit derived to the county, so Clemens died a free man as far as that crime is concerned. I realize these crimes I have related, are nothing compared to the awful tragedies occurring all about us in these modern times, but coming in those early days, when every man was a law unto himself and each feeling the responsibility of the well being of the community, they struck the inhabitants with horror, which was only appeased when we felt that justice had been meted to the law breaker.

One of the most pleasing things I recall of my early experience, was my association with the Indians. Perhaps the readers of this sketch will be interested in knowing something of the customs of those children of nature. The burial of the dead was in some respects peculiar. The deceased was tied in a sitting posture against a tree, all his personal belongings, tomahawk, arrows, gun and blankets were laid around him. A screen of brush was then put around the corpse, and he was visited each day by members of the tribe until the law of disintegration resolved the form back to nature. The tribe were honest with each other, and had great respect for their dead, touching nothing that belonged to them lest when they came to die the Great Spirit would refuse them entrance to the Happy Hunting Ground. I saw the remains of two Indians receive the last rites as above described. Only once to my knowledge did they go on the war path during my association with them. That was when they refused to accept the amount of money agreed upon in the treaty with the government, in exchange for their land. So unruly did they become, a message was sent to Logansport for the troops stationed there. Well do I remember what an imposing sight I thought the soldiers presented in their uniforms, brass buttons and stripes, as they came in and wheeled into line. The Indians

were gathered at Pottawattomie mills, near the lake, where a wagon laden with silver money stood to pay each red man his claim. The interpreter for the government spoke, explaining the meaning of the presence of the soldiers, after which each Indian speedily took his money and the troops returned to Logansport. Not a shot was fired on either side.

Tradition says the red men buried money at different points in the county. I believe this is true. Indians owned the land which is now the farm of Mrs. Edith Cowgill-Bryant, north of town. I am almost positive money is buried on that land, and in large quantities. Some day it will be discovered, buried in an iron kettle, and the coin in gold. Years after the Indians had gone from among us, a young brave returned, staid at the Wallace house several months and employed Andy Edwards to turn over the soil on that land. He said that the oldest man in the tribe had told of the buried gold, and said it was hidden so many feet under ground, between three trees. The ground had been cleared, however, the trees removed and the soil under cultivation, so the search was fruitless. I also believe money is buried in the field east of what was the Duke Kilmer farm. It was here DeCair, the half-breed, lived many years in a little cabin, burying his money after the custom of his tribe, and died with the secret untold.

As a general thing the red men were peaceable, although they had a fondness for the white men's "fire-water." We-we-see was very firm with the tribe and demanded fair conduct of his subjects. It was no uncommon thing for Poor Lo to imbibe freely, lose his blanket and have to buy it back from some nimble-fingered white man, after sobering, always paying a good big price for that which was already his own property. Several of these shrewd fellows piled up a nice competence as a result of the red man's ignorance. It was not often that my people had trouble with them, but my mother, who was a slender little woman, once whipped one until he was glad to cry for mercy. He had been drinking, and answered her rudely. She knocked him over with a stick, then used a small whip. He finally crawled off into the bushes and sobered up. He then returned and begged mother to keep the matter secret from the chief, who surely would have put him to death. We raised corn, turnips and other vegetables for the Indians, they refusing to take anything without paying well for the same.

Living was very cheap. We need not go one hundred rods from our door to bring down a deer or squirrel. I have seen deer in herds of great numbers, but strange as it may seem, when the Indians went away, they also disappeared, none knowing where they went.

I could go on with many legends of the lake and river, but will only relate one that came under my personal observation. DeClair was paddling about the lake in his log canoe, one evening, when he observed something he thought to be a log. He gave it a push with his paddle, when, to his astonishment, it turned, gave a swish with a mighty tail, which nearly spilled the Indian-Frenchman into the water. It did not take him long to put for shore, relate the facts to the Indians, who at once built big fires, danced around it and called to the Great Spirit for protection from Manitou. For many years Lake Manitou was called "Devil's Lake," because DeClair had seen the "Evil Spirit."

I shall never forget with what deep regret I witnessed my red brethren bunched together and driven like cattle from their native land, to a place selected for them by the Government, beyond the "Father of Waters." Among them were my boyhood playmates and staunch friends, whom I regarded with brotherly affection, and who held a friendship for me equal to kinship. Out of their kindly disposed feeling for me, they had offered me gold and enough land to make me a wealthy man, had I taken advantage of them, which I am glad to say I refused to do, notwithstanding that I was repeatedly urged to accept their generous offers. They were gathered together,—the chief, braves, squaws and old men—some walking, some on ponies, some in wagons because too old to walk, and started westward on their long journey. For more than a mile I followed them out of town fully determined that I would go with them, my mother following and as much determined that I should return home. She won the victory, but after several years I had still further proof of their loyalty to me, as they sent word that if I would pay them a visit they would agree to give me large tracts of land.

Lot M. Bozarth at one time held three county offices,—clerk, auditor and treasurer. John Davidson was the first sheriff of the county. My father was the first justice of the peace, and held a number of responsible positions. He also delivered the first 4th of July oration in Rochester and Fulton county. In fact, to read the history of the county, and of Rochester, is to read the history of Ebenezer Ward and several of his children. My brother John was the first man to practice law in the town, and my sister Mary Jane was first school teacher. To my knowledge, there are but two persons still living who are connected with the period I have given some history of, and those persons are C. A. Mitchell and his mother, Mrs. Jane Smith, the latter being ninety-four years of age. Two others, now deceased, were Jesse Shields and James Martin. There is not one person living who attended my wedding, when I married Adaline Howes. I remember three young ladies who were present,—Ann, Eliza and Amanda Bur-

roughs, but these too, no doubt, are numbered with the dead.

I was elected sheriff of Fulton county in 1876 and served two terms (four years). It was during this time that I helped to break up a gang of counterfeiters which were operating in the county. I became acquainted with the facts of their existence, through an attempt to locate a band of horse thieves, who were stationed some place in Marshall county. Letters began to come, hinting that spurious money was in circulation and they put me on the trail of the counterfeiters, who occupied a house beyond Glaze Hill, north of town. I spent many a night in the woods, near the house occupied by Langdon and Ferdone, and aftersome time succeeded in getting some of the dies they used. George W. Holman and I then sent a letter to the United States Secret Service Commission, to send a detective, but heard nothing in reply for a long time afterward. One day, during court, I was told that a stranger wished to speak to me, and to me alone. I went into the corridor of the old court house and found a large man, who introduced himself by name of Brooks, and that he had been sent by the Secret Service Commission. I appointed a time to meet him in my office, and after satisfying myself that he was all that he represented himself to be, showed him the dies and told him what I knew. Shortly afterward the house was surrounded, the outlaws captured, taken to Logansport, then to Indianapolis, where they were tried in Federal court and sentenced to prison. The counterfeiters were located at different points in the county, one at Fulton, who was arrested at Logansport. In all, seven men were made to feel the iron hand of the law. There were several men in Rochester at that time, who might have told what they knew of the circulating of the money made by the counterfeiters, but they kept quiet, and having no positive proof, thought best to let the matter drop.

I am eighty years of age, still in reasonably good health, and enjoy life and the pursuit of business. The past years have been actively spent, much of the time out doors, to which I believe is largely due the ripe age I have attained. On the whole the world has been exceedingly kind to me, and while the experiences have been varied and such as falls to the lot of many who are reared in a new country, still I am thankful that it has been my privilege to help make "the desert blossom as the rose," and out of the semi-savage state I have lived to enjoy the blessings of refined civilization, the acquaintance of countless friends, and retain the memory of the days which were the history-makers of Fulton county, for hard as those days were, they contained much of pleasure, of loyal friendship and constant devotion to the principles which denominate this country as the grandest exponent of freedom on the globe.

COMING OF THE PIONEER.

Some of His Hardships, Adventures, Adversities and Manner of Amusements.

—
 BY JONATHAN DAWSON. —

IT IS NO SMALL TASK to get in the reminescent mood to the extent that one can tabulate their thoughts, and bring forth incidents of the past in their regular order, but since I have been invited to give some account of my youthful days, will write as clearly as possible such things as I remember, principally concerning the mode or manner of living, and beginning at the time my father moved from Lawrence county, Pennsylvania, to Indiana, driving a two-horse team, to make the journey. Prior to this, I have no recollection, save of very few things, one of them being the Mahoming river, on the bank of which we lived.

An incident on the overland trip from Pennsylvania to this state is worth repeating. We had reached Muncietown and lodged over night with a man by name of Wilhelm. In the morning father paid the bill for accommodations and hitched up the team to continue the journey. I remember that Wilhelm had a son-in-law, but do not recall his name. We had not traveled far when we were overtaken by five or six men on horseback, among them being Wilhelm and his son-in-law. They flourished their revolvers and ordered father to hand over his money. He did as he was ordered, handing to the highwaymen a purse containing about fifty dollars. Luckily, Father and Mother had divided their money, and she had secreted her share on her person, else the remainder of the trip would have been fraught with greater hardship. After we were settled in Fulton county, Father made several trips back to Muncietown to prosecute Wilhelm, and he and his son-in-law were finally sent to Jeffersonville, but the others went free, as Father could not identify them.



JONATHAN DAWSON

Our family reached Fulton county in 1837, stopping a short time with William Biddle, a neighbor who had left Pennsylvania the year previous. Father soon found an empty log hut, on the banks of Lake Manitou, and we moved in, living there the remainder of that year and early spring, when it was decided to build a house on his land, eight miles east of Rochester.

There was a settlement in the vicinity of Newark, known now as Akron, some of the settlers being William Whittenberger and his sons, Dr. Sippy and the Welton family. West of there were the Staton, Barrow, Clemens and Felix Clevenger families, the last named man being the great-grandfather of Alex Clevenger of this city.

Dan McIntire and our family were the first settlers in that particular neighborhood, and each erected a log house, McIntire completing his two or three weeks previous to ours. The houses were almost a mile apart, and thick woods between. All houses were built of logs as there were no sawmills to cut timber and no lumber yards, where material is finished ready for the carpenter's saw, as in these modern days. By spring, our house was far enough along to inhabit, although there was no floor and the door was covered with a bed-quilt. To build a house, it was necessary to go to the forest, select suitable trees, chop them down and then haul to the location where the home was to be erected. Neighbors helped to pile the logs, notching the ends to make the corners meet. The roof was made of slabs, split from blocks, resembling boards as much as possible. As soon as a house had a roof on, it was thought to be ready for occupancy, even though the cracks between the logs would admit throwing a small dog though. In due time the cracks were closed with chinking and mortar made of clay. The next thing needed were windows, which were cut out and covered with paper, nicely oiled, through which the light penetrated. But it is of the wide, cheery fire place, around which we delighted to gather, and in whose ruddy glow cluster the most sacred memories of my childhood, that affords me the greatest pleasure to describe.

Our fire place was not less than six feet wide and as high as a man's shoulders. This was built of niggerheads at one end of the house. On this wall of stone and mortar, the stick chimney rested, it being daubed with clay, inside and out, to prevent danger from fire. Previous to this, the fire was made on the ground and the cooking done out of doors. Fire, by the way, was rather a precious thing, for it must be remembered this was long before matches were made, consequently, perchance the fire went out, we must go to our neighbors for another supply, and if the neighbor lived a mile away, you were still likely to be without fire on arriving home. One way of getting a fire started, was

to pour powder on a piece of punk, then expode it by striking stone and iron together until the sparks ignited the powder. This was no easy process and I have seen my father work for an hour before he succeeded in getting a blaze.

Our fire place was wide enough to admit a backlog as large as a man could get into the house, then we would pile smaller wood in front, using dogirons to keep the wood in place. I used to wonder why they were called dogirons, then conceived the idea that it was because they resembled little dogs with one leg in front and tails turned up for handles. It was in this fire place that my mother did the cooking. When there was bread to bake, the dough was put in an iron pot, the same set on a bed of ruddy coals, which had been drawn out on the hearth, and more coals piled on the iron lid. In cooking, sometimes the kettles would upset, unless suspended on the iron crane, which was fastened at one side and swung in and out. I must not forget to mention the johnnie-cake board which was about fifteen inches long and five wide. It was made very smooth, and on this was spread the dough and set before the fire. When one side was a crisp brown, they were turned with a deft hand and the other side baked. A johnnie cake thus baked is not to be forgotten.

The first thing to be accomplished after we moved in the spring of 1838, was to clear a patch of ground, and plant corn, potatoes, etc. It was no small thing to clear a piece of land. No one wanted to buy timber and everyone wanted to sell theirs. Of course it was all green and hard to burn. The neighbors helped each others pile the logs to burn, but it was hard and slow work. Sugar trees were numerous, so some of them were tapped and molasses made. We raised some pumpkins and then we had pumpkin and molasses with our corn bread. We knew nothing about the process of canning, so it was the custom to invite in the neighbors, in the evening, to a pumpkin peeling out of which grew much wholesome pleasure. Some people could pare the entire pumpkin without breaking the rind. The pieces were then hung up to dry. When we got far enough along to raise wheat, Mother made baked pumpkin pies. We children were very anxious for Sunday morning to come, as that meant biscuit and pie for breakfast. Every year added a little more cleared land and as time went on the patch grew into a farm of many acres.

For several years there were no schools in our settlement, although a number of new settlers moved in, among them being the Bright, Ball, Wagoner, Prili and Hoover families. Those were the days of large families, and parents decided that schools had become a necessity. The men therefore chopped down trees and before many months, there were several comfortable log school houses within a radius of a few miles.

One of the greatest pleasures for the young people, were the night spelling schools. I remember the Prill school claimed the best spellers in the neighborhood, being no less than James F. Wagoner and his sister Mary, now the wife of Zane Russell. In our school, Daniel H. McIntire carried off the prize, and I had a pretty good opinion of my own ability in that line of education. In the Ball school, Ancil Ball, now of Seattle, Washington was the champion and occasionally William Osgood would visit us and he was as good as the best. The greatest times were when all the schools met at one place and choose sides, then spell down. The old Elementary Speller was used.

Among the settlers were several ministers or exhorters. I recall the names of Rev. Joseph Terrel, Isaac Stallard, and a little later James and Robert Burns and Barzel Clevenger. The early minister was an earnest, sincere worker and preached around in the homes of the parisioners without money and without price. These were the first sermons I ever heard. Rev. Terrell had a brother Josiah, who moved into the community about this time and built a house within forty rods of our own. He was handy with a fiddle and loved to dance, and was called far and near to play for dancing parties and often held them in his own home. He began to attend the rural revival meetlngs and after a time became converted. One evening the meeting was held in Terrel's home. After the sermon by the minister, Mr. Terrel arose, told his neighbors of his recent change of heart, then produced his fiddle saying: "Henceforth I will have no more use for this," and suiting action to the words, walked to the fireplace and laid the bow and fiddle on the blaze, where both were soon consumed. He also became a preacher.

The farmer now has his riding plow and other agricultural machinery to make his work convenient and farming a pleasure instead of a burdensome task, as suffered by the pioneers. Nearly all the plowing I ever did was with a jumping plow. A cutter was put in front of the plow to run over the roots, much as a sled would have done, but it was somewhat dangerous to the one having hold of the handles, for to strike a root meant a punch in the waistband. Around beach trees, there would be a rod of ground where the plow never touched.

I also recall some of the customs in ladies' apparel. One rather unique head dress was a white cap, starched very stiff and smoothly ironed. The women thought they were not presentable without their caps and were as proud of them as the ladies of the present day are of their Merry Widow hats. Another thing they did was to smoke. The majority of them would carry their pipes and tobacco wherever they went and be sociable by having a smoke with their friends. The most of them

smoked home grown tobacco, but a few purchased the weed. I have not seen a woman smoke in a dozen years.

Sixty or seventy years ago, a man was considered stingy if he did not furnish whiskey during harvesting, log rolling or barn raising, when a man was expected to do hard work. Whiskey was supposed to make a man strong, and there were some who wished to be noted for their strength, so they drank an extra amount and were soon so strong they laid down in the shade of a tree, and the others not so strong did the work.

Another thing common to that period, was the ague. It was no unusual incident to find an entire family afflicted with the "shakes," in summer time, one not able to care for the other. The chills came with punctual regularity, and no amount of heat could make the victim warm. Then a pain-racking fever would follow and no amount of cold could allay the fever, until it ran its course. Some could go to work immediately after the fever passed off, but unless the chills were broken, the system became so weakened and reduced that work was out of the question.

The land we settled on once belonged to the Indians, and at that time there were almost as many Indians as whites. They frequently visited at our house, asking for coffee, bread, tobacco or anything we had to divide. The squaws would have their little papooses strapped on their backs. The red men were very peaceable as far as my people were concerned. Before the mill was built, they pounded their corn in a hole scooped out on the top of a log. The mill was erected at the dam or outlet of Lake Manitou. At that locality I found many a dart or arrow head. The only real experience I had with the Indians, was one time when my parents were going to Rochester to trade and left us children at Neighbor Terrel's. After a time we decided to go home, taking the Terrel children with us. We opened the door, but jumped back in fright, for the house was full of Indians. We beat a hasty retreat and did not wait to count the number, but I am sure there were no less than twenty in our house helping themselves to half of our coffee and other provisions. Each piece of tobacco was cut exactly in the middle, leaving half.

Of course there were no roads in those days, every family making its own way by driving or walking where it was high and dry and avoiding the mud or low lands as much as possible. The lands then thought to be worthless, have been under cultivation for the last quarter of a century. For many years no one thought of raising hay as the prairies furnished an abundant supply. There were no buggies, all traveled in a big wagon to which were hitched horses or oxen. If a young man wished to take his lady love anywhere, they either went afoot or she would ride behind him on his horse.

The first lamps we had were very crude affairs. Grease was put in an iron vessel in which was inserted a piece of wick or cotton, the outer end being lighted. We thought the light was very good, but of course, would now pale into insignificance compared with our modern electric or gas light. I often helped my mother make candles. We had candle-moulds through which wicks were stretched and the moulds then filled with the melted tallow. Another way was to get long sticks, and on them hang wicks as long as we wanted to make the candles. Then we took an iron pot and almost filled it with warm water, and in the water poured the hot tallow, which came to the top. In this we dipped and re-dipped the wicks, cooling each time they were removed from the kettle, until they were the required size and length. Previous to oil lamps and candles, we only had fire light and will say, in passing, that many were the lessons conned in the light from the great fireplace.

Well do I remember the first tomatoes we raised, knowing no other use for them than to admire as we did flowers. We called them Jerusalem apples. Long after we learned they were good to eat.

Meat was very scarce, unless there was a good hunter in the family. Father was not an adept with shooting irons but I recall that he killed two or three deers and several wild turkeys. Neighbor McIntire though, was an excellent shot, and oftimes killed a deer before breakfast. I was no hunter, still would often shoot squirrel and ducks. I had the pleasure of shooting at turkeys and deer but suppose I must have had the "buck" fever, for I never brought any of them down.

On Sunday, the boys had to amuse themselves in some fashion, as there were no Sunday schools. We played mumel-de-peg, walked on stilts, swam in "the old swimming hole," or if in winter, hunt the streams for ice, slide down hill on our sleds.

Another pleasure, and one I think foreign to the youths of the twentieth century, and that was hunting skunk. If one was found, and there was a dog along, there was no need to spend much money for perfume. Many of the animals then numerous, have become almost extinct in this part of the country, among them being the coon, muskrat, mink, porcupine, opossum. There were also many snakes, black snakes, water snakes and various other kinds and the boys delighted in killing them. I have seen the outer wall of a cabin, half covered with the skins of animals and snakes stretched up to dry.

I left the old home place in the spring of 1854, almost fifty-five years ago. The first eight years spent in Rochester, was behind a dry goods counter, the balance of my business life, in selling drugs. In 1856 I was captured by Isabella V. King, and am still a prisoner January 1, 1909.

DEER HUNTING ESCAPADES.

Forest and Stream are Scenes of Exciting Chase
Where Now are Fine Farms.

BY JOHN E. TROUTMAN.

THE EDITOR HAS REQUESTED ME to write something of the pioneer days of Fulton county. I close my eyes and look at the past, as memory spreads it out before me. As I turn the pages of time back, one by one, year by year, decade by decade, score by score, how quickly the scene changes from the present beautiful, well improved country, dotted with white farm dwellings and red barns, gravel roads, railroads, telegraph lines, telephone lines, flourishing cities and towns, to the primeval forests and prairies, with a cultivated patch here and there on the dry places, in the midst of which stood the rude log cabin, thatched with clapboards, built up against a huge chimney, daubed inside and out with red clay, and log stables covered with prairie hay, dirt roads winding around the edge of prairies and ponds, crossing streams where it was shallow enough to ford.

But there is one thing I can see in this picture of half a century ago that looks good to me, that I can't see in the panorama of the present, and that is the wild game. There was plenty of it here then. Deer in abundance everywhere; wild turkeys in droves, in the woods; all the big prairie west of Rochester, to Pleasant Grove (now Kewanna), was alive with wild ducks, wild geese, sandhill crane, prairie chickens, and quail. Not a patch of wood but you could hear all kinds of squirrels—red, black and gray, fox barking and pheasants drumming. Every fall of the year, at mast time, the air was fairly black with wild pigeons. There was a pigeon-roost in the great willow patch southwest of Rochester, where now is the beautiful Lovatt farm,



JOHN E. TROUTMAN

where we used to go with lanterns, clubs and meal-sacks. The willows were breaking with pigeons roosting there, and we could knock down and kill all we could carry in a little while. Oh, I liked to hunt pigeons; it was so easy. All you had to do in the morning or evening, was to stand and shoot into the flocks as they flew past, bringing down a bunch at every shot, or slip around in the woods on a wet day and find the top of some tall dead tree black with them, crawl up under it, point your gun up that way, shut your eyes and pull trigger, then pick up a dozen or more. Oh, it was fun and such easy fun.

All the streams and lakes were alive with the best varieties of edible fish. So plenty were they in Lake Manitou, that oft-times the water wheel of the old gristmill at the outlet would get clogged with them. I remember, when a boy of eleven years, of seeing a seining party finish up a series of hauls in Tippecanoe river near the John Leiter farm, where now is the town of Leiter's Ford, and they hauled and carried away eleven two-bushel sacks full of pike, bass and redhorse. The smaller varieties they threw back into the river. I am willing to make affidavit in Judge Ewing's court that I have helped haul a thirty-foot seine in Mud creek, fifty times or more, and the average haul would not be less than a bushel of as fine pike, suckers and goggie-eyes as ever graced a frying pan. Now let Mel Gibbons, Willis Peters and Nels Kirkendall take the stand if they can beat it. There was no lynx-eyed game law then, and farmers did not flock to the Sentinel office to buy "No Hunting on These Premises" signs.

You didn't have to have a license with your photograph pinned to your hunting-shirt. The game was free and you could hunt it wherever you pleased and find plenty of it anywhere. And this natural and bountiful supply of game and fish was a Godsend to the pioneer settlers of this country. The wolf of hunger would have crossed the threshold of many a cabin door had it not been for this.

Well, I never was much of a hunter and I don't want to be the hero in any of the stories of this article. And besides, the foundation of all the big hunting yarns date back to a time when I was too young to do more than remember. But I have an excellent memory, and a still better imagination. I did though, once kill a deer. I had been to Bumbarger's orchard to see if the ramboes were ripe, and on the way home, going through a thicket of hazel brush, I saw one. I could only see the tips of its ears and long hair on its neck. I ran home and told mother, and said I wanted to shoot it. She helped me load the old musket with powder and buck-shot and I went back, crawled through the brush to the spot I had marked by leaving my cap and sure

enough, there it was. I was trembling like a leaf. I believe Mr. Dawson called it "buck fever". I cocked the musket and steadied it in the fork of a bush, got a bead, shut both eyes and pulled the trigger. As soon as I recovered from the shock, I got up and heard a racket where the deer had been and knew something had happened. I went to the spot and found it as dead as a herring, half of its head was shot away. Well, as I stood in the presence of grim death, I didn't feel as good as I thought I would. In fact, I was ashamed of the deed I had committed. And I made up my mind to just let it lay and tell no one anything about it, not even my mother. She asked me about the deer when I returned, and I said it was gone. She asked me what I was shooting at and I replied "a rabbit." The next day our Dutch neighbor, John Fishely, was making a great howl about some one shooting his little yellow calf, but I never mentioned any names.

I killed a wild turkey once, too, but the owner caught me at it. My mother had to pay for it, and I had to take my meals standing up for a week. Such experiences were not calculated to encourage one of my age in the pursuit of wild game.

Late in the fall of 1861, Uncle Jimmy Burton, for whom the school house and neighborhood thereabout was named, came to our house one afternoon and said to my stepfather, William Mossman, "Say Bill, me and Richard was up to the ridge for a load of hay, this morning, and the little ridge was covered with deer tracks. They're feedin' on the acorns. "The D——l you say," said Pap, as I called him. Uncle Jimmy and Pap soon had arrangements made to go to the little ridge that night and watch for deer. The ridge referred to was the sandhill just west of Mud creek, where is now the farm of Mel Slick. There was a pole shanty there, where the Milliser boys camped part of the time, to trap and hunt and feed cattle in the winter time, or make wild hay in summer. There was always something there to eat and drink; especially drink. The little ridge was about a quarter of a mile west of it. I was only ten years old, but I wanted to go along. Pap was an awful fellow to swear. He could swear by note in all the meters and ragtime, and he said: "No! What the h——l would a little snot-nose like you do watchin' for deer?" But Uncle Jimmy said "Oh, let the lad go long, he can stay in the shanty and keep fire. We may get cold towards morning, and want some place to warm." So I went. We reached the shanty before sundown, and went to the ridge to review the deer signs. Pap and Uncle Jimmy picked out the trees they would roost in to watch for the deer and shoot them by moonlight. I heard Pap say: "They'll come about three o'clock in the morning, just about the time the moon gets up

good, and then we'll give'm h—l. They wont run away when we shoot, unless they see us, and they won't be apt to look up a tree for us."

We went back to the shanty, started a fire in the old stove, made some coffee and fried some bacon. Pap removed some straw from one corner of the shanty and lifted up a board that covered a hole in the ground. He ran his arm in the hole, then looked up, smiled and said: "She's here all right, Jim!" then he pulled a black gallon jug out of the hole. No, I don't know what was in it. They didn't ask me to taste it; I think though, it was something to keep folks warm, for I heard Pap say to Uncle Jimmy, just before they started: "Better take a purty good snort of it Jim, we'll get pretty d—d cold before mornin'." After we had fed and watered and Uncle Jimmy had told his usual batch of witch and ghost stories, they left me in the shanty and went to the watch, and a lonely time I had of it. I heard all kinds of noises in the night, and wished a hundred times that I had not been so anxious to come along.

The hoot-owls hooted and the screech-owls screeched, and now and then a wolf would howl a sound that I was perfectly acquainted with. Under ordinary circumstances it had no terrors, but being alone, in a lonely place, and thinking of the ghost stories I had recently heard, it had all the tendency to keep my hair standing up straight.

I barricaded the door with all the furniture I could pile against it and went to bed in the bunk of straw, covering with the robes and blankets. I went to sleep and did not waken until I heard pounding on the shanty door and recognized my stepfather demanding admittance. The first thing he said to me was: "We got 'em Jawny—three of em," and I said "bully." Pap and Uncle Jimmy started me home at once for the old horse. Uncle Jimmy insisted that I better get his team, but Pap said he thought we could tie them together and swing them across old Charley and he'd take them home all right. I think I made the three miles in about thirty minutes. Just as the sun was coming up, I ate a bite of johnny-cake spread with sorghum molasses, drank a cup of milk and straddled old Charley and galloped away, my Uncle Jesse Blandin following as fast as he could. He was a boy some four years my senior.

I got to the shanty by the time Pap and Uncle Jimmy had their breakfast and got the jug put away, and we all went to the little ridge for the deer. And there they were—three in a row. Old Charley acted like he smelt something and when he got sight of them he at once went through a complete transformation, from the gentle old family horse that he was to a bucking broncho.

Uncle Jimmy shook his head and said: "He won't carry 'em Bill." But Pap said he'd fix him, and took off his wamus and put it over the old horse's head, completely blindfolding him. That seemed to make him easier and they tied the legs of two of the deer together and swung them gently across his back, then laid the other one on top and tied it fast with prairie hay. They hoisted me on top of it all, gave me the rein, took the bandage from his eyes and told me to go. I started him, and holy Saint Peter, when the deer heads began to dangle on his flanks, he reared, pitched and bucked, knocked over Uncle Jesse, who was trying to hold him down, and threw me about twenty feet into a briar patch, kicked the deer gally west and made a bee line for home and there we were. My stepfather didn't simply swear; he raved, and cussed, and swore he'd shoot old Charley, soon as he got home—but he didn't. Uncle Jimmy talked him out of it. Well, there was nothing to do but carry them home. We got two poles and Pap and Uncle Jimmy took the two smallest and swung them across the pole, and Uncle Jesse and I took the other, and I being smallest, Uncle Jesse said I might take the short end of the pole. We had to rest every quarter of a mile, but we got home along toward noon. Mother said old Charley had been there for three hours or more.

My stepfather, being a noted deer hunter, venison was as common an article of food on his table, as liver is on mine now. Charles Brackett, who will be remembered by many old citizens, was a prominent physician of this county at that time, and was also a genial good fellow. Being quite fond of venison and an occasional chase, he would often call at our primitive cabin and join my stepfather in a deer hunt, or carry home with him on his buckboard, a saddle of fat doe-hams for which he would make a liberal credit on his ledger in payment for pills, quinine and other "physick." One morning, just a few days before Christmas, 1859, I awoke from my slumbers in the cabin loft and found the floor as well as the feather-bed I slept under, covered with snow, a thing not infrequent, as the roof of the cabin was covered with clapboards, through which there were many cracks and the cracks between the logs, from the loft up, not being very well chinked and not daubed at all, every time it snowed, the flakes would sift or blow through the crevices or cracks between the logs and cover the whole loft. But we children did not mind it much, and I presume were the healthier for the fresh air we enjoyed. We slept under heavy duck-feather ticks and a skift of snow on top made it all the warmer, and the snow was always swept down the hatch hole and out of doors before it melted.

On that particular morning when I climbed down the lad-

der from the loft, about the time the first beams of old Sol were peeping over the tree tops, I discovered a visitor already there, in no less a personage than Doctor Charles Brackett. And I heard him saying to my stepfather: "Say Bill, where's your dimmijohn?" And then talked about the fine snow, and it being a good day for them, and easy to track, etc., and that kind of talk continued while mother fried the bacon and baked a jonny cake and made the coffee, and then they sat down to breakfast. I was just a bit bashful in those days, and didn't often go to the table to eat when we had company. That morning, while they were eating, I went out to the road to take a look at the Doctor's horse and buck board, and try a wade in the fresh snow. Just west of the cabin was a cleared patch of ground and then a dense patch or thicket of white oak grubs. And there at the edge of the thicket, where some corn rows stood not yet shucked, I saw three deer. I immediately ran into the house and said: "Pap, there's a hull drove of deers in the clearin'," indicating which clearing with a gesture. My stepfather jumped from the table and said: "Come on Doc." He took his rifle and shot-pouch from the rack, and struck out, and the Doctor said to my mother: "Mandy, where's my hat?" He put it on and ran to his buck board for his gun and powder horn and they were off. My stepfather got a shot at the deer and crippled one. I went out to the place and saw blood on the snow, but no deer and no hunters. I went back to the house and my mother said: "Jonny, we'd better find some place for Doc's horse, for if they've crippled a deer they wont come back till they git it." We unhitched the horse and put him in the smokehouse, that being the nearest approach to a stable there was on the premises.

Then I heard mother say, half to herself, "That doctor hain't got a bit of sense." And I said, "why ain't he Maam?" for I had always regarded the doctor as a man of unlimited knowledge. "Why," said she, "he haint got no boots on at all, nuth-in' but low slippers, and he'll freeze his feet and catch his death of cold wadin' in this snow that way."

I don't remember what o'clock it was, but it was nearly dark when the hunters returned, but they had the deer, a fine big fat doe, and were dragging it between them with a couple of hooked sticks. I remember hearing them tell mother how many miles they had run it, across the Tippecanoe river and back again, and how the Doctor broke through the ice and came near going under, and afterward lost one of his slippers in the snow and had to dig around in the snow a long time before he found it.

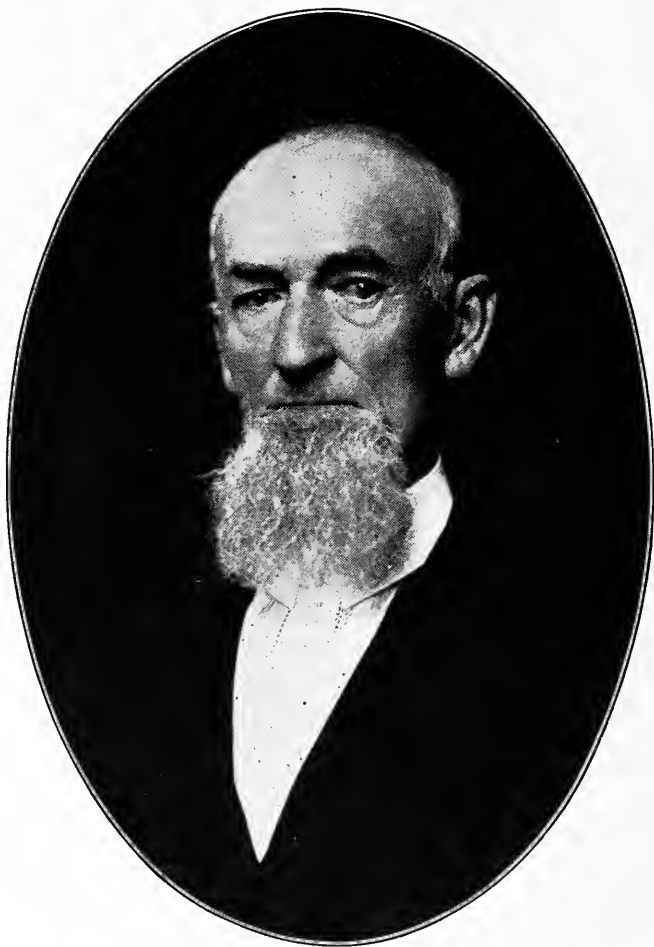
They were tired, wet and cold but happy, contented and

cheerful. The Doctor took off his slippers and roasted the reddest pair of feet before the the fireplace I ever saw. After they were warm and dry, they skinned the deer and selected some nice broiling steak from the loins. Just before I received notice from my mother to climb the ladder to my bed in the loft, I remember seeing my stepfather and the doctor sitting flat down on the hearth before the old fireplace, each broiling venison on a "spit" and I am not sure but the famous "dimmijohn" was near by, for my stepfather could not keep house without it, anyhow I heard the doctor say: "Say Bill, this is what I call livin'."

And as I crawled under my duck-feather bed and the arms of Morpheus wrapped about me and shut out the conscious world, the prayer I breathed to my maker was: "Oh Lord, when I get big let me be a doctor or a deer hunter, or both, I don't care which."







ROBERT S. JEWELL

BY OX TEAM TO PIKE'S PEAK.

Crossing the Buffalo Range in Quest of Gold and Return Empty Handed and Sick.

BY ROBERT S. JEWELL.

IN 1838, WITH MY PARENTS, I removed from Hamilton, Ohio, and settled in Knightstown, Ind. The country was new, times close, money in "shin-plasters," scarce at that, and only small change in silver coin. There was general complaint of hard times, and for a reason, we therefore had to subsist on corn bread and the little we could raise in our truck patch, and considered ourselves fortunate if we could get wheat bread on Sunday. In the fall, there was a struggle to secure warm clothing for the winter, and I remember well, it was near Christmas before I got a pair of shoes. Therefore, to run barefoot in the frost and snow was no uncommon thing, but there were hurried return trips to the house to warm one's half-frozen toes. Many of the poorer class suffered for comfortable clothing

An able-bodied man worked for \$8.00 and his board per month, and oftentimes took his pay in trade—corn, potatoes or anything that helped him to live and provide for his family, for pay in money was nearly out of the question. Anyway, the value of money was very uncertain for sometimes it was worthless the next day after receiving it, for the bank would fail or close suddenly.

The wife had to spin rolls to make their clothing for the winter. I have seen young ladies come to church in their homemade plaid linsey dresses and the young men in blue jeans suits, and if they were new, some one less fortunate would say, "my, but they are putting on lots of style." Yet those who were wealthy, did not treat the poor class disrespectfully, if they were worthy, so there was more of the spirit of equality, sociability and real enjoyment than in modern times.

I did not see a train of cars until I was twenty-one years of age. We had no way of getting our produce to market except to haul it, and the nearest market was Cincinnati, where we also drove our hogs, through mud and slush. How different today. With railroads and home markets, we are living in a paradise compared to seventy years ago. I pity the person now who complains of hard times or the scarcity of money. How little he or she knows the meaning of hard times compared to the days of which I write.

Soon after my father had purchased a small piece of land joining Knightstown, he became ill and died, leaving my mother with three children, two sons and a daughter. His demise left us in debt \$500.00 and we lost the land and all father had paid on it. Our home then became a thing of the past, I being the oldest boy found a home in Centerville, Wayne county, and I was taught the tailors' trade, going from there to Charlottesville, where I was married, and from there moved to Randolph county.

About this time the Pike's Peak gold fever became prevalent. E. Harris, James and John Addington and myself formed ourselves into a company, purchased two horses, a wagon and six months' provision and shipped the same to Leavenworth, Kansas.

At Leavenworth we found a great many persons in camp, getting ready for the trip into the mountains. We fell in with some Indiana and Ohio boys and formed ourselves into a company of seventy-two men, to better protect ourselves from the Indians. We elected a captain, drew up by-laws, etc., and in case we did not agree on any point, we were to put the point in question to a vote, the majority to rule. We started from Leavenworth about the last of April, five men, (a mess) to a wagon, but soon found the grass was too short for our teams. The settlers along the road had burned off the dead grass, and that had delayed the growth of the new crop. This compelled us to buy corn of them at their own price, which, I assure you, was high enough. We went into camp on Grasshopper river to wait for grass to grow. Settlers said that the farther we went the worse it would be. There was plenty of corn and hay, but at extravagant prices. While in camp, three hundred wagons passed on their way to the gold fields. After a week in camp, we decided that if others could make the trip in safety, we could, and found plenty of grass a little way from the settlement. We met the first Indians at Grasshopper, the Caws, a tribe of beggars. We had been cautioned by the settlers not to recognize their petitions, or it would mean trouble, and was told the only way to get rid of

their presence was to use harsh methods. Example of the treatment was given us by a settler who was approached by an Indian who asked for aid. The settler picked up a club and yelled, "Pacachee," which, translated, is about to this effect: "Leave here or I'll knock h——l out of you." The Indian lost no time getting away.

The next tribe encountered were the Pottawattomies. They were quite friendly. They were splendid marksmen, and we often tested their skill by placing a five-cent piece in a split weed and telling them they could have it if shot out with an arrow at twenty paces. Nine times out of ten they got the money.

Before leaving Grasshopper, one of our horses became injured and could not travel, so we traded our team and harness for two yoke of oxen, chains and outfit, being all we could do under the circumstances. We crossed Blue river at Manhattan, and from there to Ft. Riley, that being the last settlement, although at Solomon's Fork there was a large ranch, the best we saw on the trip. The house was one and one-half story, of hewed logs, and everything looked neat and nice. It was at least fifty miles from any settlement. We only saw two men on the place. We had to be ferried across the stream, for the water was about twenty feet deep, although not over sixty feet wide. The man at the ranch ran the ferry, and he was a tough and rather suspicious looking character. We had been informed that there was considerable thieving done around Ft. Riley, but we did not know the exact location of the outlaws.

It was almost night when we were all across the river, so we went into camp. We "picked" our oxen close to the tent until about three o'clock in the morning, then turned them out to grass until time to start again. There were a great many cattle, but they always staid pretty close together, but not infrequently roamed a half-mile from camp, yet in view, for there was no obstruction between them and camp. When we went after the cattle, next morning, our four were missing. We searched for several hours, then the company started on the trip, leaving a crippled man with us who rode a mule, who was to report to the company in the afternoon, in case we did not find our oxen.

There was a low, marshy place about a mile away from where we camped and there we found cattle tracks, and the tracks of a man also. We finally found the cattle, but the man had skipped, and it may be well that he had, for once away from the civilizing influences of law, a man's conscience become very elastic and that fellow's skull would have been

left to bleach in the sun, for we would have shot him on sight, being so wrought with anger. We overtook our fellow travelers about midnight, completely worn out. Next day we came upon some antelope, providing the boys with fine sport, and also fresh meat for dinner. The antelope is about the size of a sheep and very swift on foot. As the plains are in small hills and shallows, the shooting of an antelope is a pretty piece of work. They run with lightning speed to the hill top, down the other side and to the next, then wait to see if the pursuer is in sight, if not, they retrace their steps, curiosity being their weak point. If one is not in sight and they can not smell you, they come closer and closer until they reach the point from which they started. A red rag tied to the ramrod of your gun, which is then stuck in the ground, will draw them step by step, until they see what it is. We next came upon a buffalo range. That was a sight not to be forgotten. As far as the eye could carry vision, in every direction, the earth was black with them, seemingly millions. We were in sight of them for several days. This may sound like exaggeration, but any one who has seen a buffalo range in an early day, will tell you this is true. To see them stampede is an awesome sight. They make a noise similar to the rushing of the wind, and nothing impedes their progress, men, cattle, wagons, everything goes down before their mighty strength. The leader is followed by the whole number and only stops when he stops.

The next band of Indians we met were the Commanchies, and they too were great beggars. The company had walked ahead, leaving only one man with each wagon. The drivers decided they would not give them anything, so their requests were met with language not eloquent in sound or meaning, and after some time the tribe rode away, in the same direction we were going, and, overtaking the company, waited until the teams came up. They asked who the captain was, then laid in their complaint, saying an apology must be forthcoming or something given them in return for the bad treatment they had received from the drivers. It was one of the days when it was my duty to drive, and our captain said it might be better to get something from each wagon and give to the Indians than to have any trouble with them. Some wanted to follow the captain's advice, others wanted to fight, thinking we could soon clean them out, but the captain said the Indians could soon bring five hundred more to their assistance, and we'd better get away without further trouble. We followed his advice. The Indians then buried their tomahawks, shook hands and went their way.

Our next hardship was found in the desert. We had reached a stream supposed to be the head of the Smokey Hill river, so small in places that we could step across it, and the last watering place before entering the desert. We therefore filled our water tanks, preparing for a drive of forty miles before finding another place to water the cattle and refresh ourselves. Reaching there we were disappointed, for the water had dried up and another stretch, according to the guide books, had to be made before water could be found. Our supply was about gone, so we traveled all night to avoid the hot sun during the day. Our company had a pony cart with it, so one man volunteered to ride ahead until he found water, fill all the tanks the pony could haul, then come to meet us. He started away, but had a close call for his life, from wolves. They followed close enough to strike them with his club, as he walked and led the pony. He did not dare shoot, fearing he might wound one, and that meant death for him. They snapped at him, but he managed to keep them off by waving a club. The sand was so dry and fine that no trace of a track was left and it was a dead pull all the time for every wagon. During the day, an egg could have been cooked by the intense heat of the sun, and our shoes fairly burned our feet.

About seven o'clock next morning, we were rejoiced to see the pony cart, with thirty gallons of water, hove in sight. The next watering place was not reached until noon that day.

We passed many prairie dog towns which sometimes covered an acre or more of ground. The prairie dog resembles a muskrat, but not so large. They burrow in the ground and pile the dirt at the side of the hole. They sit upon the mound and bark on seeing one approach, then dart into their holes until danger is past. A bark from one will call all the others to the surface to do the same thing.

Across Cherry creek was the little town of Arrard, a place of fifteen or twenty log houses or shacks. There the "boomers" or sharpers collected, trying to boom Denver. I was offered a warranty deed in Denver, the only stipulation being that I erect a small log house thereon. But I said I would not take the lot as a gift, for the country looked rough and wild, but that is where I missed a golden opportunity, for within a year that same lot was worth a large sum, and within three months after, fine brick buildings were built. The population jumped to 10,000 and buildings going up as fast as materials could be secured and employes found to do the work. Mechanics were few and hard to get, consequently brick and stone masons received all kind of prices, and any one knowing how to use tools, could

get work at good wages. The first hotel was named the Denver City Hotel. It was 20x40 feet in size, built of logs for the first three feet off the ground, and from there up of canvass like a tent with a ridge pole in the center. The rooms were also partitioned with canvass.

There was no lumber except that sawed out with a whip saw, which was operated by a log being rolled up on a scaffold, one man above the log, the other under, to pull and draw the saw back and forth and thus saw off a board. When I was in the mountains, I paid \$25.00 per hundred for lumber with which to build our sluice and ripple boxes.

When well rested from our long and tedious trip, we passed through Denver, across Cherry creek to the ferry boat, then plying Platt river and on to Golden City, on Clear creek. There were no houses but a number of tents dotted the place, giving shelter to the citizens. It was about two miles to the foot of the mountains where the road made the first ascent. We had a light wagon, a few provisions and our blankets and to the wagon were hitched three yoke of oxen. So steep was the road that it was impossible to drive straight up, so the ascent was made by quartering, or in a zigzag manner, the incline making from 75 to 100 feet each effort, two men following behind to chock the wheels with a stone at each stop. The first pull was a mile in length, the second one-eighth of a mile and then we found the ground level. Part of the time the wagon stood almost on end, and we were glad to find a stretch of level land. Here we had a little excitement.

A bear crossed our path and we were soon on his track, guns in hand. He was an old settler, knew the ground and could get over the rocks faster than we, so he got away. We went back to the wagons happier for the diversity, and journeyed on to Gregory and Russell diggings. The Gregory mine was a shaft diggings, the Russell gulch diggings. There were few claims that were paying big and you might prospect six months and not strike "pay dirt." It was not difficult to find the "color" but to strike it rich, that was another question. There were hundreds of prospectors longing to get away, but had nothing to get away with. We had a claim offered us, and panned out several pans of dirt, and it seemed to be a paying claim, but we had only worked the surface. It was ten or twelve feet to hardpan, where gold is usually found. A contract was made for the claim, with the owner, who gave as a reason for selling, that he was unable to work the claim, although he had gone down in one corner and found it rich in gold. We were to pay him one-half of what we took out of the claim, the expense to come out of his half.

We made a long tom, sluice box, and ripple box, and went to

work. The first day we took out \$12.00 and thought we were doing well for the surface. Next day the man wanted to take our team to Golden City, and accept it as part pay on the mine. To this we objected, knowing that if the team was driven to Golden City by him, that would be the last we would ever see of it, so we said no, we would stand by the contract. To make a long story short, that mine had been "salted." Every dollar we took out of the mine cost us two to get, as it was so fine we had to collect dust with quicksilver. The Russell claim was 500 feet above us and from a three days' run, would pan a tin-cup of gold-dust.

Hundreds were discouraged and leaving the diggings, we with the rest. Coming out of the mountains, we found where the gulch widened three or four hundred feet and a mile long. In less than ten days there were fifty or more houses, log cabins, erected by the miners. The town was named Rocky Mountain City. A newspaper was started,—was about one-eighth the size of the REPUBLICAN, sold for 25 cents per copy, and called the Rocky Mountain News. We passed to Golden City, where our team had been kept, and then on to Denver where we went into camp for a few days. Here we rested and made ready for the return trip. This was about the last of August. Never did I see so many mosquitoes as along Platt river; they were not quite as large as elephants, but they presented their bills with regularity every night, and we had to make war on them until about ten o'clock when the wind would come up and blow them away. We could then lie down and sleep until morning.

We had not traveled over fifty miles when I was taken sick and developed third-day ague and from that to every-day shakes. I was very ill the entire journey and to be hauled four hundred miles in a wagon and lying across the top of trunks was anything but pleasant and not calculated to inspire one with courage. By the time we reached Brownsville, my hips were worn through and I weighed less than one hundred pounds. We camped there but one night. The boys said: "Now Bob, we have some hope of getting you home." To which I replied: "I have never had any other thought but that I would get home." They afterward said, that for two weeks they thought every day they would have to dig a 2x6 hole and lay me in. We sold our oxen at Brownsville, took the boat for St. Louis, and the cars to Indianapolis.

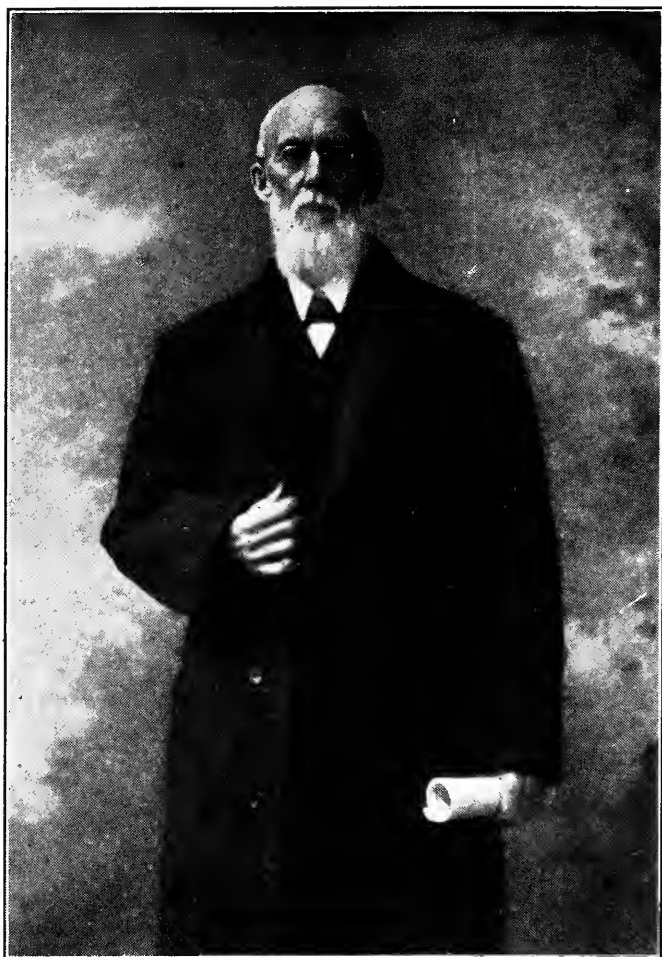
Coming down the river, we stopped at Wyandotte, where we anchored, and I got off the boat and went into a store and purchased a hat. The only kind that would fit me was one of the cow-boy style. I was so thin in flesh that I looked like a ghost, and I had not been shaved since leaving Indiana. I had written home, but owing to the uncertainty of the mails, the letters did

not reach my folks until after my return, and as they read in the newspapers of the death of many emigrants and how they were being murdered by the Indians, they naturally concluded we were dead.

My wife was standing on the porch of our modest home when I went in the yard, but she did not recognize me until I reached out my hand, then she would have fallen had I not held her, for I looked very rough. Tears flushed our eyes, but they were tears of joy.

We came from Randolph county to Rochester in the fall, November 2, 1862. For six years after coming to Rochester, I worked at my trade, tailoring, first for B. S. Lyon, then for Truslow, Lyon & Kendrick until my health failed, then bought twelve acres of ground of C. A. Mitchell, near the West Side Hotel, Lake Manitou, and started a boat landing which I ran for several years. Since then I am taking life easy, resting, visiting and enjoying myself as becomes a man of 77 years, who has led an industrious life and had a share of the world's joy and sorrow.





DR. WILLIAM HILL

INSPIRATION—DETERMINATION.

Evidence That the Plow Guides Men Toward the Professional Walks of Life.

BY DR. WILLIAM HILL.

HAVING KEPT NO CONTINUED DIARY of the history of my active life, I will have to call up from memory's halls a few of the scenes and incidents written there along the stream of time.

Being engaged in the practice of medicine and surgery, the greater portion of my life from early manhood, the incidents mostly brought to view will be those that at times came across the pathway of the busy doctor while engaged in his professional calling.

I was born in a log cabin on the 3d day of March, 1832, in the state of Michigan, Oakland county, town of Farmington, Pontiac being the county seat. Among my early recollections, my mind goes back to that memorable night of Nov. 13, 1833, that will live in history while the world stands. I was lying in my cradle, looking out through the window, and saw the "stars" falling thick and fast towards the earth, father and mother going out at the door to view the scene. I called to them to bring me some of the stars. They said they all went out just before they struck the earth. It proved to be the largest meteoric showers of falling stars ever brought to view from the earliest period of recorded time, excepting the Seer of Patmas had antedated, and witnessed the scene near eighteen centuries before. My field of vision was somewhat limited to the narrow zone of my cabin window, so I will use the eyes of one of maturer years to describe the grandness of the scene. The following is a description of this event published in the Des Moines (Ia.) Register by the agricultural editor, an aged man who was then one of the few surviving eye witnesses of the phenomenon:

"The agricultural editor of the Register was out alone with a team and a load of lumber on that never-to-be-forgotten night; and he cannot now consent to hear of human fireworks being superior to that most grand and sublime spectacle ever before or since beheld by man. Immense meteors, mingled together with smaller shooting stars, fell like snowflakes, and produced phosphorescent lines along their course. Intermingled with these, large fireballs, some larger than the moon, fell or shot in the arc of a circle of thirty or forty degrees. These left behind them luminous trains which remained in view several minutes and sometimes half an hour or more. Some of these luminous bodies, whatever they were, remained stationary for a considerable time, irregular in form, emitting brilliant streams of light. There was no moon, but starlight, and as the whole firmament was lit up and descending in fiery torrents, everything was on a grander scale than man may ever aspire to imitate. This display extended all over North and South America and the West India Islands. Patent fireworks were no nearer this wonderful phenomenon than lightning bugs are equal to the sun. The display lasted from about ten o'clock on the evening of the 13th until it was obscured by the light of the sun on the morning of the 14th of November, 1833."

At Another time I was lying in my cradle when several Indians came into the cabin. The squaws came to my cradle and pointed me to their pappoose on their shoulder. Some of their men followed, pointing to their papposes, and passed on. Their dark complexion caused me to look at them sharply. Later on I learned that every fall they would come to trade cranberries for corn bread which my mother baked for them. Doubtless they belonged to some of the tribes that Tecumseh came from Michigan to Indianapolis to join the nine tribes that fought the battle of Tippecanoe, Nov. 7, 1811, some twenty-two years before. His brother brought on the battle while he was away, against General Harrison and his men, but lost the victory. The nine tribes scattered to their native homes, peace soon came to the whites and Indians, spreading her mantle over the historical valley of the Tippecanoe and many of our children hardly know that the very ground we live on was ever trodden under foot by hostile tribes.

Our brains, in early childhood, are very impressible, something like the sensitized plate in the photographer's box. Scenes, incidents and words impressed there while young, will remain for a life time, and we can call them up even in old age, apparently living them over again, unto the parting of the ways.

My parents soon got tired of living in the wilderness and moved back to York state, Ontario county, where I attended the common schools of the country. In the fall of 1839 we moved to Miami county, Indiana, where I continued to attend the country schools, later on, only during winter seasons. In summer worked on the farm. One hot day in June I was plowing with one yoke of oxen, slowly ascending the hill-side in the field. I stopped the oxen to have a rest, as they were warm and tired, and sat down on the plow-beam. Then I began to meditate and think of the future, counting my age, found that I had three years to stay at home before I would be of age. Three years seemed a long time to stay with Father and Mother. Should I stay my time out or arise and go to the far distant west and lead a strenuous life? I concluded to stay and be a plowman, returning home as the curfew tolls the knell of departing days. Then the thought came to me,—“What shall I follow after I become of age?” Giving the subject mature thought I decided to study medicine and become a physician. Arising from the plow-beam full of courage and hope, grasping the plow handles, I spoke to the oxen to move on.

At the first opportunity I told my father that I was going to study medicine, and after I became of age I would make the study and practice of medicine my life work. Said I would buy some medical books and commence right then. Would study of evenings and work through the day. “All right,” he said, “I am in debt some on the farm and do not see how I could spare the money to buy the books.” I answered: “If you will give me the time, I will go out and work and get money and buy the books.” He said he would. I then took the ax, maul and iron wedge, started for the woods. A man offered me fifty cents per hundred for making rails. Went to work and made one hundred rails the first day. That was all I could make in one day. Averaged that for ten days, receiving five dollars in cash for the same.

I wrote a letter to a New York firm, to send me a copy of a new book they had just published, price being \$5.00, on “The Principles and Practice of Medicine and Surgery, Obstetrics, Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene.” I took the money and had the post-master put it in the letter in my presence, seal it up and put in the mail for New York, as there were no money orders to be had in those days. In about ten days the letter was returned to me from the New York house, stating that there was no money in the letter when received, and they had opened the letter in the presence of witnesses. The letter had been robbed and the money taken out.

When the news came that the letter was robbed, my prospects along medical lines were under a cloud. Since then I have read of "Black Friday," in New York and Chicago, but it did not seem to me as dark a day as mine was. Should I give up the study of medicine and remain on the farm? After studying over the matter four weeks, I concluded to try again. Taking my tools to the woods I made another one thousand rails, receiving another five dollars. I mailed the money at another postoffice, other witnesses, to the same firm. Why should not a two-thousand-rail maker, or splitter, become a doctor—if not, why not? As I read of a rail splitter becoming President of our country.

In about ten days the book arrived all right, in good shape. Then I called off my hounds from the chase and laid aside my hunting outfit. Commenced my evening studies, working through the day and reading up to nine or ten o'clock at night. When the three years were up, I had pretty well mastered the book and several others besides. I studied and practiced medicine for ten years, then went to Philadelphia, attended medical colleges and hospitals there, graduating with honors, bringing home three diplomas as evidence of the same. I received the appointment from the government as Examining Surgeon for cadets at South Bend, Ind., for this congressional district during the civil war.

Afterward, I received the appointment as Examining Surgeon for pensions, for Fulton county, from the Commissioner of Pensions. In that capacity I served the government for twelve years and three months.

At this point I pause, and my mind goes back over the long journey in coming to this county.

BATTLE—HOUNDS—DEER.

The great battle of hounds and a buck deer, comes to mind, as being one of the hardest fought of modern times, and doubtless rarely excelled if ever equaled between hounds and deer. It was approximately near sixty-four years ago this winter, and has never been published heretofore. The battle ground was located on the side of the foothills east of Weesaw creek, in a thicket of oak grubs, about four miles north of Eel river, in Miami county.

One morning I called the two hounds and told them to go on the school path, or trail, and clear the surrounding woods of wild animals, making it more safe to go to school. I stood on our back porch, saw the hounds run along the trail, on the ridge, across the prairie, creek and prairie again, then out of sight in the jungle of the far hills, over three-quarters of a mile away.

The trail extended beyond the foot hills, through a dense

forest, to the school house. We blazed the trees, so we would not get lost by the way in time of storm, cloudy days or the long walks home at nights from the spelling school, two miles to our home. I returned from the porch and sat down by the fire. My mind became absorbed in other topics and forgot the hounds had not returned, and had been gone about four hours. I took a gun and started down the trail on the run, reaching a high ridge I stopped, listened and heard them bark in the foothills about a half-mile away. They were located and the battle was on, the sharp voices of the hounds indicating the fight was to a finish. Soon covering the distance, I noticed the bark of the hounds became less and less, ceasing almost entirely. Then I found myself on the battle field. Limbs were broken from the oak grubs, bark peeled off, many places snow and leaves torn from the ground and blood all around. Passing through the brush, I saw a large buck deer with large and heavy antlers, lying perfectly still on the ground, with feet and legs drawn under him, paying no attention as I approached. The hounds were on guard, at the head and rear, within two feet of the deer. Both hounds were tired out and panting for breath but were in position to continue the fight should their adversary move. The deer however, was done for, his horns and hind legs ruined in the fight which had lasted four hours, and covered a quarter-acre of ground, ending within a few feet of where it began, for undoubtedly the deer laid in a fallen tree top all night, and the hounds had come upon it evidently, when they first struck the trail. I raised my gun to put him out of his misery and he rolled over on his side dead. Thus ended the fray.

I left the hounds on guard and went home after the horse and sled, to haul the slain monarch. I saved his hide and antlers for years. I soon abandoned the hunter's life for that of the plowman.

Ten years ago I stepped on the platform at the Lake Erie & Western station, and saw a young man with a repeating rifle capable of exploding sixteen consecutive times. He allowed me to examine the gun, which I did carefully, recalling the progress made in firearms, in the last fifty years. The spirit of my early hunting experience came back and I half desired to buy such a rifle and go to the woods. It seemed that if I could have owned that gun fifty years ago, I could have brought down a half herd of deer without removing it from my shoulder.

That very night I was shown in a dream the danger of the gun, and the suffering resulting, at times therefrom, which cooled my ardor for taking innocent life from that day to this. In the dream I was permitted to take the gun and go to the woods to hunt for game, and the first I saw was a pheasant, sitting on a limb. I raised the gun and fired, the bird fell to the ground

near by, shot in the wing. Then it seemed gifted with human speech and ran to me crying "I am shot! I am shot! I am shot!" A man then came along and taking the bird suspended it by the neck, ruthlessly stripped the feathers from its body by one downward stroke and with the feathers went its life and its cry ceased. I then turned into the wood to hunt for bigger game. I saw the frame and antlers of deer in the bushes, again raised my gun and fired. It was only a glancing shot, for they hurried away. But beyond the deer, unknown to me, arose the dying groans of a hunter. With the aid of others he was carried to his home, then I awoke from the dream.

I was so glad it was only a dream, yet how often we read of some one being shot by standing in range of the hunter's gun.

Oh, how careful we should be in handling the deadly gun and remember that birds and animals can suffer as well as we.

CHILD'S LIFE SAVED BY A PLUNGE BATH.

Something over twenty years ago, I stepped out of my kitchen door and heard the sharp, shrill scream of a woman. Looking up, I saw Mrs. S. O'Brien coming out of her room with her child in her arms, saying her child had been scalded to death. I ran to meet her on the porch, and took the child from her arms, plunged it into a large open rain barrel full of water that stood at my side, and took out my pocket handkerchief and wiped the water from eyes and nose. I told the mother to bring a dry woolen blanket, then slipping the wet handkerchief over the face and neck, I lifted the child out of the water and wrapped it closely in the woolen blanket, replaced it in its mother's arms and she carried it back into the house.

I told her to sit down in the rocking chair and hold the child twenty-four hours and allow no air to reach its surface, except a small amount to the mouth for breathing, which she did. In a half hour, the child quit crying and went to sleep.

The child could not quite walk alone, but could stand by holding on to something. The mother had placed a washtub on a low stool and half filled it with boiling water, and gone to the cistern to get a pail of cold water, and got as far back as the door. By this time the child had crawled to the stool and taking hold of the edge of the tub pulled it over on itself, the boiling hot water passing down over its arms and chest, bowles, limbs and feet, thoroughly saturating its clothing. The wild screams of the child, with the piercing cry of the mother as she ran to meet me, grasping the child, the plunge in the rain barrel of water, the wrapping in the blanket, and return to the rocking chair, was a dramatic scene long to be remembered.

I visited the child about once every hour, to see that no air came in contact with its body. When the twenty-four hours

were up, I took off the blanket, carefully loosed the clothing and found the skin in good condition, with only one small blister between the two little fingers of the left hand, which soon healed, and there was only a slight discoloring along the margin of the scalded skin. In a few days the child was well and grew to womanhood and still living in this county a few years ago. The cold, wet pack had done its work, and this is the first time that it was ever made a matter of record.

MOST REMARKABLE COINCIDENT OF MODERN TIMES.

Two incidents at the same hour, near eight thousand miles apart, unknown to each other by previous arrangement. One the real thing, the other an imitation of the real.

In the days of Dr. A. K. Plank, twenty-five or more of his friends were invited to a social party at his home. After partaking of an elaborate supper, the subject of the Franco-Prussian-German war came up in conversation. As the telegraph brought word that the German army had invaded Paris, it was suggested that we play a charade, depicting the surrender of Paris and the French army, to the Kaiser and his army. This met with the hearty approval of all present, and we proceeded to carry out the plan. Orderlies were dispatched to collect proper regalia, and officers selected, King, Emperor, Great Field Marshals, Captains and other Great Counselors of State. Uniforms were brought and every officer dressed according to his rank. Their military appearance was grand. Then came the division into different rooms, the French Emperor, his Field Marshal, Captains of the army, Counselors of State, in one room, the Kaiser, the German ruler with his Marshals, Generals, Bismark and Counselors of State in another. There was a flag of truce, capitulation and surrender.

The great doors of the rooms were thrown open and the high dignitaries of state and army introduced. The French Emperor gracefully bowed to the Kaiser, hat in one hand and sword in the other as he advanced and presented his sword in a few well chosen words, surrendering the City of Paris and French army to the Kaiser. The dove of peace seemed to fly through the room.

Retiring to our homes, we thought our parts had been well played in the world's great drama soon to be enacted beyond the sea. Next morning the telegraph brought the news that peace had been declared between France and Germany. The most remarkable thing of all was, when we learned that in a house in Paris, the same night, hour and minute, a peace treaty was negotiated and surrender of Paris and the French army made to the Kaiser of Germany.

As near as could be learned from reading, about the same

program was carried out there as we enacted here. I have always regarded this as a remarkable coincident.

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

Near forty-five years ago the moon had not risen above the horizon and night had spread her broad and sable mantle over the face of the earth in this latitude. In the gray dawn of the star light, might be seen the faint outlines of a lonely horseman starting from young Ralstin's, six miles north on the Michigan road, coming to town in great haste for a doctor. Under whip and spur, at times out of sight in the darkness of the night, as he descended in the valleys of the hills, north of Tippecanoe river. He soon left the hilly country and descended to the plane, the clatter of his horse's hoofs and creaking of the bridge might have been heard while crossing Tippecanoe river. Suddenly he beheld the forms of two men coming out of the hazel brush on each side of the road, a little in advance of him, and both sprang for his horse's bridle. The horse, under the excitement of the moment, and command of the rider, sprang forward at full speed and both men missed their hold. The rider came on to my office. He said, "I want you to go with me to see a patient north of town. Mr. Ralstin is very sick." He then related his experience. I asked him who he thought the men were. He said he did not know. I replied that they might be highway robbers. Do you think they will be there when we return? He said he thought they would. I then asked if he was armed. He said no. Told him I did not feel like making the trip without something to defend myself. I knew of a road that left the main road, quarter of a mile this side of them and ran in a circle through the woods and out on the main road just this side of the bridge. We can take that and flank them, said I, but they will have that guarded too. They may be a band of guerillas. We will have to charge the enemy's lines to go through. It will be the safest to take the forest route for the darkness of the night will be in our favor as they can't see us. Then I stepped up to my instrument case, taking out a large amputating knife. I said "I can use this as a saber. It is about eighteen inches long. Taking up some cotton batting and roller bandage, I made a temporary scabbard, carefully wrapping cotton around the blade and following it with the roller bandage, leaving them both loose at the handle end of the knife. Then taking up the knife and placing it up my overcoat sleeve of my left arm, I said: "I have read of General Santa Anna, I have read of a charge of five hundred union cavalry against the Confederate lines at the battle of Cumberland Gap. I have read of Sherman's ride of

twenty miles away, but who in all history had ever read of two lone troopers, in the darkness of the night, charging the enemies' lines, both civilians, only one armed, one a doctor and using for a sword his amputating knife?"

I told him we would train our horses to run close together, neck and neck until we get to the culvert, half-mile this side the enemy's lines, then we will not speak or make any noise until we arrive at the bridge. Should our horses' bridles be caught by men, one lick with the amputating knife will cause them to let loose. I will use it right and left and the rapid charge of the horses will carry us through the lines and we will pass on. With these preliminaries all arranged we mounted our horses and started from my office where now is located the Shore grocery. Our horses started in a moderate gallop down North Main street, then to a full run for a half-mile or more, then slacking the speed, and so on until we arrived at the culvert near the turning off place in the woods. We reined up and spoke to our horses to go forward. They sprang forward in a full run into the darkest forest I ever traveled. So dark one could not see the horse he was riding. For the first quarter-mile we expected to be attacked any minute, also the last quarter. We swept on at the speed of a race horse, through the mile of forest, and safely came out on the Michigan road at the bridge. We were happily disappointed in not meeting the enemy.

Found the patient dangerously ill, gave him medicine and stayed with him the balance of the night and left him somewhat improved. Came home next morning and saw the hazel brush and men's tracks in the sand in the road where the would-be holdup took place. They could not have selected a better place.

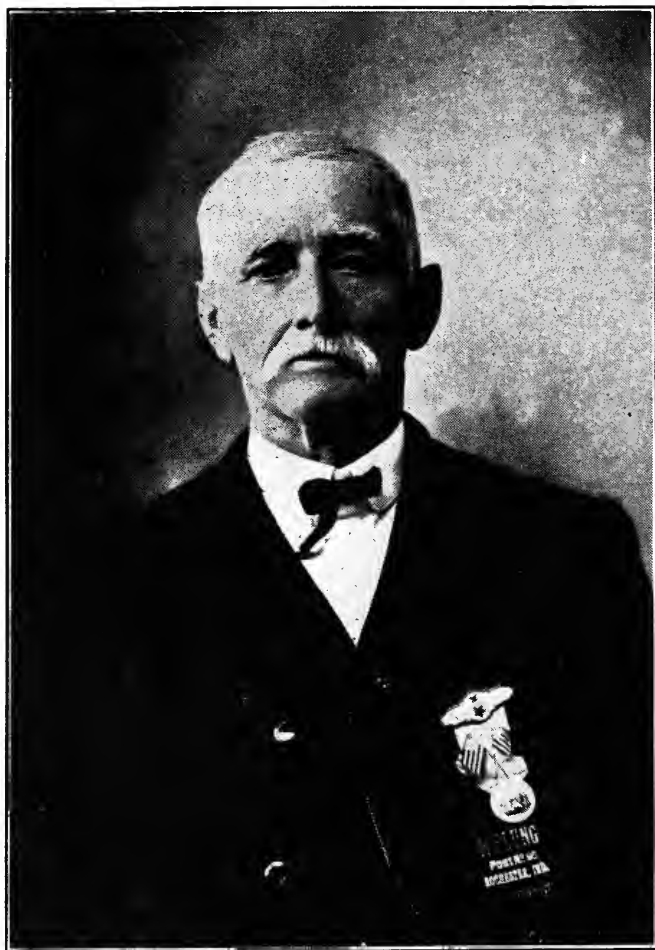
It was afterward learned that a plan had been laid to capture the U. S. Marshall on his return home, to whom Gov. Morton had sent a company of soldiers to assist in enforcing an enrollment for a draft in Fulton county, during the civil war. Wiser councils of noble men prevailed that it was useless to resist the draft. If one hundred soldiers already here was not enough, one thousand more would follow, and if that was not enough ten thousand more would be supplied.

I read in sacred history of those that stayed at home and cared for the homes shared equally in the spoil, with those that went to battle.

We can all say that America's flag is our flag. The United States of America is our country. We all should enjoy the rights of civil and religious liberty and the rights of conscience guaranteed to us by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of our country.

Looking out of my window I see our flag elevated high on the flag staff, with stars all shining in sparkling light, with ample folds spreading to the breeze. I look again and it is flying half-mast, and now it represents our soldiers' dead, whose life was largely spent that the flag may still continue to wave. The soldier has laid his armor down, wrapping his blankets around him he is quietly moved out to the silent camp of the soldiers' dead. I look again, and the flag is raised at full mast. The American eagle has taken his place on his perch close to the shining stars of light, with his talons in the ample folds of the flag of our nation, crying with a loud voice, as he goes flying through the midst of the states, the immortal truths of the Declaration of American Independence "that all men are endowed by their creator with certain rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." And further guarantees of constitutional rights of civil and religious liberty and the perfect freedom in worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience. I look up and say, "wave on, wave on, wave on, most noble flag! May thy influence for good be felt in every land and in every clime, and from wave to wave on every sea, on your great march around the world, carrying peace and good will to all mankind."





SAMUEL MILLER

IN ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

Incidents in a Busy Life from Childhood, Through War and Want to Peaceful Age.

BY SAMUEL MILLER,

WHO WAS BORN ON A FARM six miles southwest of Gettysburg, in Mount Joy township, Adams county, Pennsylvania, on Nov. 30, 1834, where his parents, Andrew B. and Catharine Culps-Miller settled on a one-hundred-acre tract of land, all in the green, where, by industry and economy, they erected comfortable buildings and cleared for themselves a comfortable home. To them were born seven children, names as follows: Sarah Ann, Mary Jane, John Hinch, William Jeremiah, Michael M., Samuel and Andrew Silas.

Father, in addition to clearing up the farm, with some hired help, built a blacksmith shop, having learned the trade while a single man. He also applied himself as an auctioneer and was considered a good one, as he could say it to the people in German or English. Our clothing consisted of home-spun wool for winter, home-spun flax, some unbleached muslin and some calico for summer—good for comfort and wear. I well remember my first outfit for Sabbath school. It consisted of tow pants, muslin suspenders and shirt, a straw hat and bare feet. I thought I looked real nice, being a handsome boy, compared favorably with the other children. To attend school we had to walk nearly two miles through mud and snow, and sit on long benches without backs, so that the teacher, when he wanted to correct us, took the gad, and he always kept a supply of them on hand, and “skutched” a whole row at a time, and I didn’t tell Father when I went home, either. Oh no, I was too smart for that. But while the rulings in the home were firm they were tempered with kindness.

For shoes, when fall came, we all went to the shoemaker and had our measures taken, and with one pair of stogies made they were supposed to last a whole season. On one side of the kitchen there was a large fire-place, with crane and pot-hooks so they could be adjusted for height. The cooking was all done in pots hung over the fire. There was a wide hearth, Dutch oven, with cover over the top, and with coals of fire under and coals of fire on the top, my mother used to bake the best potpies that I ever ate. Father used to make his own charcoal. This was done by setting cordwood on end, rounded over the top, and fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, covered first with leaves and then earth packed over it, so that the fire could be controlled, leaving an air hole at the top and several around the bottom, to give it air where the fire was started, and when it got red hot, the places below were closed to shut off all the draft, to prevent it from burning entirely, and it had to be watched day and night until it was completely smothered out, when it was raked out and the coal put in the dry.

Those boyhood days were happiest of my life. Coasting on the hillside on the crusted snow and sliding on the ice, as I had no skates, and various games were played in summer time. We feasted on good fruits of various kinds, and it was a happy home indeed. The scenes of my childhood are yet fresh in memory, and if Heaven would be no better, that would be good enough for me. Clouds came and death entered the home. Mother died Aug. 1, 1842, aged 44 years. I was then seven years of age. After a lapse of two years or more, Father remarried, uniting with Miss Nancy Mackley. To that union two children were born, Noah B., who now lives at Richmond, Indiana, Clementine Elizabeth, who now lives near Gettysburg, Pa. Father died Sept. 14, 1846, aged 47 years. I was then twelve years of age. Then the family was scattered, except stepmother and her two children, who remained on the old homestead. It was a pleasant place for us older children to visit, always being treated kindly and given the best she had in the house.

Sarah Ann married Henry Saltzgaver, a coach painter in Gettysburg, and after his death married John Herbst, a farmer. Mary Jane married Peter Sheads, a coach-lace weaver in Gettysburg. John and William went to Cashtown, in the vicinity of the Blue Ridge mountains, to Adam Beasecker's, to learn the carpenters' trade. Michael went to Gettysburg to learn coach painting with H. Saltzgaver. I went to Cousin Michael Miller, who lived on a farm, and ran a huxter wagon, and every two weeks hauled produce to Baltimore, Md., and I made several trips with him, which was quite a treat to me.

Andrew S. went to Uncle John Miller's. He and I were only a short distance apart.

Step-mother died in 1868, after which the homestead was sold to Geo. W. Hoffman and wife, who hold a life dower and at their death it will become public property of the state, and then an Orphanage will be instituted in order to perpetuate its name.

My grandfather Miller's farm extended to Round Top, on the southwest side, the place near Gettysburg, where the great battle was fought, the one which broke the back of the rebellion. Round Top was used for a signal station. I had living there, at the time of the battle, two sisters and a sister-in-law, whose husband, Michael M., was with the Union army and there at the time and in the fight. Their homes were sacked by the rebels. They got a taste of the horrors of war. I was personally acquainted with John Burns, the hero of Gettysburg, who shouldered his musket and asked permission to go on the fighting line. That showed metal of the right kind, and over whose grave there has been a monument erected to perpetuate his memory for ages to come.

I was only twelve years of age when the family were separated and up to that time there never had been a physician called to treat one of the family. We must have been pretty tough, for we ate everything in sight. My first sickness, after leaving home, was home-sickness, and that, when taken to heart, is bad enough. I lost my appetite and cried whenever I thought no one would see me, but young as I was, realized the situation, and that I must be resigned to my fate. I never have had the disease since, although I have been where it looked pretty gloomy.

Brother Andrew died Feb. 1, 1851, aged 12 years.

During the time I lived with my cousin, I went to school some in the winters, but the terms were short and my time broken, and never attended school but a few days after that. So what little education I have, was gained by observation and by experience in looking after and managing my own affairs. At the age of sixteen I left the home of my cousin and went to Gettysburg to the home of my sister, Mary J. Sheads, and bargained with her husband, P. Sheads, who operated a couch-lace weaving establishment, to serve three years apprenticeship and to get twenty-five dollars per year and board, clothe myself, and get six months' schooling. But after serving my time, instead of going to school, I remained in the shop and worked for wages. That was once I made a great mistake, but being a poor boy the money looked tempting.

In the fall of 1855 I took a trip down into Old Virginia, with some coach peddlers, the principal business in Gettys-

burg was coach making, carriages and buggies, and in order to find sale for them, took a great many of them to Virginia to sell. I was down there about three months. At that time slavery was in full force. It was quite a sight to me to see the slaves come in from the plantations, where they had been picking worms from tobacco, and various other kinds of labor, to get their sow-belly and corn bread. The overseers would curse and drive them around like Northern men would drive cattle. When one was to be whipped right good, the landlord did that himself. To sleep, they lay down on the floor in stables or any old place. While at Buckingham court house I saw two sold on the block, and while there were tears shed they availed nothing. One girl sold for \$700.00, a young man brought \$1,000.00. That looked like a tough proposition, to me. At Bedford court house I saw one darky hung. He had waylaid a darky and cut his victim to pieces. The hanging took place in an open field and all the darkies in that whole country were present. It answered a good purpose in terrifying the negroes. That was the first hanging I ever witnessed and I have no desire to see any more.

After coming back to Gettysburg that same fall, Brother Will came back, on his second trip home from Fulton, Ind. On his first trip home he married Miss Agnes McCreary and in about one year she died. He then came back to Gettysburg, and about Jan. 1, 1856, he and I started for Fulton, Ind. There was plenty of snow on the ground and we made the trip to Harrisburg in a sleigh, and crossing the Susquehanna river on the ice, thence by rail to Pittsburg, crossed over to Allegheny City, where we stopped at a hotel, and were put on the fourth floor where we nearly froze. Next morning the mercury went 22 below zero. After warming up inside and out, we started for Indianapolis, Ind., but had not gone very far when a car wheel burst, which caused quite a delay. Next thing met was a freight train off the track, which caused another delay, but finally reached Indianapolis. By this time it commenced to moderate. We then started for Logansport, over what was then termed the "Jerk-Water R. R.," and I thought it was properly named. Could sit in the car and see the water squirt in all directions. The ties had stringers on top and strap iron spiked on top of that. At Logansport I met Brother John, who had located there several years previous, and was married to Elizabeth Hillis. To them were born four children, Mary, Harriett, John and Emma, and with the two latter at Minneapolis, Minnesota, he is now making his home, being past eighty years old. After visiting with John for some two weeks, I came to Fulton by stage, where Brother Will was located. The Michigan road was planked from Logansport to

the Rochester township line. It was a toll road and owned by John W. Wright, of Logansport, and was then in fair condition. In a few years, when the plank began to wear out, it was the worst road I ever saw. Fulton, at that time, did quite a good business. John W. Wright, of Logansport, who had a general stock of goods, a flouring mill, bought wheat, made flour to ship, and did custom work. He ran a saw mill, one of the old kind, the up-and-down saws. Just west of Fulton there was a body of fine timber and he employed quite a number of men. D. C. Buchanan kept a general store, as also did John Green, father of W. H. Green, of Rochester. One wagon shop, operated by J. S. Louderback; two cooper shops, one blacksmith shop, a tan yard, hotel and two doctors.

I was not favorably impressed with the surrounding country. There was too much water. Stock would mire down. I had not been here long when, one morning, I was called on to help pull a horse out of the ditch at the side of the road and this calls to my mind a circumstance I heard related not very long ago. A man living not far from Fulton, came to town on horseback, and on his return, near his own home, there was one of his horses in the ditch, stuck in the mud. He hurried home, put harness on the one he was riding, got a rope, went back, hitched to the one that was in the mud and the first pull he made the rope broke and the one that was doing the pulling went in head first on the opposite side. He then had to get the neighbors to help get them out.

Robert Aitken managed the store for J. W. Wright, kept all the accounts. G. W. Davis looked after outside affairs. I first hired to Wright as night watch, to prevent fires. In about six months I tired of that job. He then put me in the store with Aitken and soon after in the flouring mill. I weighed in wheat, the mill then made flour to ship and also custom work. Fred Petersen, now of Rochester, was the boss miller. I exchanged flour for wheat, if requested by the customer. Looked after the wood yard. We bought wood for \$1.00 per cord, 4-foot wood. In time business began to get slack. Wright then informed me that he must reduce the force, would retain me, but I would have to make myself generally useful. I didn't exactly comprehend what that meant, but soon found out. There was some hay to be hauled, and I was ordered to help, which I did like a man. All went smooth for quite a while. The plank road was then a toil road and had to be kept in repair, so one morning, I was ordered to take a load of plank down about half way to Logansport, and with two yoke of oxen I started with a load

of two-inch green oak plank. As the day was warm, and before I got quite to the place, the oxen commenced to loll. I halted to rest them, and sat down in the shade at the side of the road. There was a slough not far ahead and the oxen started to get a drink. I called to them "whoa," but I might just as well have saved my wind. They pulled the load into the slough and stuck. If there was anybody within two miles of there, they surely heard some very uncomplimentary remarks, such as would not look very well in print. I had to unload and float the plank to shore, pull the wagon out and load up again. By this time I was wet and mud all over. I then resolved that if that was what "generally useful" meant, I had plenty of it. When I got back, that evening, I unyoked the oxen, turned them to grass, went up to Aitken's store, and called for my time. He wanted to know what the trouble was. I told him if that was what "generally useful" meant, I had a plenty. I then hired to John Burnet, who kept the hotel, to haul flour to Logansport. There was nothing else in sight just then.

At that time game was yet plenty, deer and all other kinds of the smaller varieties, some prairie wolves, foxes, prairie chickens, and ducks. I went out deer hunting a few times. Once I remember going out, and when coming home, near Fulton, saw a deer brousing in a tree top. I had a good gun and well loaded, but just then I took a spell of what the Hoosiers called the "buck ague." It is a very peculiar sensation, and a man becomes very nervous. I shot the gun off, frightened the deer and he went off through the brush. I suppose he thought he had better get away from there or he might get hurt. Those times there were lots of fever and ague. Folks in the morning would get out in the sun see if their finger nails were turning blue. That was a good sign that they were fixed for that day.

In those days the people seemed to enjoy themselves much better than now. They all belonged to the same class in society and were more sociable than now. We had a dance about once a week in winter time. They did not cost much, but we had lots of fun. We had one on the night of the 3d of July, when there were fifty couples present. Quite a number came down from Rochester, and if I remember correctly, the music was furnished by Joc Willard, Dell Ward, Al Ward, Brad Brouillette, aided by others. The dance commenced before sunset in the evening and continued until after sunrise next morning. Everything went off pleasantly and we had a jolly good time. In the spring of 1859, I commenced to work with my Brother Will, at the carpenters' trade and made my home at his house, continuing with

him until I enlisted. At the time I enlisted I was helping E. J. Delp build a house in Cass county. We had the building up and partly enclosed for Henry Krider, so on Saturday evening, on the way home, we talked about the war and concluded we would enlist. I had been excusing myself, thinking the war would not last long, but the more I thought about it the more I thought it my duty to go. Delp was of the same opinion, so we made an arrangement with my brother and Jacob Smith to finish the house. In company with J. S. Louderback, Mason Jaqua and several others, came to Rochester and enlisted under Ephriam N. Banks, in Co. I, 5th Regt. Indiana Cavalry Vols., ninetieth regiment in numbers in the state, on August 11, 1862. The war then began to look serious and we being able-bodied men thought it our duty to help. We left Rochester in a two-horse wagon and went to Plymouth, from there by rail to South Bend. Here we passed the 87th Regt. Went on to Indianapolis and in a few days they came also, and were sent right on to Kentucky. My regiment remained at Indianapolis until late in the fall. I helped to build the barracks at Camp Carrington, for which I was paid 26 cents per day. During this time we were mustered into the U. S. service and were mounted. When our regiment was stationed down along the Ohio river, Co. I, my company, at Rising Sun, early in the spring of 1863, we were sent to Louisville, Ky., and from thence to Glasgow, Ky., where we joined the balance of the regiment. Were kept busy scouting in the direction of the Cumberland river, and in our first skirmish at Marrowbone, Ky., lost our first man killed, Henry Heckathorn, of Co. I, shot through the head and died instantly. In April we crossed over the Cumberland river and drove the rebels back, then returned and burned the town of Celina. Returned to Glasgow. From then until the 22d of June, 1863, we had heavy scouting and skirmishing, capturing many prisoners and drove the rebels beyond the river. Leaving on the 4th of July, we started in pursuit of the rebel general, John Morgan, who was then reported to have crossed the Cumberland mountains. Our regiment was then in command of Lieut. Col. Thomas H. Butler. On reaching Louisville our command was placed on steamers and transported up the Ohio river to Portsmouth and on the night of the 18th of July, we were just six miles from Morgan's forces. On the 19th we headed him off, when he was attempting to cross the river at Buffington Island. Their guards were stationed in a corn field and captured our advance and two pieces of artillery and some prisoners but we pressed in on them and recaptured the artillery. Drove them from the river and adjacent hills, killing many and captur-

ing many prisoners, also five pieces of artillery. Morgan, with part of his force, escaped them, but was captured later. We then returned to Louisville, reaching there on the 27th day of July, 1863. We then marched to Bardstown and to Lebanon and reached Glasgow, Ky., on the 9th day of August, '63, and on the 18th our regiment started for East Tennessee, crossed the Cumberland mountains and entered Knoxville, with Gen. Burnside's army, on the first of Sept., 1863, being the first Federal troops to enter that city. Soon after this, our regiment joined the brigade. Our duties were from Knoxville up to the Virginia line, back and forth, skirmishing and scouting almost continually.

I will now give dates and places where the principal fighting was done. The regiment joined the brigade on the 19th of Sept. Had skirmish at Bristol on the 20th, at Jonesborough on the 22d, at Blountville, where we were engaged for two hours, when Col. T. H. Butler, at the head of the 5th Cav., charged the town, captured some prisoners and one piece of artillery. Next at Henderson's Mills, Oct. 11th, where we met quite a body of Rebels retreating from Gen. Burnside's, where the 5th Ind. Cav. alone engaged them without help. It was compelled to fall back, many being killed and captured. Finally the regiment cut its way back to the brigade, then moved toward Blountville and on Oct. 14th, skirmished all day.

During the time Longstreet had Gen. Burnside surrendered at Knoxville, our brigade was outside of the ring and cut loose from everything, so that when Longstreet let go at Knoxville, he endeavored to take us in and came very near doing it. Near Maynardville, on the 30th of Oct. and first of Nov., and on the 2d day of Nov., '63, came very near taking us in. Had it not been that we were reinforced by some six months' troops from Tazewell they would have driven us into Clinch river. In this fight we lost a number of horses and several men captured, and several wounded. Lieut. John O'Neill, and Lewis Graeber, of Fulton county. I was next man to Graeber when he was hit by a spent ball.

Our next fight was at Beans Station, on the 14th of Dec., '63. Here is where E. J. Delp was shot in the shoulder, and was ever after disabled for duty. The ball could not be located, and many years after being discharged, and at home, the ball worked its way out. I think Mr. John Delp, his eldest son, can show you the ball.

We had a skirmish at Rutledge, and on the 23d of Dec., '63, marched to Mossycreek, where we were on the 1st of Jan., 1864, the cold New Year's. On that day I went out five miles for forage and something to eat for the mess. Got back to camp about

two o'clock p. m. There was no time lost in getting the chickens ready for the camp kettle and at the proper time dumplings were added, and don't you forget it, that was just fine. We were lying in the woods in little fly tents, sleeping on the frozen ground. Soon after, we began retreating toward Knoxville, the weather was bad, rain and snow, and in the last two days' and nights' march, my horse only got two feeds. The last night he gnawed the bark off the tree to which he was tied, from the ground as high as he could reach. I sympathized with him, but that did not reach the case. Reached Knoxville on Jan. 19th, '64, and on the 24th the horses of our regiment were turned over to the 14th Illinois Cavalry. We made one scout up the river on foot. Were then ordered to Cumberland Gap, and there I frosted the flesh of my thighs, sleeping on the frozen ground, but that was nothing, I was a soldier. We then marched back to Mt. Sterling, Ky., arriving there Feb. 26. From that place I got a furlough home. After returning, went to Paris, Ky., and from there to Nicholasville, Ky., and about the first of May remounted, and started to Georgia. On the trail across Cumberland mountains, in one day, I counted seventy-five dead mules and horses. I thought the U. S. was having a heavy expense. We arrived at Tunnel Hill, Ga., on the 12th, and on the 13th joined the command of Gen. Stoneman and started for Atlanta. I was in all the fighting and skirmishing along the line. I was at Kennesaw, on the right flank, during that battle, and that was the heaviest cannonading that I heard during my service. Was with Stoneman on a raid to the rear of Resaca. There was one time that I came pretty near being shot. We had dismounted, gone forward into the woods and had taken trees for shelter. I had just stuck my head out when the Jonny shot. The ball hit the tree hard enough to stop it, but threw the bark into my face. Many other times might have been as close but I did not know it. In a few minutes they commenced to shell the woods. We then broke for our horses, and as I was quite a sprinter, soon outran Louderback. When we got to the horses, John McKitrick was holding Louderback's horse and mine. I mounted my horse and took the strap of Louderback's horse and told McKitrick to pull out, they were coming. I waited for Louderback until the Jonnies came in sight, when I thought he had been captured and I lit out for tall timber. Our command fell back two or three miles and halted. Louderback had hidden in the bushes and about ten o'clock that night he reported to the regiment. On the 27th of July we started on the Stoneman raid to Macon. Thirty-four from my company, of the best mounted men, went on the raid and this very day a commission came to the regiment for me as 2d Lieut. On the raid I was captured and during my absence the officers were changed. E. J. Delp resigned and J. S.

Louderback promoted to captain. I was promoted to 1st Lieut. and M. Jaqua, 2d Lieut. He mustered in, covering my term as 2d Lieut.

Hon. Benj. Harrison fathered the bill in Congress, that covered all such cases, and my record was amended and I was paid in full several years after coming home.

Macon is ninety miles south of Atlanta. We went out on the left and as I understood, McCook was coming on the right and they to form a junction at Macon. We went to Macon, tore up the R. R., but finding that the river could not be crossed, and McCook had not shown up, Stoneman piled all of the traps we had with us and set fire to them, then started back. When near Hillborough, we met a large body of Wheeler's cavalry, under the command of Gen. Iverson. When we first saw them the arrangement was to cut through, but that was changed and the 5th Ind. Cav. was to hold the front and Stoneman permitted all the balance of the command to make their escape. Gen. Stoneman remained with us however. We held them until about two o'clock in the afternoon. That was one time that my feet rattled in the stirrups. We were in a pine forrest and they shelling us. The shells would cut off small pine trees and drop them in all directions. Gen. Stoneman's horse was killed. We fell back a short distance to an open field, where the white flag was raised. That looked sad to us, but there was no other way out of it. We were then prisoners of war. They marched us one day on foot, camped one night and the next morning they took part of our clothes and other valuables. That was a graft. When we got to the prison at Andersonville, Henri Wirz ordered a search. On account of having been on a raid we were expected to have gobbled up everything in sight. In this he was mistaken. We were formed into a hollow square and stripped off our clothes, and allowed them to be searched. I had 55 cents script, which I concealed in the waistband of my pants, which they failed to find. Captain Henri Werz was in charge of the interior of the prison and General Winder was in command of the post. After the war, Werz was tried for murder, convicted and hung, and why all of his superiors went Scott free, I fail to understand. The stockade was made of hewed timber set in the ground about five feet, and fifteen or sixteen feet above the ground with sentinel boxes on the outside and high enough to give the guard a chance to do his shooting over the top and far enough apart to insure good service. On the inside, sixteen or eighteen feet from there, was the deadline, made of forks in ground three feet high, with poles stretched on and every man that got on that space was shot and there were a number of them, especially at the branch, where the boys would crawl too far under in order to get water. There were two gates on the west side of the prison. One

on each side of the branch. Through the north gate everything was brought in, and at the south gate the dead or sick that were taken to the hospital were passed out. The death rate, during the month of August, ran as high as 127 in one day. About ten o'clock every day they had the "sick call," at which time the sick were helped to south gate to be treated and the dead taken out and hauled away by wagon loads, a trench having been prepared the day before, in which they were laid side by side, covered with sand. On the dead a tag was fastened, on which was written, by their comrades, the name, state, regiment and company to which they belonged, so that there was a record kept, that they might be identified. How strictly this was carried out I do not know. There was a battery at each corner, elevated so they could shell the prison in case of a move to break out. Just before we went in, the prisoners, among themselves, had become very unruly. They would steal, and in a few cases had committed murder, so that there was a raid on the guilty parties. They were captured, tried, convicted and by the consent of the prison, six of them hung on the scaffold. After this there was a police force organized and operated by the prisoners. At that time there were about 32,000 in prison. To confine that many in a place like that, without any restriction, and they will become very unruly. Up to this time and after August 2d, the time I went in, some of the water had been taken from wells, but the anxiety to get out of there was so great, that digging wells made a good blind, for the prisoners began to tunnel out and the wells had to be abandoned. The water for all purposes had to come from the branch, and to make it worse, a short distance above the prison, the rebels had their cook houses and quarters, so by the time the water reached us, it was very filthy. This branch was only five or six inches deep. The first few rods inside the dead-line, we had to get water to drink, wash and bathe, and no soap to do it with. The balance of the way down through the prison there was a sluice-way of plank about six feet wide, through which all the filth from above and also of the entire prison, 32,000 men was conducted through a boggy slough which could not be occupied. Just think of it. In the month of August—that was something awful. The inclosure at first contained thirteen acres, but just before I got there it had been enlarged so that it now contained about twenty acres, including the slough. When we were marched in, I supposed they would show us where to camp, but nothing of the kind. No place was shown us. We walked around that afternoon, looking for some place to squat but found none, so the first night we slept on the ground in one of the narrow streets, no supper and no breakfast. We finally found a place where a stump had been taken out. We scratched around and leveled off a place where six of us could lie, and to

shield us from the hot sun in day time and heavy dew at night, stuck sticks in the ground, and with what few pieces of blankets and oil cloths, made a shelter. That forenoon I spent the 55 cents I had smuggled in for some corn bread which we could buy with green backs. I divided with my five mates. That afternoon we drew our first rations, a piece of corn bread, baked beans full of black bugs and a small piece of bacon, which soon after was discontinued. The rations were not sufficient to sustain life any length of time, and with no vegetables to counteract disease which gradually wore our lives away. There was no time, day or night, but what groans of the sick and dying could be heard. While in there I once met John F. Calvert, brother of Mrs. J. N. Orr. The poor boy was wonderfully discouraged and I have learned died there. Some time during the month of August, there was a very heavy rain, at which time there was what has been termed a "Providential spring" broke out near a sump inside the dead line. The water was brought inside and conducted down the hill a short distance into a barrel. That water, to us poor fellows, was a Godsend, and to preserve order was controlled by the police of our own men, so that we fell in line and took our turns to water. Day and night there was a continual length of men in line. I have learned from those visiting the place since, that the spring is still running. One night, when the guards passed the word around that all was well, one added in a low voice, "Atlanta has gone to Hell." Then there was a buzz in camp, for we expected Sherman would soon liberate us. Soon after that they divided us and sent elsewhere the majority of the prisoners. I got out with the squad that finally reached Florence, South Carolina, a prison similar to the one I had just left, but were halted at Charleston, S. C. I got out of Andersonville some time in September, '64. On the way I was permitted to slip down out of the box car, where a station had been burned, and picked up a railroad spike and a sheet of tin, with which I made a pan, which came handy after I got to Florence prison, for there we got uncooked rations.

While at Charleston we were guarded on the race track. To supply us with water, they undertook to haul it in hogsheads, but they could not keep up the supply, so I helped to dig a well with half of a canteen and a case-knife. We were near the Atlantic coast and at the depth of five feet got plenty of water. While at Charleston our treatment was a little better, and by the Sisters of Charity were given light articles of clothing, a small portion of tobacco and some food, but that was soon stopped by the rebel officers. I helped carry out to the hospital one of my mess, James C. Reed, a brother of J. V. Reed, of Fulton. He died there. During the time I was there, our forces on Morris Island, with Swamp Angel Battery, was bombarding Charleston

and at night we could hear the huge shells coming, drop into the town and explode. We remained here about a month, then taken to Florence where they had a stockade for us. There were about 10,000 taken there. We arrived the first of October. The weather was cold so we had to dig in the ground for shelter and with brush, etc., we could get from the slough we covered the cave over with earth, left a hole in one end to crawl in and out. Under guard, a few at a time were allowed to go outside and get pine boughs to put in the bottom for a bed. John S. Londerback, John McKitrick and myself, bunked together. When out one day, I smuggled in past the guards, under my clothes, an old brush scythe which I broke in two in the middle, keeping the butt end myself, with which to split our rations of wood into fine bits and dried it in the sun to use under the pan I had made to cook our mush in. Our rations were one and one-half pint of corn meal, a piece of wood the size of a man's arm, for a day in winter time. Think of it, part the time a little salt, a small piece of meat. The meat was soon cut out entirely and for about four months we had neither meat or grease of any kind. I got on the police force of our own men to help regulate the boys inside, for which we got a small extra ration. This we divided, ate one-half in the forenoon, the other half in the afternoon. I could eat everything in sight and fill up on water. Up to this time, the men who were captured when I was, had stood it pretty well, but then commenced to fail. Lieut. Barrett was in command and was equally tyrannical as Henri Wirz had been at Andersonville. The most prevalent disease was scurvy and gangrene. Men's gums would swell up, teeth loosen and fall out, and their toes would rot off. In this prison is where John W. January amputated his own feet, lived through it and got home. John S. Louderback took sick and became deranged, so that I took him to the hospital, fixed up in one corner of the stockade. John McKitrick took sick and was flat on his back when we were ordered to vacate the camp. I did not like to go out and leave him and Louderback, but they said: "If you are able to go, pull out and we will follow when we can," which they did and got home before I did.

From there I went to Wilmington, N. C., where the rebels halted us for the night. It was cold and we had to lie down in the sand. Here we changed railroads and to shield myself from the cold wind, I scraped a hole in the sand, and with old rags I had fixed myself a nest. I had not been there long when a poor, sickly, fellow came along and asked to crawl in with me; through sympathy I consented. All went well until I awoke next morning to find my bed-fellow gone and with him all the provision I had. Well I thought, "go it, you little ungrateful cuss, you won't live long anyway."

The Rebels took us to Goldsboro where they held us a few days. By that time I was about down sick and began to think if it lasted much longer I would surely go down. During that time Wilmington was taken by our forces and the rebels prepared to parole us, which they did in a few days. I touched the pen while a clerk made a "saw (X) buck." I had to be helped to the train. When we got to our lines I was about played out, and when I passed through the line the physician put the back of his hand to my cheek and told me to go and sit down, which I did, and shed tears for joy to think that I was once more in God's country, and under the protection of the Old Flag. I was taken to a school house, where they gave us soup, coffee and a little whiskey. Next day were taken to Wilmington. They were not in shape to handle a batch of fellows, in the condition we were. They used a large dwelling as a hospital, the first and only one I was in during my term of service, and, in a room about sixteen feet square, twenty-five of us had to lie on the hard floor with nothing for our bed but the old lousy rags that we had on. I have heard it said that there was no need of a man being lousy, if he had any ambition. Now just think a moment. Confine a man in an open field without shelter, in company with 32,000 others, without any change of clothing, no soap nor hot water, and lice crawling around in the sand, away from friends or home, discouraged and sick, and not enough to eat, and that of an inferior quality, without a ray of hope, looking forward to death which was then staring him in the face, will not ambition fade away? Just as long as I was able, I examined my clothes every day, and with my thumb-nails killed everything in sight and in a measure kept the vermin subdued, but when I got sick, they got the better of me. Thank God, when I got into our own lines, I fought them to a finish and came out victorious.

We remained some ten days, got medicine and soup. One night the second man from me died, but no one knew it until morning. I looked out on the porch and saw five others stretched out. One morning the physician came in our room and told us that a vessel was going to Annapolis and for all those that were able to travel, there would be an opportunity. I gave him my name, and in order to get to the boat it took all the nerve I could muster. When I got in the vessel, I laid down, and in this condition made the trip. At Annapolis they were prepared to care for us. The first thing, they took us to the bath house to clean up, and gave us new clothing. God knows we needed them. Next, we got a cake of soap, a piece of tobacco and a fine-tooth comb, vegetable soup, coffee, medicine and everything else they thought we needed. We were in a guarded camp, in which there was a sutler. Here I drew \$52.00 ration money. I drank pop and ate a little of everything that tasted good. I have

wondered many times since, that I did not kill myself eating, for many that were parolled never got home.

After staying there a short time, I was sent to Columbus, Ohio, and from there furloughed home. I used beer whenever I could get it, so that I got a bay window on me like a 'Squire. In April, 1865, President Lincoln was assassinated, and on my way back to the regiment saw his body in the State House, at Columbus, Ohio. I got to my regiment on the 11th day of May, '65, and was mustered as First Lieutenant, but could not muster as Second Lieutenant, Jaqua having mustered and covered the time I was in prison. My record was corrected later and I was paid in full.

I was mustered out June 27, 1865, at Pulaski, Tennessee, having served nearly three years and was in prison pens nearly seven months. After coming home, I again went to my brother William's and made that my home. He then lived five miles south and one mile west of Rochester, on Mud Creek. During the time of the war, there was very little improving done in the country. Mud Creek, in many places, was nothing but a boggy slough, in the spring of the year, near our place. We could float around in boats and spear fish as they were going from the lake to Tippecanoe river. Soon after this, the creek was ditched, brush cleared out and has become a fine farming country, being very productive and the land quite valuable. I then joined in with my brother and worked at carpentering. We took jobs and worked in summer time, and in winter feasted on sauer-kraut and sausage, sat by the fire and smoked our pipes. I then kept a horse of my own and went when I pleased and came home any time. Not long after coming home from the service, I was afflicted with malarial fever and ague, a malarial poisoning, as I believed then and do now, that it was contracted while in prison, and later, rheumatism and a severe spell of sore eyes, in which I came very near losing the sight of my left eye, and it has been of no practical use to me since, produced, as I believe, by the same cause.

In order to have something to look after, in winter time, I dealt some in young cattle. In summer they ran at large. Pasture was good outside, which made it reasonably profitable. Many of the buildings I helped to erect are still in use, some of them were not very fancy, but have worn well. I made up my mind to change my manner of living and have a home of my own, and on the 31st of December, 1868, was united in marriage with Mary J. Wakefield, and to this union were born three children, Archie B., Millie E. and Dot H., who are all living and in reasonably good health. After supplying myself with implements to farm with, I thought of some things

necessary in the house, so in order to get a supply of feathers, thought I would get some geese. All went well until after corn planting, when we went visiting for a few days, during which time it rained nearly all the time. Corn was just coming through the ground. The geese had got into the field and pulled up half the corn and I had it to replant. Just then I concluded the other fellow might produce the feathers and I would buy what I needed. That was the wet season, 1869. Crops were light, but I helped build a barn for one of my neighbors. That helped me get through the first winter, but I was bound not to give it up, and for nineteen years I continued to till the soil and by industry and economy made a good living. During this time we met all the trials incident to human life, and today remain a happy family, as death has not darkened our door, for which we are very thankful.

In 1880 I took an active part in the building of the Antioch U. B. church and in organizing a society at that place. During all of this time we had lived in a log cabin, and in it we spent many happy moments. A short distance west of us, on the prairie where McKinney now lives, Geo. R. Bearss lived, and at that time was quite a sportsman. He kept a pack of hounds to hunt foxes. They were better than a brass band to that community. They would frequently bring one up into the timber and circle around him for a half day. That was music in the full sense of the term. There were fox dens near my place, where they raised their young and fed them on my chickens. I helped dig up several dens, where we killed several of their young. One day my dog caught a big old fellow, got him down and held him until I appeared on the scene and shot him with my boot-heel.

In the spring, I came to the conclusion that I must either put up new buildings or move out, so I disposed of my personal property, came to Rochester, bought a home next door to where I now live, moved in, then there had to be something done to get a living. I then worked as a grocery clerk in various groceries, until I had served about thirteen years. I then joined in with my son Archie B., and operated a bill-posting business for about three years, when I conceived the idea of making the race for County Treasurer. Fulton county being very close, politically, and after a vigorous campaign, was elected as County Treasurer on the Republican ticket, for a term of two years. After giving a bond of \$200,000, personal security, my term of office commencing January first, 1904, with almost a depleted treasury, (\$338.13,) with which to meet the needs of the county, such expenses as ditches, sewers, bridges, paving, and the county's general expenses, which fund was soon

exhausted and I was forced to refuse to pay warrants on account of lack of funds, as their had been a vast amount of drains, and large ones at that, construced. There would have to be a vast sum of money to pay for their construction, and then there came the cost of bridges across the drains, which had to be constructed and paid for, therefore the county was forced to borrow money, and after loans were negotiated to the extent of \$73,000, I was placed in a position to pay all warrants and get matters in such a shape as to make each fund care for its own class. It required a great deal of skill and book work that necessitated efficient help, which I had in the persons of Archie B., my son, and Miss Jetta Alexander. Right here I desire to say that for the manner in which the office was conducted, the manner in which the accounts were kept, are ascribed to the efficiency of my son Archie. He proved to be efficient, truthful and honest. To him I shall ever feel grateful, and it gives me pleasure that I can say this. In fact there had to be so many seperate accounts kept that there were added to the already numerous books, several new sets of books. The work had so increased in the office, such as all the ditches, sewers, pavings, in addition to collection of the various taxes, made the work burdensome, so it became necessary to add to the office equipments. I purchased a Burroughs adding machine, on my own account, which cost \$375.00, afterward purchased by the county, as it was such a saving of time and worry. One can imagine the volume of work there is connected with the office when there were over 30,000 individual accounts to be looked after. I will now give the sum total of the various accounts.

Tax, 1904,	:	:	:	:	\$306,243.20
Tax, 1905,	:	:	:	:	288,189.47
Sewers, 1904,	:	:	:	:	5,378.61
Sewers, 1905,	:	:	:	:	3,765.71
Ditches, 1904,	:	:	:	:	85,547.60
Ditches, 1905,	:	:	:	:	69,851.71
Bridges, 1905,	:	:	:	:	50,079.00
Paving, 1905,	:	:	:	:	2,726.28

Total collections for my term of office, \$811,781.58

This is the largest amount that has ever been collected by any Treasurer of Fulton county in two years, this vast sum of money collected and accounted for to a penny. The responsibility of this volume of work cost a great deal of care and anxiety, and upon my retirement from the office, Jan. 1st, 1906, there was a cash balance of \$92,410.08, against \$18,912.67 Jan. 1, 1904, when I went in the office.

My efficiency as a public official stands of record, therefore the public can judge my official career after I am dead and forgotten.

I can truthfully sing a

SONG FOR THE AGED.

*We're growing old; why should we grieve
To know our journey's nearly o'er?
With his glad coming we shall leave
Earth for a fairer shore.*

*Life's had its seedtime and its sheaves,
Its work was welcomed, now 'tis done;
The roses blossomed and their leaves
Have fallen one by one.*

*We tilled with joy the tender corn,
And gladly plucked the ripened ears;
When to his "harvest home" we're borne
Shall there be joy or tears?*

*With hope we toiled through life's glad June,
Now the red sun fades in the west;
Night's fairest stars will shine full soon
And bring us perfect rest.*

*The joys we knew in seedtime hours
Come back again with harvest sheaves;
The perfume of sweet summer flowers
Clings to the autumn leaves.*

*Though bound to earth by dearest ties,
We wait the bliss beyond the tomb;
The earlier blossom drops and dies
Amid fresh opening bloom.*

*We shall be welcomed at the door
By those we knew in life's bright noon.
We go to greet those gone before,
Our loved shall follow soon.*

*And one by one to peace above
Shall come souls worn and tempest driven,
As link by link earth's chain of love
The angels draw to Heaven.*





MICHAEL L. ESSICK

PIONEER EDITOR'S STORY.

"Underground Railroad," on Which the Author Was Chief Conductor.

BY MICHAEL L. ESSICK.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following story is one from the pen of one of Rochester's pioneer newspaper men, the author, in company with the late Edward B. Chinn, having purchased the Rochester Chronicle from the previous publisher, Mr. Corydon E. Fuller, in the latter part of 1864. Those were strenuous days in Rochester—when war was rife, and sympathizers with opposing armies, hot-headed and rampant, were ready for encounter at any moment. It took courage for an editor to write the convictions of his heart, and in order to show the children of this age that our fellow townsman, whose portrait adorns this page, was as patriotic in the hours of trial as he is known to be at this day, his Salutatory, from the Rochester Chronicle, Thursday, Dec. 29, 1864, is herewith reproduced, viz:

TO OUR PATRONS.

It will be seen from this issue of the Chronicle, and from the remarks of our predecessor in the last issue, that Corydon E. Fuller, the zealous and ardent advocate of Liberty, of Union and of Freedom for nearly four years, during which time the varied circumstances of war and bitter party faction at home as well as abroad tended to excite the people, maintained well, and gained the confidence and esteem of the true, the noble, and generous hearted, of this and surrounding counties, is connected with this paper no longer. New and inexperienced hands assume the responsibility; but, relying on the known confidence of the people, and their spirit to forgive all trivial faults---remaining true to the Government they love, they shall cheerfully ask, and expect as freely to receive the patronage of the former supporters of the Chronicle, and together with them and those in sympathy with the cause they advocate, to daily increase its list of subscribers.

While they then ask these favors of the kind and liberal, they would be false to themselves and false to those from whom they expect to receive, as well as

to their Government, if they did not earnestly and thoroughly advocate unceasing and unremitting war, until an unconditional surrender is obtained, and the rebellion crushed forever. If they did not cherish, protect and help, whenever opportunity presents, the soldiery, whose very sinews, nerves and life are taxed today to their fullest extent, and upon those strong arms and brave hearts our success, our property and our all, depends.

But while they advocate the cause of the Union and the principles of the Union party--bitterly condemning that institution of human bondage--

"That round the vassal's manhood twines
'Till the spirit wastes within him,
Like the Ciba choked with vine,"

they will ever fail, if within their power to enter into any personal controversy with any person or local paper, as it can never result in any good.

To make a local paper interesting, the publishers asks the patrons and all others who wish, to gather items of news and interest in their respective localities, and send them immediately to this office.----They will be gladly received and published.

Beginning as they do in the midst of the Holidays, when all is life and gayety, and at the commencement of a new year, with dispatches from every quarter laden with news of victory, may they not hope and pray for all, a glorious future, and before the year is ended, that the banner of glory and beauty may float once again in peace over a united Republic.

MR. EDITOR: In giving my reminiscences of this state, I will only write of that period between 1838 and fall of 1856, when I left for that grand country whose history can only be written in hyperbole and whose epilogue has not yet been pronounced, Kansas.

In the fall of 1838 our family, with one horse and one ox and wagon, landed at the log cabin of Jacob Myers, the father of our Jonas, two miles south of Gilead, in Miami county, Indiana. That winter the families of Saygers, Myers and Essick, twenty-one in number, all huddled in a one-room log cabin, but the men soon got to work and erected another log cabin with a passageway between, so we could stretch out a little until spring, and as soon as the weather would permit, the men struck out and built log cabins on their own claims. They made their own clapboards for roofing, hewed their puncheons for the flooring. For the frames for the doors and windows they used wooden pegs, there were no nails.

Let me here digress a little. Indiana was then a beautiful state. It is said that when the angel of light first beheld this earth she was so delighted with it, that she stooped down and kissed it, and from the dimple of the impress sprang the State of Indiana, and she became the real mecca of the Indians. Hence received her name.

Let us look at her as I have seen her, as well as other old settlers now living. In 1838 the Pottawatomies were removed from their beloved home, but the Miamis, who were friendly with them, were not removed until years afterwards and some of

the Pottawatomies returned and lived with the Miamis, so you see we still have Indians in what is known as the Eel River Country. This was a dense timbered country. It had neither little streams or rivers, but run water the whole year round. All her lakes, rivers and small streams were alive with and filled with fish. The woods were alive with bear, wolves, deer, antelope, gazelles, turkeys, squirrels, beaver, otter and nearly every fur animal. You could stand on the banks of the Tippecanoe, Eel or Wabash rivers and see the poplar, walnut, ash, sugar, beech, sycamore, the monarchs of the forest, some bending over the water. Could see the deer come down to the stream to drink. In the near distance you could see the green sward, the smoking tepee of the Indians. If you visited their camp you found the tepee covered with skins, robes of fur on the floor, and clothes of fur to keep them warm. In this land of his, before he was disturbed by white men, he was happy and independent. He had all he wanted to eat and wear. Now he is gone with the timbered wood lands. Fine bridges, beautiful collonades, magnificent palaces, towns and farms take their places, but nature always has and always will excel art in grandeur. Don't you wish you had lived then?

In 1845 my father moved from his little tanyard to Gilead, and we no longer had to walk one and one-half miles to school, wearing tow breeches which mother had woven from the flax we raised. No longer had we to drive the deer and wild turkey from the wheat field, no longer to club droves of squirrels from our corn fields. My father was the first Abolitionist in Miami county. He erected a very large building for his tanyard, with long ells to it for stable, straw and tanbark. Secreted in the straw were the runaway negroes, for he kept one of the stations on what was known as the "underground railroad." It was at a time when the fugitive slave law was in its full and severest operation. George W. Julian and his Quaker friends, of the old burnt district, was at the head of the route. Petit had a station at Wabash, Father at Gilead, and Mr. Sippy at Akron. There was a trail from Gilead to Akron through the woods, and we would start about eleven o'clock at night with the negroes, land them at Sippy's and return before morning. There was another "underground" route traversed by the horse thieves, and at each station they had large stables dug under ground, a log stable at the entrance, into which the horses were first taken, floor cleaned off and then taken down the passage to the lower stable.

In those glorious days of this early people, at every crossroad there was a log school house or church, all classes seemed to be worshippers. They had plenty of whiskey, made ten years old in

ten days, brewed with dog-leg tobacco, apple cores, copperas and other filth, called forty-rod whiskey. They had horse racing, dog and men fights. In every home and every school house there was a bundle of hickory rods for immediate use. They all quoted that infamous doctrine of "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and every horse thief and sneak, when caught, would justify by quoting "Whosoever provideth not for his own family is worse than an infidel," and the pulpit pounder, when contributions were small, would indignantly exclaim, "The laborer is worthy of his hire," when he knew that Christ meant the manual laborer and that the gospel was to be given without money and without price. The fathers of that day would quote to their wives the Pauline doctrine "Keep silent, obey your husband, learn from them, man was born of God, hence glorified, you were born of man," and the blessed, meek mother would obey, never thinking that those teachings of Paul had enslaved her sex for more than 1800 years.

The men of those days amused themselves grubbing, rolling logs, mowing hay in the bogs, wearing tow breeches and sometimes the boys wore lincey-woolsey made from their mother's petticoats. They would break colts and oxen to work, plow amid the stumps and when a root would strike their shanks would use earnest language, haul half loads through mud holes and over corduroy bridges. Truly these were the golden years of youth. No wonder, when they left home, they never got homesick.

The mothers of those days were slaves. They helped in the shops, and on the farms. They would hackle the flax, weave it and also weave the wool, scrub and do all the cooking in open fire places, attend to the children night and day. I don't know how they got any sleep in the twenty-four hours. They were splendid physicians. When a child was suffering from disease, and the father became frightened and sent for the doctor, some of them, after the doctor had left, would throw his nostrums out of the window, administer her teas to the child and save its life. Some would give the medicine as prescribed by the doctor and the child would die. Take all the practitioners in the medical schools of Luxor, one hundred thousand years before the birth of Christ, down through all the schools of Æsculapius to the present time, and you will not find one who excelled our mothers in therapeutics, even if they did make us take nanny-berry tea.

I believe that the mothers of Indiana alone saved more lives than all the doctors since Ezra wrote the old testament. The girls also helped at outdoor work and the mother in her household duties. They would hire out and spin the flax and wool, and when they would turn the wheel and run back on the floor

to twist the yarn, they would sing like birds. When they went to church they would carry their shoes and stockings until they got to the church, then put them on. Some of these girls broke away from the teachings of the cranky old bachelor Paul, and contended that the part of his writing referring to women was not inspired and asserted their will force. Fifteen hundred of them, in the United States, have written their names on the pages of history. I know one lovely girl who, by her will force, climbed the ladder of fame, and I expect, when she was at the top in the lime-light (if she thought of me at all) looked down and said to herself,—“Poor Luther is at the bottom still, although he had equal chances with me, if not better, because he was not hampered by the prejudice of sex.”

I will not write of the terrible struggle for freedom's cause between the years 1856 and 1865, when I returned to this country, because no Kansan ever was known to blow his own horn. Modesty is a part of their nature. I will only say that while in Kansas I contracted a marriage with as smart and pretty little girl as ever lived, whose bright intelligence always overshadowed me, Ellen Rowley. After reading some of the old Settlers' communications, it seems incredible to believe there was a time when Fulton county did not exist. Her history is written in capitals. It is punctuated with exclamation points, the common place and prosaic are not defined in its lexicon. What a shame it is that a nation that erects costly monuments to her heroes, does not place a statue in the rotunda at Washington, and also erect a cenotaph, compared with which all the monuments of earth will look common place, to the memory of the every-day, common early mothers of this country.

They say that it takes three things to make great men and women, the force of heredity, the force of environment and the force of will. I do not know whether this is true or not. I think that habit makes the man or woman; that is, you must not follow habit, but make it follow you. Resolve to do a thing and do it. Out of the material of which I have spoken came the heroes who saved our union. Comforts and palaces never breed great men and women, it is the humble home. The days of our youth are gone, and we have learned that on earth there is but little joy between the two great dawns.

SOME OLD, FAMILIAR NAMES.

Memory Cherishes Friends Who Have Crossed The Silvery Strand.

—  BY CHARLES JACKSON.  —

ON THE SIXTEENTH DAY OF THE shortest month of the year, 1830, while the chilling winds were whistling around the old stick chimney and rattling the bare, brown branches of the trees against the icy windows of the primitive log cabin in the forest, in the state of Ohio, the writer of this short sketch was born.

The country was heavily timbered with hickory, walnut, oak, ash, elm and other varieties. The walnut timber burned, would today sell for more than the farm. The soil was rich, black sandy loam, subsoil of clay. When once cleared, was very productive. A small stream of water ran through the farm. No damage from overflow, but always furnished water for stock. Sometimes, in the spring, fish would work their way up from Sandusky bay, when the boys would have good times trying to catch them. After years of labor the land was cleared and brought under cultivation, the log house replaced with frame, with conveniences which then was thought to be commodious, but now would not be so considered. My father's family consisted of eleven children, six boys, five girls. Educational privileges were very meagre. No need of truant officer to compel children to attend school. We were always glad to have the opportunity to go to school, for then there was public money for only three months in the year. When we had more than that, schooling was paid for by subscription. A well qualified lady teacher would get 75 cents to \$1.50 per week, and board around with the pupils. Many of the children walked two and three miles to school, part the way through the forest.



CHARLES JACKSON

While yet a youth, a stage was run along the road where we lived, and my father's place was where the stage driver would change horses. I recall the fact of seeing, passing along this road, a wagon on which a log cabin was built, covered with boards, and inside the house was a barrel of cider and a man ready to give a drink to those they met. Outside, the log house was covered with coon skins. The propelling power was three yoke of oxen. That was in 1840, and well known by all old citizens as the Harrison campaign. No railroad, telegraph or 'phones had been thought of at that time. A few years later the Mad River railroad was built from Portland (now Sandusky City) to Cincinnati, cross ties and wooden rails, with iron very little larger than wagon tire. No infrequent thing for the iron to loosen at the end and turn up through the car. In 1846 the road-bed was changed and I was employed to hew timber for some culverts. In making the change T-rails were substituted for the flat rail. In the year 1847 the first telegraph was erected in Northern Ohio. I also helped to erect poles and wire for fourteen miles.

After improving all the school privileges, commencing in the log school house, with slab seats, punchen floor, and six-foot fire place, to a few years later, the frame building erected on one corner of my father's farm, where we had four months' school, with teachers graduated from Oberlin College, whose wages were \$16.00 for twenty-six days, and was considered good for that time. 1849 was my last school attendance, 1851 was employed to teach school for three months at \$13.00 for twenty-six days, and board. The building was a log, with shake roof, held on by weight-poles. Large fire place, for stoves or furnaces were not yet made for such purposes. The house was located on a creek which ran through marsh land into Sandusky Bay. In this marsh was the home of thousands of muskrats, and on nice, warm days when the marsh was frozen, all my large pupils, boys and girls, would be out spearing rats. Therefore, when they came to school again, it was in evidence we need spend no money for perfume. In turning back to my boyhood, will say, in connection with poor school privlieges, that Sunday schools and church services were held in the log school house or private dwellings. My father's house was frequently used for church, and a home for the circuit preacher. Also Mr. Bailey's house was a welcome place for the preacher and other friends. Mr. Bailey, being of English birth, was liberal and hospitable in providing comforts for the preacher and his beast, in doing so, he built an addition to his shed. On the day the shed was raised, on questioning him as to what use the addition would be, he always gave the ready reply, in true English, that 'twas "a hell for the preacher's 'orse."

It was during my second school that I formed the acquaintance of the lady who afterwards became my wife. Dec. 29, 1853, we were married, and at once commenced housekeeping in a log house in a sparsely settled neighborhood, earning money to buy our first cook stove by teaching writing class. Cupboard I made from dry goods boxes. Our furniture was all hauled in one wagon-box load. And yet we got along, as we had some wheat and plenty of corn. About three years from the time of commencing in this way, my father and mother moved from the old home farm, when we moved there, renting for two years, then buying the farm, continuing with fair success. Was seven times elected township clerk, and twice township assessor. I also belonged to the National Guards when the regiment was called out for service. I responded with others. The second day, while in camp at Fremont, Ohio, Colonel Hains learned that I was assessor for our township. Said we must have taxes, and as I had worked two days before the call, that I would have to go home. Being then subject to orders, I went home, and the boys of my company and regiment went to Arlington Heights, near Washington, D. C., and returned in one hundred and twenty days, one dying from my company in that time. When I failed to get to go, I then hired a man that did go, paying him myself. My grandfather served in Revolutionary war, two brothers in the civil war.

I will never forget the funeral of General James B. McPherson, who was killed somewhere south, and brought to Clyde, Ohio, the home of his birth, for burial. It was a hot, dry, dusty time, and thousands of soldiers in attendance at the burial.

Having an opportunity to sell the farm for what was then thought a big price, we did sell, and in March, 1870, moved to Rochester, to find a town whose streets had a plenteous growth of dog fennel, cows, horses and hogs roamed at will. The only brick buildings were the old court house and the store room of Jesse Shields, now occupied by the Indiana Bank and Trust Company. Among the dealers then was Fred Fromm, V. Zimmerman, Gould Brothers, Richter, Feder & Silberberg, J. Dawson, Lyon & Kendrick, Wile, Allman Brothers, F. B. Ernsperger and many others. On coming here I formed a partnership with F. B. Ernsperger and sold goods for ten years. The Baptist people owned and held services in the rooms now occupied by Zimmerman's undertaking and furniture store. The M. E. people owned the room where C. Hoover has his furniture and undertaking business. The I. O. O. F. owned where the M. E. church now stands. Presbyterians occupied same lot as now.

There was a large flouring mill located on North Main street, owned by Mr. Stock, and farther south near the old race,

William Wallace had a flouring mill, but misfortune soon came to the latter by being consumed by fire. Later the big mill, at north end, was burned. I think, at the time, was owned by Leiter & Hickman. Among the prominent citizens then living here, that have passed away, are: Alvin Robbins and wife; William Sturgeon and wife; A. K. Plank and wife; D. W. Lyon and wife; B. S. Lyon and wife; C. F. Harter and wife; C. J. Stradley; Newt. Rannells and wife; Dr. V. Gould and wife; Dr. A. H. Robbins; Clark Hickman and wife; Wm. Wallace and wife; David Barb and wife; Jesse Shields and wife, and many others that I do not just now call to mind.

The names of the pastors who have served the M. E. Church congregations: T. C. Stringer, 1869 to 1871; P. S. Cook, 1871 to 1872; Clark Skinner, 1872 to 1874; R. D. Utter, 1874 to 1875; J. A. Clearwaters, 1875 to 1877; F. M. Rule, 1877 to 1880; R. D. Utter, 1880 to 1883; J. C. Reed 1883 to 1886; J. H. Wilson, 1886 to 1890; H. A. Tucker, 1890 to 1892; A. T. Briggs, 1892 to 1894; C. A. Brook, 1894 to 1897; L. C. Buckels, 1897 to 1900; W. F. Switzer, 1900 to 1907; J. G. Campbell, present pastor.

Thirty-five or forty years ago, the prevailing amusements indulged in at evening socials, were songs speeches, charades and social chat. No cards. I remember, at a wedding anniversary, the bride was presented with a tin sunbounet, made for the occasion which created much merriment. The couple are living in Rochester yet, and I can't say whether the bonnet is worn out or not.

On Dec. 29, 1873, occurred at the home of the writer, our twentieth wedding anniversary, and to show the change in the neighbors, then and now, will give the names of the persons present.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Skinner,	Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Smith,
" " " John Taylor,	" " " Enoch Sturgeon,
" " " E. E. Cowgill,	" " " A. C. Elliott,
" " " Isaiiah Conner,	" " " T. M. Bitters,
" " " H. B. Boswell,	" " " C. Ernsperger,
" " " C. C. Wolf,	" " " J. W. Elam,
" " " Eli Russell,	" " " Wm. Ashton,
" " " C. Hector,	" " " A. V. House,
" " " F. B. Ernsperger,	" " " John W. Davis,
Dr. " " William Hill,	" " " J. M. Reiter,
Mr. " " E. P. Copeland,	" " " N. L. Lord,
" " " Samuel Heffley,	" " " M. L. Essick,
" " " F. K. Kendrick,	" " " H. S. Drake,
" " " Samuel Keely,	" " " E. Kirtland,
" " " Thos. Newhouse,	" " " Levi Mercer,
" " " J. Q. Neal,	Mr. W. J. Williams,
" " " K. G. Shryock,	" Chas. H. Berry,
" " " A. J. Davidson,	" H. B. Ernsperger,

In all, 69 present as guests, 47 of whom are now dead.

In closing this rambling sketch, from 1830 to 1909, will say that—

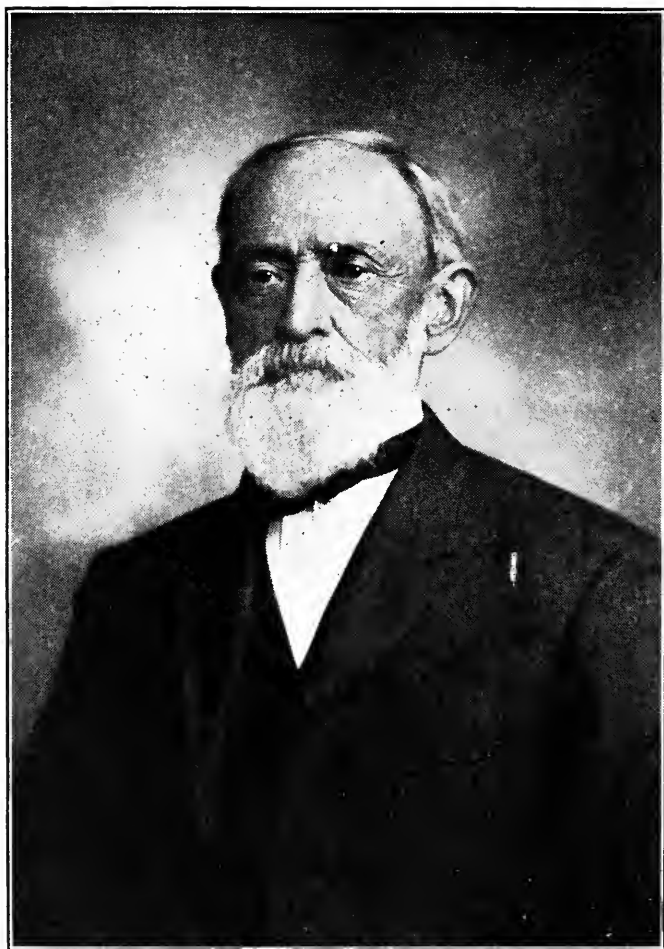
*Many days of my youth I cannot recall,
They are gone like a shadow at eve,
But the friends of my youth, I remember them all,
In memory yet they live.*

*The long, long ago, it seems like a dream,
When I lived in my boyhood home,
When I used to play by the bright little stream,
Or through the old wood used to roam.*

*The friends of my youth are nearly all gone
And I am left almost alone,
Old age o'er me is fast creeping on,
And soon my work will be done.*

*When life and its labors are over and past,
And my days on earth are all o'er,
I want to ready, and then at last
I shall meet with my friends gone before.*





CHARLES A. MITCHELL

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Recollections of Rochester's Prosperity in Early Commercial Industries.

BY CHARLES A. MITCHELL.

*"There is something wondrous in it,
The gleams of days gone by,
Dear sights and sounds that are to me
The very moons of memory,
And stir my heart's blood far below
Its short-lived waves of joy and woe."*

TIME, IN ROCHESTER and Fulton county, begins, with me, in the year 1837, when I was three years of age. In that year, my mother, stepfather, Wm. Metz, and an older brother, James O. Mitchell, a baby half-sister, and myself, came to Rochester from Carroll county, Ind.

The new county seat, at that time, contained between three and four hundred inhabitants. It had the distinction, then as now, of being one of the many beautiful town sites of Northern Indiana. In addition, it had flattering prospects of becoming a manufacturing center of some importance. After the removal of the last of the Indians from this locality in 1838, the government abandoned the grist mill at the outlet of the lake. This left the field clear for profitable investment in the building of another grist mill, which was taken advantage of by Alexander Chamberlain and his son-in-law, Anthony F. Smith, brother of Hon. Milo R. Smith of this city. A survey and estimate of the average flow of water from the lake, by the way of the outlet, showed that there could be ample water power developed to meet the requirements of the grist mill and other machinery, if a dam were placed across the outlet, on what is now Fourth street. The same fill, or levee, is now used as a public highway between

East Rochester and Rochester. The grist mill was built at the east end of Third street, one and one-half squares east of Main street. This improvement was followed with a furniture factory, owned and managed by Jacob Kitt, husband of Mrs. Anna Kitt, so long and favorably known by the middle-aged and older residents of this city, who now lives at Goodland, near her son Alvin Kitt and daughter, Mrs. Matilda Downing, the elder daughter, Mrs. Lyda Pugh and husband reside here. This factory was located below the hill west of the Michigan road, between the creek and where Mrs. Anna Metzler now lives, north of the Erie R. R. tracks. This location was selected as the one most available for using the water supply for the machinery, after it had done service at the mill above, the same passing from mill to factory down a race constructed for that purpose, on the south side of the creek. Here were manufactured chairs, bedsteads, cupboards, bureaus, coffins and any and all articles that might be needed by the new comer, the newly wed, or to bury the dead.

It had been discovered, by this time, that the marsh or bog lands in this vicinity, contained deposits of iron ore. Iron, at that time, was very expensive, compared to present prices, the supply reaching the various points where needed in Northern Indiana, by the lakes and Wabash and Erie canal, then by wagon to places where necessity demanded.

Messrs. James Moore and Butler, after giving the subject due consideration, built a forge, or factory, for the purpose of making wrought iron from bog ore. The factory was located just west of where B. O. Johnson lives. This site was selected in order to get the necessary fall from the dam as the surplus water from the pond, or reservoir above, was to furnish the power, conveyed to the forge by a race constructed on the north side of the creek. Men were put to work to locate ore deposits and build roads over the soft marsh lands to them, others to digging the ore and some to hauling it to the factory, usually with oxen and wagons. Contracts were let for cutting cord wood and burning charcoal, while others were engaged in hauling coal to the forge. Those, with the number required at the factory to keep the wheels moving, presented a busy scene that would put life into the quiet conditions that prevail here at present, if they could be duplicated. The large mass of molten ore was drawn from the ovens and placed on an iron table or anvil, where they were given proper shape and finish for the markets, by the skillful handling of experts, aided by the steady strokes of a hammer, weighing five hundred pounds, attached to a handle or beam, twelve inches square and twelve feet long, which descended at the rate of about four strokes per minute, with sufficient force to be heard from six to eight miles, on clear, still mornings. The iron

produced here was wrought billets, weighing 200 lbs. each. The mill, not being equipped with machinery for the manufacture of bar iron, was compelled to ship and sell its product in unfinished condition. These industries gave Rochester promise of a bright future, from a business view, that attracted the attention of persons seeking locations for investment in lands, town lots and business enterprises. This was before steam was counted as a factor in its application to the varied industries for which it is now used, hence the location of a sight with sufficient water in volume, with a fall that made its use practical, was considered valuable, and was supposed to govern the location of all manufacturing industries that required power to move its machinery. By reference to the location of water power, as developed, it can be readily understood why all business, including stores and shops, crowded to what is now North Main street.

In 1844 Messrs. Clark and Blair brought quite a large stock of general merchandise from Michigan City, Ind., and occupied a room where Mrs. Anna Metzler now lives, north of the Erie rail road. Later they built on the corner of Main and Third streets, west side. About this same time Messrs. Rannells and Maxwell built on the corner of Main street and Fourth where Hazlett Bros. are located, and put in a heavy stock of merchandise. This was as far south as business was pushed for several years. Finally Frederick Ault, father of our Jud, ventured one square farther, to the corner of Main and Fifth streets. This was regarded as a wild venture and many of the wise fellows predicted failure.

It came to pass in the course of time, that death cast a shadow over the home of James Moore, business manager at the head of the iron industry, and left his young and beautiful wife, Lucretia Butler Moore, a widow. Deprived of his counsel, energy and ability to direct the enterprise that promised success to his earlier dream, the business perished.

Fire, sickness and general depression in business, brought disappointment and discouragement to the head of the furniture factory, and it went as it came, in company with the iron industry.

In the late fall of 1843, my parents, having disposed of their property, (house and lot) in town, moved into a log cabin, situated on the land where Reuben Darr now lives, two and one-half miles east, then in heavy timbered lands, and arranged to board some of the men who were cutting cord wood and some who were burning charcoal for the iron mill. I remember that Mr. Town and son were two of the colliers. This, the winter of 1843-1844, is remembered as the longest and most severe in Indiana, snow falling early, to a great depth and remaining until late in

April. Feed of all kinds was exhausted. Many of the stock perished, those surviving were kept alive by the owners cutting green timber, such as lin, beech and other soft varieties, so that horses, cattle and sheep might eat the young twigs and buds. Later, we moved farther east, into a large story and one-half hewed log house. The logs were all of nice yellow poplar, of uniform size, and dimensions sufficient to bring a handsome sum, if they were in merchantable shape at present prices. We remained in what is now known as the McKinley neighborhood for five years. Our nearest neighbors were Stephen Davidson, one mile southwest, and Abner Barrett, Sr., one and one-half miles northeast, with heavy timbered lands intervening and all around.

It was here that two sprightly boys spent five years of happy life, five years of sunshine. The woods and all they contained were ours, with its wealth of nuts, wild fruits and rich foliage. After the tasks were done, old Chippewa, with its swimming holes were not forsaken. Squirrels, quail, pheasants and an occasional turkey, lent excitement to vary the monotony, I having killed every kind of game that ran wild in the woods, from a weasel to a deer, before I was fourteen, but claim no honor for killing the deer, (only one) as it was pursued so closely by the dogs that it had neither time or chance to evade me, when the fatal shot was fired that ended the chase.

Of the two boys, all that the youngest lacked of the nobler qualities, worthy of emulation, the older possessed in a marked degree—industrious, truthful in all things, unselfish, having an abhorance for profanity, kind to a fault, manly and handsome. Was my companion, my guide, my brother James, from my earliest recollection, until the month of March, 1852. As the long train of wagons filed in line and moved out for the long journey to the land of gold, in the distant west, we walked side by side, beyond the home of our boyhood, until the time for the final goodbye was spoken. Days passed, the anxiously looked for letters reached us, bearing the news of a pleasant and successful trip, as far west as the frontier settlements, after which a long silence intervened. One bright summer day, a message, with sable border, was received and opened with trembling hands. Its burden of news pierced our hearts. The shadow that followed the sad news this letter contained, has remained and deepened as experience to added years teaches us the magnitude of our loss.

The first work I ever performed for wages was for James McQuern, father of Mrs. Abel Bowers and Mrs. Wm. Zellar, of this city. The pay was to be five dollars for one month's work. I

drove two yoke of oxen to turn the first furrow where John Kibler lives, east of the lake. I was exercised quite a bit, during the month to know of what disposition I should make of my money, when received. This was my first experience in grappling with finances, but like many other problems of life, I found it easy when the time came to act. The next opportunity offered, whereby I saw a chance to add to my knowledge of experience, and further gratify the desire to swell the treasury, was when I was offered one dollar and fifty cents per week to herd one hundred head of big three-year-old cattle, the property of Leander Chamberlain and Gilbert Bozarth. Chamberlain lived, at that time, on what is known as the Hainbaugh farm, five miles northeast. At this time, I was quite small, not as large as Jud Ault is now. I was furnished with a good pony. My instructions were to keep the cattle south of the river, east of the Michigan road, west of the Rochester and Talma road and north of the road running east from town. While this scope of country is now mostly in a state of cultivation, containing many neat and comfortable homes, at that time there were only three houses, one on farm where Isaac Good now lives, (vacant) one on farm where Mrs. Cora Vandergift now lives (vacant) and one where Ed. Fufts lives.

This left a large open space containing several hundred acres, interspersed with marsh and open timbered lands with but few under brush, ideal conditions for stock grazing, and as a place where a boy could have full and untrammelled sway to gratify his love for active, exciting exercise and the love of the beautiful in nature, for as I remember, every square rod of the upland was a flower garden, while the sloughs and ponds had their charms of various kinds, including the wood duck, mallard and crane—last, but by no means least, was the south bank of the river, with its bluff banks, possessing changes in scenery equaled by but few of the beautiful spots of Northern Indiana, and surpassed by none, as is evidenced by the numbers who seek its delights each recurring season. These cattle were composed of various lots bought at different places during the winter, and had not formed attachment for their new associates, a habit that is only formed by the mingling of each new arrival with the common herd. On this account, when they were driven to the feeding ground, each squad was disposed to go its own way, and wander from rather than with the others. This, at first, required constant watching and much riding, an exercise that was always to my taste. I soon got so I could ride like an Indian, and yell like a girl of the present, while “rooting” for a basket or base ball game. I know this is putting it a little strong, but the echoes of those yells prompted one of the owners of the herd to write me,

more than half century after, from Kansas, referring to the incident, and asking that I answer, giving all the news that might be of interest from the old town, and have done so to the best of my ability.

The winter of 1848 was spent with my uncle, Asa Bozarth, father of Jap Bozarth, of this city, going with him in the spring of '49, to live on a farm he had purchased, just south of where Fulton is now situated, known now as the Mathews farm. This is the place referred to by W. A. Ward, as being the rendezvous of a desperate gang of outlaws, (of course previous to our going) but of late it had been, and was yet the place where the stage company kept relays of horses, to take the place of the ones as they came in from the north or south as the case might be. From Logansport to Uncle's was one division. From Uncle's to Rochester another, the entire run from Indianapolis to South Bend was divided into divisions of from ten to fifteen miles, one driver and four horses for each station. As one came in at the end of his run, he found the next man ready, with horses harnessed, standing in waiting. With the loosening of eight traces and as many buckles, and the fastening of as many more, with fresh horses and driver seated, whip and reins in hand, a blast from the bugle, started the trained horses on the run, for the end of the division.

Uncle's family consisted, at the time, of himself, wife, four children, Miss Mary Harold and the boy from Chippewa. Many pleasant memories are associated with the days spent there, the kindness shown bordered close to indulgence. Miss Harold was a natural tease and usually selected me for her victim. Her cheerful disposition and red cheeks, the envy of the less favored of her sex, were an irresistible temptation to Joseph Williams, now of Kewanna, Ind., where they live, husband and wife, in ease and comfort, honored citizens by all who know them best. Uncle and Aunt have long since passed from the busy cares of this life. Of them we can say ought more fitting than these lines from Lowell:

*"While lips must fade and roses wither,
And all sweet times be o'er;
They only smile, and answering "Thither!"
Stay with us no more;
And yet, oftimes, a look, a smile
Forgotten in cares a while,
Years after, from the dark will start,
And flash across the trembling heart."*

The farm was sold to Judge John Wright, in the fall of '49, and the family returned to Rochester. I went to school during

the winter, worked on the farm the following summer, just west of town, known as the Montgomery farm, Uncle having bought the land, with no improvements on it. In 1851 I was employed by James Rannells, he having sold his interest in the stock of goods, formerly owned by Rannells Bros., successors to Rannells & Sons, and started business at the old stand, corner of Main and Fourth streets. In a few months he contracted typhoid fever, while in Cincinnati buying goods, came home sick, death following soon. During my stay with him I had been as one of the family and had the kindest feelings for him and his young wife, a woman of refinement and pleasant disposition, who contracted the deadly disease while waiting on her husband and watching by his side day and night, from the first until the messenger called. In thirty days she was laid by his side and the young babe that I quieted while the mother wept, was cared for by its grand parents.

Newton Rannells bought his brother's goods and transferred them to his room, corner of Main and Third streets, I going with the stock, in his employment. Remained until the summer of '52, when I was offered a better salary by George Clark, who had brought a stock of dry goods from South Bend. My acquaintance with people over the county was an advantage to me, as that aided me in getting and holding a place. In February, '53, Clark began to dream of fortunes awaiting him beyond the Rockies, closed out his stock of merchandise in March, arranged and went via New York and steamer to California, taking his wife and two little children with him. Before leaving, I was presented with a nice present, as Mrs. Clark said, "As a token of our kindly feelings and respect." With the assurance on my part that I appreciated their regard, not only in this act, but by the treatment that I had received from them while in their service, wishing them happiness and prosperity in their new home, the hand shake was given and goodbyes spoken.

During the summer, while in Gilead, Miami county, I received word from Mr. Clark and wife that if I wished to go to California and was not prepared, that they would see that a way was provided. I kept my own counsel, inasmuch as some things had transpired of (to me) an unpleasant nature during my stay there, I had about concluded to take advantage of their generous offer, when word was received that Mr. Clark had died.

FROM COUNTER TO WORK BENCH.

Returning to the time of the leaving of the Clarks, March, 1853, which occurred after I had passed my eighteenth year, past experience and observation convinced me that it would be advisable to learn some useful trade. With this object in view, I contracted with Mr. John Hale, saddler and harness maker, agree-

ing to stay two years, beginning in April. The following July, Hale moved to Gilead, Ind., I going with him as a part of the outfit, supposed to be a part more useful than ornamental. It was with some regret that I parted with friends and associates of boyhood days. This loss was compensated for in new acquaintances, formed with a class of people of more than average attainments and habits, such as were best calculated to exert good influence over those whom were brought in contact with them.

One of the sources of entertainment that I recall, was afforded by the old singing school, conducted by Prof. F. C. Brown. Among the members of the class were some whose natural musical talent was far above the average in volume, sweetness and distinctness, that reverberates and charms us yet, as memory runs back for more than a half-century. "Old Hundred," "Auld Lang Sine," "Shall Old Friends be Forgotten?" all come back, while echo says "Shall they?" Fond recollection oft steals o'er me like a dream, of days

*"When the old paths we tread,
Beneath the leafy branches overhead,
While the moon, in shadows dark and light,
Lent enchantment to moments of rapid flight."*

—Sacred Memories,

This brings the sad thought also, that of that group of young people, as I knew them, happy, full of hope, with bright promise before them, across whose paths no cloud of sorrow had yet cast its shadow, have all passed out and beyond to the unknown, except five, the names of these were Miss Anna Essick, Miss Cynthia Miller, Miss Sarah Miller, Miss Jennie Grimes, including myself. Of the heads of families, Essicks, Lowes, Bakers, Millers, Rhodes, Grimes and others, whose acquaintance was an honor and pleasure. Of these, Mr. Isaac Lowe is the only one left.

In the fall of 1854, Mr. Hale moved to Akron, Ind. Shortly afterward I arranged with him for the unexpired time, spent the winter at Rochester, part of the time in the school room, returning to Akron during the summer of '55. While there I formed the acquaintance of Basil Clevinger and his family of three children, Miss Sarah, a young lady of pleasing manners, Caroline and William. It was soon learned that Sarah was "out on parole," having been captured by John Londerback, of Fulton, Ind., until such time as her father could secure a house-keeper to fill the place of the wife and mother, deceased, a duty performed by said elder daughter. After the war they settled at Valparaiso, Ind., became identified with the interests of that place and are numbered with the honored and respected citizenship.

In the month of May, '56, I was employed by Anthony F. and Milo R. Smith to assist in straightening up and putting a general

stock of merchandise in shape, a recent purchase from the late N. R. Rannells. This led to the contract covering the entire time they remained in business, and with their successor, during his business career in Rochester.

Referring to the question of hardship, on the part of the early settlers, my observation and early experience, as far back as I have any knowledge, is that there are more people in Rochester today, pinched by hunger, cold and want, suffering for the necessities of life, with no hope of bettering their condition, than could be found in Fulton county during any year of which I have any knowledge prior to the year 1850.

As for bears, of which we have heard mention, I never knew of but one being killed in this section of country. That was in the late '40s. This one was passing from north to south, barefooted and alone, headed toward Peru, apparently not aware of the fact that if he ever reached that place he would get his eye-teeth cut, get skinned, and then some.

Of Indians, I can only remember of standing on Main street, near where the Erie R. R. tracks cross, at the west side of the road, with Brother James, as the Indians passed, single file, stretching out on the road south as far as we could see. This was in 1838, and was when they were starting for the reservation in the southwest, beyond the Mississippi river. This is the time referred to by Mr. Ward, so touchingly, when he told us how reluctantly he yielded to his mother's entreaties to return with her to the maternal roof, the home of his childhood. We know by experience, friend Ward, that it is with heart burning and sorrow that we have been compelled to stand and witness the departure, the receding, as it were, from our vision, with no power to check or restrain the removal of the beautiful Wanetas, Bright Eyes and Fluttering Poplars associated with sacred memories of youth. Time may heal the wound, but the scar remains. The joys and pleasures of youth, its sunshine and shadows, furnish life and hope to the young, and when guided by sincere and honest purpose, happiness to those of mature age.

During the winter of '55 and '56, and summer following, there was something like an epidemic swept over this entire community. A strange feature of the disease was in the fact that it selected its victims, sparing, in all cases, the heads of families. One after another of the younger generation was forced to yield to its influence. The brain was first affected, followed with heart troubles later. This continued until one after another was compelled to succumb. There were just two remained—two supposed to be immune, as it were. Wesley Shryock, Charles Shryock, Ed Chinn, Vint O'Donald, Capt. H. C. Long and all the old associates, had passed through the early stages of the disease and

were on the way to recovery, when it was noticed that the last two began to show symptoms of an attack. About this time Johathan Dawson began to struggle like a fly stuck in molasses, or something else (to him) as sweet. The result was that he surrendered unconditionally. The last victim followed in four days, when the writer sent a note to Rev. Bazil Clevinger, who was a practitioner, an M. D. as well as Rev., informing him that his professional services were wanted on the following Sunday, at Mr. Salmon Collins', in Liberty township. At the appointed time he arrived, diagnosed our case, administered the remedy—we took the medicine—I got a wife and Miss Isabelle E. Collins got a lemon. Since the 21st day of September, 1856, she has answered to the name of Mrs. Isabelle E. Mitchell.

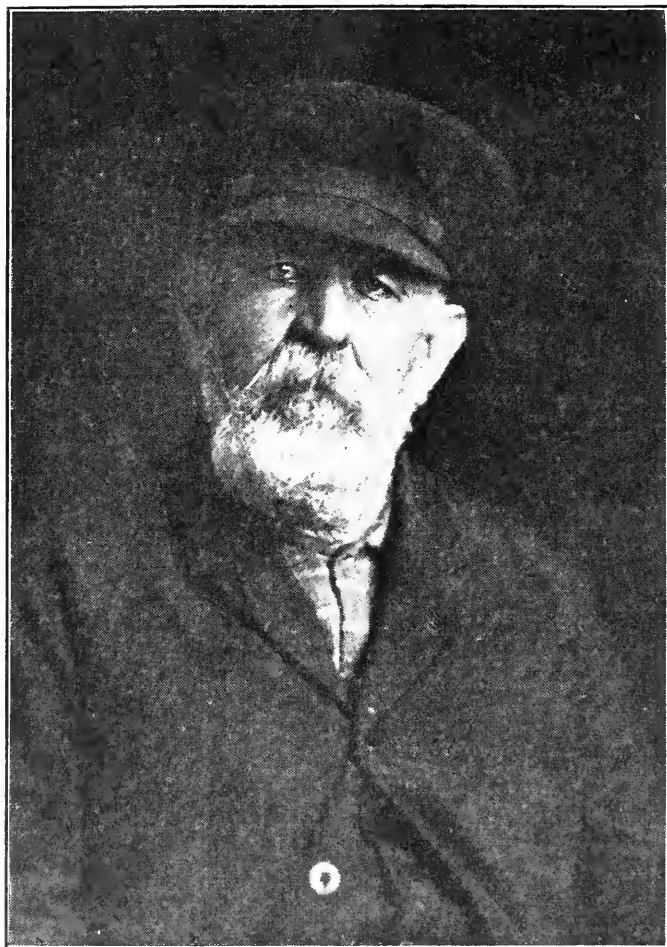
Of persons who were here after we came, in 1837, my mother, who has passed her 96th annual mile-stone, Mr. W. A. Ward and myself remain. Messrs. George Hoover, Joseph A. Myers and Dee Robbins came later.

My children, Orton S. Mitchell, Charles A. Mitchell and Estella Mitchell-True, my wife and I are citizens of Rochester.

In a brief sketch, as here given, we are compelled to pass unnoticed many incidents relating to earlier days. We have only broken a twig and occasionally blazed a tree, along the line of events, just sufficient to enable the reader to follow the trail leading to present conditions.

To the old and new friends,—it is your words of friendship, given expression and force by acts of kindness and good will, that has taught me to know the goodness of your hearts. Let us renew our friendship, so that when our work, each of his kind, in old age is finished, that we may leave more of sunshine than shadow.

—GOODBYE.



NELSON B. WAYMIRE

STRANGER TO ARISTOCRACY.

A True Heart is More to be Desired than False
Piety and Rare Riches.

BY NELSON B. WAYMIRE.

I DO NOT KNOW as there is anything out of the ordinary in my life that will interest the public so very much, as hundreds had about the same experiences that come to every one born in the pioneer days, but some incidents come to me now that are a heap of interest to me and might help to pass away an hour or so for the readers thereof.

Will say in the beginning, that I was born in the time when lickin' and learnin' went hand in hand, and the boy who did not get his pantaloons dusted at least once a day, was dull indeed.

I first saw the light of day December 18, 1845, and the event took place twelve miles west of Frankfort, Clinton county, Ind., my parents being Enoch and Henrietta Waymire. They were the parents of six children, I being the fourth, the oldest a girl, who burned to death at the age of six years.

Our home was like those of other settlers, a log cabin; and like all other children we climbed a ladder to bed, slept between feather beds, ate bread that mother baked in the fire place, and crowded more real happiness into each hour, than children of the present time have in a day. My brother John and I were inseparable, and what he did I imitated, and if one was trounced the other was tickled with the same switch.

How well I remember the way that old home place looked, with the spring branch between the house and barn, where we played, swam and enjoyed ourselves, frisky as untamed colts.

Once having the privilege of a spring house, who could ever forget the pleasure a boy got from seeing the long rows of crocks, pails and pans of rich milk, with their floating islands of yellow cream, set in a stream of cool, running water. To slip in on a hot, sultry day, with a big chunk of warm bread, dip it up and down until it was soaked with cream, then eat until your waist band

was so tight you felt like another bite and it must part company. Ah! that was a pleasure to which the town dude with his stand-up collar, green trousers and pickadilly shoes, will ever be a stranger, since the late fad of a cream separator and selling milk straight from the cow to the creamery has put the spring house out of business.

As I hinted in the beginning, my father was handy with a gad, so when John and I took the partitions out of the watering trough, to make a toboggan slide, it is no stretch of imagination to say we got a dose of hickory oil that left an impression for days to come. Pap was a very strict man, and wanted to raise his children to be models of goodness, therefore, I never heard him use profanity in any form and he lambasted me more for that one thing than anything else, for as all know I would work off a few furbelows by way of embellishment to my speech, and sometimes add a frill or two yet, which comes from long practice.

I began my education at four years of age, my first teacher a German who also taught English. I did not learn very much of him, but became an expert in throwing paper wads and doing other deviltry, giving him an opportunity to develop the muscles in his good right arm.

That same year, my parents sold their home and moved three miles east of Perrysburg, Miami county, the transfer being made in wagons, four horses hitched to each of them. We moved again into a log house and set about making a permanent home. The country was very wild, and game plentiful, bear, venison, wild turkey and rabbit seeming to await the hunter's rifle. I recall one Sunday morning when I stepped into the yard and found four deer browsing. I called Pap and he ran out, killing one, and later succeeded in bringing home the other three.

Grandpap Kline, mother's father, lived with us and Pap and mother left us children in his care, while they went back to Clinton county after a supply of applebutter and other things we did not have in our new home. Grandpap was quite a timid man and very easily frightened, so it did us a world of good to scare the old man. One night I heard him put his head out of the loft window, then call to John and Will, who slept with him, to get up, there was a fox after the chickens, but they pretended not to hear him. Then he called me. I was sleeping down stairs in the trunnel bed. Oh how I snored, fairly shook the house, and he called in vain. As he was afraid to go out himself, and the boys were too sound asleep(?) to waken, the fox got the chickens. Shortly afterward I killed my first deer.

One evening I was sent to the field to get corn for the cattle, and took a rifle with me. Parting a shock, I saw the ears of a deer not far away. I raised the gun and fired, and found I had

made a good shot, for after a kick or two, Mr. deer shuffled off. The next thing was to get him home. I pulled and tugged, but could not budge him an inch. Knowing I would be laughed at and disbelieved, if I went back home and said I had killed a deer, I took out my jack knife and cut off an ear, and like Joshua and Caleb, took something back to prove the truth of my story. Pap hurried out, after seeing the ear and dragged the deer to the house. When weighed, we found it tipped the scales at one hundred pounds. For days I walked on air, for had I not done a big thing for a kid?

One of our duties was to keep the wood box replenished. My sister and I carried wood about forty rods from the house. I had heard a good deal about the devil, how I was likely to be nabbed without time for argument, and had considerable fear as well as curiosity concerning him. One evening at dusk, we made our usual trip, and there in a tree, saw two big round eyes and heard a mournful hoot. My first thought was, that I was the next candidate for the place I had heard so much about, and Sister and I fell over each other seeing who could get into the door first. I told Mother "the devil is out there," but she sent us right back. I grew bolder, investigated, and found the "Devil" was only a hoot owl. Since then I have not taken much stock in such stories.

Pap prospered and after a time built a new house, a little south of where the old one stood. It had several rooms and unlike other houses in that vicinity, was plastered. When completed we moved in. I asked my brother if he thought Heaven was anything like that, for it was the finest house I had ever seen.

We went to school in the winter time. One of the teachers was Oscar Piper, who boarded around among the patrons of the school. He passed for a scholar, was a reader of Tom Paine. He and Pap often set up at night to argue whether we were or were not free moral agents. Finally he became spiteful and took his anger out on Sister and I, in the school. After an unusually strong tilt with Pap, he called Sister and I up for some imaginary offense, put a cap on her head and a sunbonnet on me and told us to stand up before the school. I jerked the cap off her head and the bonnet off my own cranium, and started for home at a lively pace, with Piper close to my heels. We ran across the field as if possessed by the "old Harry," I reaching the stake and rider fence a little in advance of the teacher, who was puffing like an engine, his long hair flying in the wind. I ran in the house, got Pap's gun and met the schoolmaster with it cocked. Well I did not shoot, just put up a bluff and what I said was not read in the scriptures. That night he and Pap had an understanding which ended by him taking a summersault out the door and his Sunday clothes flying out after him.

My next teacher was Miss Jane Hill, sister of Dr. William Hill of this city. I got along better with her and, by the way, it might be well to say that she figured as a prominent party in the first wedding I ever attended, being a bridesmaid.

The couple married were my cousin, Mary Ann Waymire, and Henry Ream, Rev. J. H. Lacy officiating, Jane Hill bridesmaid and John Hoover best man. The wedding took place at our house in the presence of many people. Such a lot of cooking and fixing as went on for days before the wedding, but the day came at last, the folks began to arrive and at the time appointed, the bridal party walked out, all in their fine toggery. You bet that was a sight for Nelson. Brother and I got in the corner and I whispered: "John, does a fellow have to go through all that tom foolin' to get married?" "Of course, you fool you," he answered. "Then," said I, "danged if I will ever get married." "Yes you will," he insisted, and we argued the point until time to eat. He proved to be a prophet, for I committed matrimony twice as all know, and if single would be on the market again.

There was not much style in the days of which I write. Of course we were taught to have company manners, and behave a trifle better on these occasions, but if a boy wanted to lick his knife from the handle to the "pint," pour his coffee into the saucer, drink clear around the rim and smack his mouth like a pig drinking buttermilk, there was no particular damage done and he was not apt to get a lickin'. The table was long and broad, not built for beauty, but to hold the "grub," for every thing was put on at one time, and a fellow could sit up and help himself to what he liked best. In place of serving the dinner in courses, each course only enough to smear the mouth of a katydid, the whole family sit down at once, the food passed and by the time we were ready to eat, each plate looked like it was filled with the leavings of a charity supper. Meal time was the hour of good cheer, and the way us boy stored the things away, cracked jokes and laughed, was conducive to good health if not to good manners.

Our house was headquarters for preachers, those traveling the circuit and visiting each neighborhood about once in three or four weeks. As my parents were very religious, and I might add tried to live what they believed was right, they always welcomed those of their faith and gave them the best their means afforded. My mother was an excellent cook, and prided herself in providing the most toothsome food for her family, and doubly so when the man of God put in an appearance, for she had learned that a man's appetite was not disturbed by his religion, in fact the more religion he had the bigger his appetite seemed to be.

One man, Elder Lakin, came every three weeks. His home was in Peru. That man could eat everything in sight, then look hungry. He never failed to compliment mother on her splendid cooking and he also usually passed some remark about me.

One day, at the dinner table, he looked up at my mother and said, as he helped himself to another piece of pie: "Sister Waymire, I like to stop at your house, you are such a good cook, and I tell you what, your boy Nelson is going to make a mighty good preacher some day." It riled me some, and I answered: "Not by a darn sight. But if I could hug the sisters as well as you, I would be one now." The meal was finished in silence, for I had hit the bull's eye.

Previous to this time, however, the first sermon I remember of ever hearing preached, was by Rev. Sam McCarter, who was on Mexico circuit. He was the kind of a preacher who took a fellow by the seat of the pantaloons and the hair of his head and held him over the firey pit until the congregation smelled smoke. After one of these sermons, I would be afraid to go to bed, and would jump into bed and pull the cover over my head. Father got religion in one of those meetings, and after that we had family prayer twice a day. Those were the days when people got the "power" and would run, jump, and shout until you could hear the converted a mile. One woman, Maria Davis, who was of excitable nature, would jump up and down and shout, was especially pleased with Jake Rannells when he "received the blessing," for she came teetering down the middle of the meeting house on the tips of her toes, until she reached Jacob, brought a brawny hand down on his back like a sledge hammer as she hallooed: "Praise God, the biggest rascal in the country is on the Lord's side."

Preachers were not paid much money. Rev. Samuel Woolpert got the magnificent sum of \$100 per year, and whatever else the members of the church wished to give him, in the way of provisions—sidemeat, ham, sausage, flour or meal. None of them parted their hair in the middle, or put perfume on their 'kerchief to make them smell good. Times have changed, and perhaps it is well that they have.

As a general thing, the early minister was an honest, earnest man, and was not afraid to soil his hands with hard work. So, when they happened around and there was extra work, they pitched in and made a "hand," especially at the table.

There is another thing, connected with those early days, that lingers in my memory and I hope never to forget, and that is hearing my mother pray for me as she kneeled by her bed in the loft. I would lay in my bed and listen as she asked a special blessing for her wayward boy Nelson, and although I was full of

mischievous, at other times, I never felt like laughing, for those gentle prayers were fraught with a solemn meaning to my young mind, although that meaning I did not understand. The years have passed, and I have experienced some of the misfortunes common to the lot of man, I have had much pleasure and not a little success in worldly things, but there are times, even yet, when I would give all I have or hope to have, to go back to that little bed under the clapboard roof and hear my dear old mother say, "God bless my boy."

As I grew in size, I also learned a few things that still stick to me like a porous plaster, one of them being to learn how to spell. I went to all the spelling schools in Union township, and earned the reputation of being the best speller in the neighborhood. I knew every word in the Elementary spelling book, and they could not stump me, try as they would. One time, all the schools in the township gathered at the Weesaw church, to contest for a prize, a nicely bound Webster's dictionary. Two of the best spellers in each school were selected, and I was one of them out of the Weesaw school. We were to be given but one trial at each word and a girl and I were finally left to face the music alone. We spelled everything pronounced, and when there was no hope of losing out, the judge said: "Give them a word out of the dictionary." The chosen word was Schenecdochee. The girl missed and I spelled it by the skin of my teeth and got the prize.

I will now pass on to the time when the war began and I with my brothers enlisted, I going much against the wishes of my father. I belonged to the state militia two years and thought it nice to be a soldier. Joined Company L, 12th Ind. Cavalry and staid in service until Nov. 10, 1865.

Never will I forget the day we started to the war. Mother followed as far as the bend in the road, and after kissing us good-by, said, between sobs, as the tears ran down her cheeks: "Be good soldiers, and obey orders and if shot in battle, let it be with your faces toward the flag." That advice followed me through many a conflict, and helped to put courage into my heart.

The first battle I was in was at Murfreesboro and the first man I saw wounded had his chin shot off. I am free to confess that my hair stood up stiff on my koko, and when the comrade by my side lost his arm, I thought things were getting pretty d—d hot in my vicinity. But then I was only eighteen years of age and felt a little squeemish. I soon got over that, and took to shootin' like a duck to water.

My father wrote us letters from home each week and that helped us immensely, for we were always glad to hear from the old folks at home. Our family, Waymire and Staley, sent twelve soldiers to the front. Two lost their lives on southern battle fields and all the rest were wounded.

I might go on and tell of the battles I was in and the many privations endured for my country, but what's the use, the war is over, the last gun fired and hope it will never again be my lot to see our glorious flag wave in another bloody strife. Therefore will only relate an incident or two that occurred while I lay sick in Cumberland Hospital, Nashville, Tenn.

There were many men in the hospital who had lost limbs, and some who would never again see the light of a northern sky. Consequently, the place was not as lively as a German Sunday school picnic, in fact it was a place of gloom most of the time. There were a few soldiers who could see the funny side to every thing, and they were ones who kept life in the poor homesick lads, who wanted nothing so much as to see their mothers and eat some of the food prepared as only a mother knows how.

One fellow we called Jimmy, because we did not know his other name, had both legs off at the knees and the right arm off at the elbow. Even that could not dampen his spirits, and as soon as he could get out of bed, he fastened leather stumps on his legs, then with the aid of a board, came stumping into our ward and would go through such antics and say such comical things, the boys would laugh until they cried. I often said "If that dern fool could be happy with his legs and an arm off, I ought to be with mine all on."

I was so sick my father came to see me and it was a proud moment when I heard Captain Thornton say I was a brave soldier and had not flinched when on the firing line.

I was fearfully afflicted with stomach trouble, so all I was given to eat, in the hospital, was toast and blue milk. I grew to despise toast and begged for fruit. Shortly after, I was sent home on a furlough. When I got off the train at Peru, and started home, my legs wobbled so from weakness that I could only walk a short distance, then rest. It was ten o'clock at night when I reached my father's door. Mother did not know me, for I was so poor there was but little left but bones with the skin drawn over them. The hospital doctor had sent a letter to Pap, telling him what I should and should not eat. One of the things to eat was toast. I kept asking for fruit, and they kept wanting to give me toast, so I had about concluded to go back to the army, when the country doctor offered me half of a peach. Finding that did me no injury, I went out to the orchard, filled my hat with apples, peaches and pears, ate as long as I could hold, waited, then ate some more. For three weeks I lived on fruit, followed my brother around the field as he plowed, eating as I walked. That convinced me that nature knew more about what I needed than the doctors who looked so wise and tried to stuff me on baby food.

I went to the front a Republican and came out more firm in that political faith than when I went, grew stronger as I increased in age, and, I trust, in wisdom. I cast my first vote for Gen. U. S. Grant for president, and every ballot since then has been for the Grand Old Party.

In those days I would fight at the drop of the hat, and gave a trouncing to a Democrat I once met in the road, who first insulted me, then wanted me to halloo "hurrah for Hell," meaning the Republican ticket. I said "All right; every man for his own country," and by that time I had him in the dust and left the print of my fist on his anatomy until he looked like a spotted pup. His name was Eugene Benedict and, if living, I warrant he feels sore in spots to this day. Those were hot times and I had my share of the fun both going and coming.

I was twenty-four years of age when I married Mary Ann Stubbs, a Fulton county girl, and we lived together sixteen years on the old home place, and then moved to Liberty township, Fulton county, where she died. Later, Miss Mary Ann Burns became my wife, and for the first two years lived on the John Gottschalk place, in Rochester township. One day my wife said she would buy ten acres of ground if I would put up a house and in this way have our own home. I agreed. We put up a house, built a barn, put in a well, and about Christmas time moved in. That year we cut eighty cords of wood and fence posts, planted a good orchard, had a garden and numerous other things. In this she helped me, working faithfully by my side.

The greatest surprise of my life came while I was working on the John McKinney farm. I had heard that my uncle, John Kline, of Kentucky, my mother's brother, had become a wealthy man, but never thought about his money doing me any good. When my cousin, Harrison Kline, came out to the McKinney farm and told me that I was one of my uncle's heirs, I did not say much but kept up a devil of a thinking and felt good all over. I only about half believed that anything so good could come to me, and concluded to keep mum and wait. When the estate was finally settled, my share was a little over eight thousand dollars, but it did not give me the big head, for money or no money, I was still "Old Dad Waymire," plain and homespun, like my daddy before me, yet honest with my fellow man.

I did not buy diamonds, or finery for my wife, or fool money away, but I did buy a comfortable home and a good buggy, and try to take a little pleasure and do a little good as we pass along toward the sunset of our journey, which can't be so many years to come. I have been a hard worker, so has my faithful companion, and we hope to spend our remaining days in peace with the world and all mankind.



ALFRED B. SIBERT

LAKE MANITOU FISH TALES.

Quaint, Curious, Romantic, Humorous and Truthful Recitation of Historic Incidents.

BY ALFRED B. SIBERT.

I FIRST SAW ROCHESTER in October, 1868—forty years ago. It was a very commonplace village at that time, sort of rural abode, to judge from the horses, cattle and hogs running at large. The old court house and the building now occupied by the Bank of Indiana were the only structures of brick, and as you passed eastward from Main street, on the south side of the public square, an open field, with the old corn rows still showing, faced you from the south.

Fulton county's first railroad was then building southward from Michigan City, and completed to Argos, the remaining twelve miles to Rochester being covered by stage. April 6, 1869, when I took up residence on the east shore of Lake Manitou, the railroad was completed into Rochester, and the remaining portion to Peru finished by July 4th.

The rainfall in that summer of 1869 was so excessive that it has ever since been referred to as "the wet season," and the corn crop was so poor that a neighbor offered me \$1.00 a bushel for all I could spare, and I let him have twelve bushels as soon as it was husked. On October 6th, we had eight inches of snow, followed by a severe freeze that caught potatoes in the ground and apples on the trees.

I do not remember of that first year being especially noted for catching fish but I vow it was great for catching ague. I caught the "second-day" ague and "third-day" ague and the two seemed to join hands and circle around, while I sweat and dreamt in the all-night ague. But, thank God, those days of "shakes" live only in memory, for we have better drainage and better drinking water, and we know better how to administer first aid in malarial attacks.

Had you asked local residents of forty years ago, as I did, about Lake Manitou, they would have promptly told you, as they did me, that the Indians believed that a hideous and dangerous monster existed in the lake, and they therefore named it Manitou, "because Manitou in Indian means Devil." This definition of Manitou scarcely agrees with accepted authorities. Careful historians, who have made a close study of native religions, tell us that Indians endowed their Great Spirit or Manitou with human-like passions of wrath and hate, as well as love and kindness. In the pleasant sunshine, gentle breezes and rippling waters the Indian sees the smiles of his Manitou; in the jagged lightning, bellowing thunder and howling tempest, his fierce anger. But there are no separate individualities in the differing cases. It is merely the one and same Manitou, in differing moods.

Accepted lexicographers define Manitou "spirit good or evil," and sanction two methods of spelling, based on differing customs in different parts of the country. Manitou, as existing in Manitou Springs, Colorado, and Manito as indicated in Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

Fifty years and more ago "enlightened" white folks generally believed in a "personal devil" and a "literal hell." In other words they believed in two gods—one a good god and the other a bad god. The latter they called Devil, and they spelled it with a little d to show their contempt. This general belief among "enlightened pale faces" no doubt led many of our first settlers to believe that Manitou, in Indian, "means Devil," but, however this may be, it is certain that many residents of forty years ago believed in a lake monster of hideous mien and possibly dangerous disposition.

A DEVIL IN THE DEEP.

One of the legends of that day says a fisherman was out in his canoe, busily taking in bluegills and croppies from the deep water east of Big island, when, happening to look on the other side of the stern of the boat he saw what at first appeared to be a log about a foot in diameter, but proved, on closer inspection, to be a snake-like monster with fish-like tail that wagged gently in the water, after the manner of a dog anticipating a bone. Turning toward the bow the fisherman was horrified to see that the monster's head was reared aloft and that it was gazing into the boat with eyes as big as saucers and red as blood. As a matter of course the fisherman thought the Devil was after him sure, for he had no doubt told many stories about big fish that "got away," but after striking the water savagely a couple of times with its tail, the monster sank out of sight. Legend fails to state why the monster gazed into the boat, but it was probably looking to see if any bait worth while remained, and when it found the bottle empty it showed its displeasure by lashing the water.

THE DEVIL ASHORE.

The Devil of that day does not appear to have confined his operations entirely to the water, for on one occasion he is known to have interviewed an early settler who resided not far from the lake shore. This settler is no myth, and for obvious reason we will call him James Daw. James, legends tells us, was returning home late one night, when he was confronted in the road by an apparition that exclaimed, interrogatively, "James Daw?" Being a little "blear-eyed" at the time, Daw did not at first glimpse take in the outlines of his interviewer, and therefore promptly responded: "Thash me, but who in helsh you, and whasher want?" "I'm the Devil, and I want you," bellowed the apparition. This reply sobered Daw instantly and he beheld a man-like monster twelve feet tall and broad in proportion; with horns about seven feet long; mouth and teeth like a lion, though vastly larger, and blazing eyes bigger than the largest tulpehoken apples. Dropping on his knees Daw wailed in abject fright: "Oh good Mr. Devil, why should you want me? I have never spoken ill of you in my life, and never worked against your interests." "Never worked against my interests?" roared the Devil, and he shook his horns and rattled his chains in wild fury. "Haven't you been getting drunk? Haven't you been quarreling with your friends? Haven't you been staying out late at night and neglecting your business? And aren't the preachers putting the blame on me and ruining my influence in the community?" "Oh, yes; I have done just as you say," pleaded Daw, "but I didn't know you wouldn't like it, and I solemnly swear that if you will give me another chance I will never again get drunk, never again fight or quarrel; and never again stay out at night." This appeared to strike the Devil as a fair proposition, and he permitted his cowering victim to depart to his home.

Whether the Devil ever interviewed other of the first settlers, I am not advised, but the legend tends to show that he was never so black as the preachers used to paint him, and that he assisted in bettering the morals of the early residents.

DEEP WATER.

When I first asked the depth of Manitou, I was promptly informed that it is unfathomable with any ordinary appliances. This alleged unfathomability was generally talked of and generally believed until in 1875, when State Geologist E. T. Cox came with proper appliances and made a very thorough sounding. I have that report before me as I write, and find 31 soundings recorded, the deepest being 42 feet.

REAL FISH STORIES.

On or about the year 1854 an east shore resident named Newell, went out in his canoe in hopes that he might be able to

spear one or more big fish, then quite plenty, and that could be seen "sunning" themselves in shallow water on clear days. Passing quietly along near what is now known as "Blind island" he observed in a "riled" place in the water what at first appeared to be a log several feet long, but a slight movement told him it was a large fish. Laying down his paddle quickly and quietly, he seized his spear and plunged it into the back of the fish near the head. Away went the fish toward Big island, with the spear handle standing aloft until deep water was reached, when it entirely disappeared. Noting the direction taken, Newell followed the fish, and when he reached the point where the spear handle had disappeared he again saw it bobbing above the water near Big island. By the time he arrived near it, the fish was exhausted and he succeeded in pushing it ashore where it soon died. Returning home he obtained a team and assistance and hauled the fish to Rochester, where it was pronounced a spoonbill cat, and found to weigh over 200 pounds, some say 250. The capture of this fish, was so well authenticated that it received mention in Monteith's School Geography, a text book used to some extent sixty years ago.

About thirty years ago Andrew Edwards and a companion were "running" a gill net on the flats east of Big island and discovered a large fish pushing against the net in an effort to get into deep water. Taking up one end of the net, they drew it around in a circle and succeeded in so enwrapping the fish that they were able to seize and lift it into the boat. On being taken to Rochester it was found to weigh 110 pounds, as I remember it, and like Newell's catch, was pronounced a spoonbill cat. These two, so far as I know or have heard, are the only "spoonbill" ever taken from Lake Manitou.

Large pike were plentiful in the lake forty years ago, but the pike is a fool fish and its foolishness has lead to its extermination. During the spring freshets the pike used to swarm up the inlets and establish themselves in overflow ponds or pools at the sides of the stream and thus fell easy prey to clubs and spears when the water receded. I remember seeing one pike taken in this way by Milton Moore, that weighed sixteen pounds, and I captured one myself that weighed nearly nine pounds. But in addition to swarming up stream in the spring time, the pike is stongly disposed to go down stream in the fall, and as there is no means of getting back into the lake over the dam, Manitou pike are now but a memory.

Buffalo used to be the principal fish of the lake, and tradition tells us that when the buffalos were "running," the first settlers were sometimes able to spear all the boat would carry. Samuel Shields once exhibited one in his butcher shop, that was said to

weigh sixty-five pounds before it was dressed, and only four years ago Scott Garr, of Huntington, struck one with an oar and captured it, that weighed forty-five pounds. But the buffalo is strong and unpalatable and none, so far as I have heard, were ever taken with hook and line.

Black bass are the game fish of Lake Manitou, and the fish that all anglers delight in capturing. To see a string of black bass weighing two or three pounds each is quite common and a specimen weighing five or six pounds is frequently caught, but somehow or other, the big ones all "get away." Sometimes they "spit out the bait" just before the angler gives the come-along jerk, and sometimes they run into the dock and break the line. Exactly how large the bass that get away really are I am unable to say, nor can I say certainly how many have gotten away in the last forty years, but I dare say if they were laid end to end they would reach from Kokomo to Kalamazoo, and with a side line reaching out to Kankakee. For many years I have been mystified about how the angler could tell the weight of each big bass that got away, but it is indisputable that each bass in Manitou carries its scales with it, and I presume the angler took a look at the scales before it got away.

TRANCE EVANGELISTS.

When Lake Manitou first began to attract tourists or summer resorters, especial efforts were made to attract the better class to the East Side, and several able lecturers and sermonizers discoursed there Sunday afternoons, Elder J. F. Wagoner being among the number. Mariah B. Woodworth was just then beginning to attract notice as an evangelist, and no surprise was manifest when announcement was made that the Woodworths' gospel tent would be set up and services be held in what was then known as Talley's grove. One of the circulars used by the Woodworths, at that time, represented Mariah B. as a "trance evangelist," Philo H., her husband, as an "exhorting evangelist" and someone else as a "singing evangelist."

Mrs. Woodworth had but little book learning, but she possessed native intelligence, commanded an easy and fluent use of appropriate words, and displayed a wonderfully pleasing and impressive manner. Her appeal was to intelligence instead of ignorance, and her plea a love of God rather than fear of the devil. No apparent conversions were made in that series of sermons, but that was probably because the people east of the lake were already religious, and rather few attended from elsewhere.

But Lake Manitou attracted the Woodworths and they accordingly bought the grove known as Manitou Park and erected a commodious building for a home and resting place. A year or two after the home was completed, they and several assistants

met there for a few days' rehearsal, preparatory to starting on a summer tour with their gospel tent. Having some business with Mr. Woodworth, I called one evening, was informed by one of the girls that he and his wife were out on the lake but would soon be in, and was invited to a seat on the veranda. After discussing general topics for a few minutes the girl asked: "Did you ever see anyone in a trance, Mr. Sibert?" "No," I replied, but I have a great curiosity to do so." "Follow me then and your curiosity shall be gratified."

Now, I was fully satisfied at that time, as I am now, that excessive religious excitement will sometimes throw one into a trance in which the muscles become rigid and the mind is entirely oblivious to earthly affairs, but I suspected that the Woodworths were practicing fraud on the community and I determined to use heroic measures to expose it if opportunity ever offered. Following my guide into the hall, I saw a slight built little woman of about twenty, standing at the foot of the stairs with eyes closed and one arm raised with extended finger pointing heavenward. It was explained to me that just after dinner they had rehearsed their usual program of singing, praying and exhorting, during which the little woman went into a trance and had been laid on a bed in one of the chambers. Later she had recovered the use of her muscles sufficiently to come down stairs, after the manner of a sleepwalker, and had been standing in the position I found her for about twenty minutes. She was breathing lightly through her nose, her lips being closed and her heart beats even. There was still considerable rigidity in the muscles of her arms, but her temperature, so far as I was able to judge, was about normal. Somehow or other I became convinced that the little woman was not shamming, and my guide, after telling me her name was Emma Posther, said, "And now if you will come out in the dining room I will show you another trance subject." Following her I found a middle-aged woman, whom we will call Mrs. Jones. She was seated at the supper table with her right arm extended as if in the act of reaching for something, and it was explained that she had said grace and was reaching for a cup of tea when she went off into her trance. A careful examination showed that the muscles of her arms were entirely rigid, and a few sly pinches I gave her indicated that she was insensible to pain but I thought I saw a muscle movement of the face that indicated a sham trance and happening to remember a trick I played when a boy at school, I determined to try if it would not wake her up. In the trick I speak of I had set a pin for the schoolmaster and unintentionally caught one of the big girls. It would be impossible for me to adequately describe the surprise on that girl's face or the alacrity with which she arose

from that seat, but I am sure that if it could be faithfully reproduced it would make a decided hit in a moving picture show.

Happening to have a pin in the lapel of my coat, and no one else being present just then, I applied a good and proper test, but Mrs. Jones never batted an eye or moved a muscle, and continued holding out her hand as though she meant to have that cup of tea if it took all summer. I was then pretty well satisfied that there was no shamming in either case, but stepped to the hall door where I could watch both, in order to see how long they would hold their arms extended.

SWEETEST MELODY.

And just then there came to my ears, from apparently way out on the lake, the words of one of the revival songs I had heard in the Woodworth gospel tent. Every word and inflection was clearly, distinctly and perfectly enunciated, and I thought then and think now that I never heard sweeter human melody. Stepping quickly out onto the veranda to learn whence it came, was amazed to hear the voice behind me in the hall. Turning back I discovered that Emma's lips were slightly parted and that she was singing in her throat after the manner of a ventriloquist. But the song was very commonplace from that point of hearing, consequently hastened back to my former place at the rear end of the hall. And there I could hear it again in all its splendid sweetness. You may talk of your Heavenly choirs and Heavenly harmonies, but I do not believe that Heaven above or earth beneath ever will or ever can produce sweeter music than came from the throat of that little trance subject in the Woodworth home that night.

Shortly after the song had ceased, Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth came in, and after discussing the business that brought me, I was about to depart, when Mrs. Woodworth said: "Mr. Sibert I see that Mrs. Jones is coming out of her trance and if you will stay a while we will question her about what she has seen." This struck me as probably worth while, and I stayed. In about fifteen minutes Mrs. Jones regained her speech, and in answer to repeated urging, broke out with "Oh the people, the people! in that darkness of sin, in that horrid hell of torment." "Now, I did not care to hear about that awful darkness of sin, for too many of our religious teachers seem to think that the only light in a community is what emanates from an imaginary halo around their own heads. Neither did I care to have her describe that horrid hell of torment, for I had heard it described so often and minutely, when I was a boy, that I had been forced to believe that there is no such hell, else that the love, justice and mercy of God is a myth. But I was curious to know just where Mrs. Jones would locate her alleged horrid hell, and accordingly

buted in with the question; "Where does that hell seem to be located?" Now, I confess to a slight fear that she might be absurd enough to say that hell is in Rochester, but when she replied that it "Seemed to be quite a distance away," I concluded she thought it must be in Peru, or some other point on the Wabash where they are said to raise it on the slightest provocation.

FAITH CURES.

Mrs. Woodworth was possessed of strong magnetic power, and it appears that at the height of her success in curing sin-sick souls, she was acquiring renown as a healer of physical ills. But it seems as she went onward and upward, her husband went downward and backward. Mrs. Woodworth excused these derelictions of duty by saying that his mind was affected from severe injury received years before, and she strongly refused, for a long time, to seek a divorce, as she was urged. Mr. Woodworth once told me that he had received severe injury to his head during service in the Civil war, but another and apparently reliable statement is to the effect that he had suffered from a fall of rock while mining coal. However this may be, it was certain that his escapades became so open and frequent and his abuse so continuous and unbearable that his wife felt forced to institute divorce proceedings in the circuit court at Rochester. She stipulated, however, that only "Bible causes" should be assigned and no abuse or failure to provide be charged. The evidence showed such vile and disgusting orgies in Columbus, Louisville and elsewhere that the judge, in consideration for several bald headed gentlemen on the front seats, shut off further testimony and granted the divorce.

DEATH FROM PRIVATION.

In arranging a settlement of property, Mrs. Woodworth tried to provide monthly payments that would insure her husband against possible want, notwithstanding all they possessed had come of her preaching, but the old gentleman became so wild in his threats that her friends assisted her in raising \$1,500—\$700 cash and \$800 in secured notes—and this he accepted with a pledge that he would do her no harm in future. No sooner however, had he received this money than he wrote an alleged history of his life, in which he attacked by inuendo the character of his wife, as well as the girls assisting her. It was certainly as coarse, ignorant and unmanly a screed as I ever read, but he went to St. Louis, got some unprincipled printer to put it in pamphlet form for him, and tried to hawk it on the streets. But this attempt at street lecturing and sale of the history of his life was a flat failure, for the police warned him to leave St. Louis in twenty-four hours or go to jail, and back he came to Rochester, complaining that Mrs. Woodworth's friends were persecuting him.

A couple of weeks later, through the connivance of a third person, he married a Rochester girl, but very shortly after the marriage, while the new wife was away on a visit, he packed his household effects and left for parts unknown. Few months later, I learned that the police of Cleveland, Ohio, had found him dead of privation in a bare back room, in the lowest quarter of the city. He had squandered his \$1,500 inside of a year and been sustaining himself during the past few weeks by carrying coal around on his back and selling a cent's worth or more to any who would buy. When I saw Philo H. Woodworth last, I thought him the most striking example of moral degeneracy I had ever known, but in the light of more recent information I am satisfied that he was the victim of growing insanity and that it would have been a mercy to have confined him in an insane hospital.

A couple of years after the divorce I saw Mariah B. Woodworth when she came here to transfer her lake property to Columbus Mills, but she seemed quite broken in health and spirit, and as she seems to have dropped entirely out of the evangelistic field, I am unable to say if she be alive or dead. If dead, I would write her epitaph, "A Sincere and Honest Woman," if alive, I send it in greeting from one who learned to respect her and believe in her honor.



SOME NEW OLD STORIES.

Events of the Long Ago Made Fresh to Memory by Telling of Fun and Facts.

BY JONAS MYERS.

I WAS THE OLDEST of eleven children, seven girls and four boys, two boys and four girls having passed to the beyond. I was born in Washington county, Pa., Feb. 20, 1829, and came to Miami county with my parents April, 1839, stopping with my uncle who afterward moved to Gilead. Father purchased fifteen or twenty acres of Uncle, who had removed the grubs, cut down the small saplings and girdled the trees, after which we went into the ground with a jumping plow between the stumps. At corn planting time, we frequently had to carry soil quite a distance to cover the grain. Corn planted, then came the fight with squirrels and birds. There was a space not molested with anything but weeds, until the corn began to ear, then coons, gray and black squirrels began to bother it, and later the deer got in their work also.

The country was full of wild game, such as wolf, deer, turkeys, coon, wild cat, fox, rabbit, skunk, opossum, porcupine, mink, otter and occasionally a black bear.

Once Father was riding horseback and noticed a number of hogs and among them a black one, which seemed to move very peculiarly. He came a little closer and found it was a black bear. He called a dog which chased the bear up a tree. Securing a club, Father climbed the tree and struck the bear on the head, and when it fell to the ground, the dog killed it.

A man whose name was Close, was employed to kill squirrels on our place, and it was no uncommon thing for him to kill seventy-five in one day, but even then the number did not seem diminished. On the farm we rented of Uncle, was a double log house and into it during the summer, moved Samuel Essick,



JONAS MYERS

Peter Saygers and their families, making a company of twenty-one or two people in the cabin who gathered nightly around the fire place, for there were no stoves.

There were not many ways a boy could earn money to spend on himself, but digging gingseng, on days not otherwise employed, was one of them. I was fond of hunting, and many a night arose at one or two o'clock and went hunting, and sometimes went early in the evening and made a night of it. If I happened to kill a skunk, the jig was up for that night.

In 1846 I engaged to learn the carpenters' trade with Mr. Garber. The third week, on Thursday, he was taken sick, then I also became sick, and a little latter he died. I was next employed by a farmer whose name was Yohe, six miles east of Rochester, near Feece's well. Again I had an opportunity to learn the carpenters' trade, this time with William Culver, to begin work March 13, 1848. After working a month, my employer said he would give me one hundred dollars per year and board. It took me three years to do that work, having the ague every summer, and by fall there would not be enough well people to care for the sick. Mr. Culver said that if I would continue in his employ, he would board me, furnish the tools and give me two-fifths of what we made. Thinking this a fair proposition, I remained with him until the summer of 1853, then went with Randall Wells to Northern Iowa, and put up a saw mill for Leonard Cutler, of LaPorte, on a claim he had taken the previous summer. The settlers had agreed among themselves, that each could claim 160 acres of timber land and 160 of prairie land. Cutler took out a claim for each of us, offering to make all necessary improvements, if we would agree to stay until the land came into market, sell out and give us half. But I said "No, I am going back to Rochester." Seven years later I returned to Iowa, and found the country looked older than Indiana, excepting the orchards.

We finished the sawmill and sawed a few logs to show Cutler that the mill was all right, then he settled with us, paying us in gold. He also gave Wells, the boss, as a present, \$15.00 in gold and \$10.00 in the same precious coin to me. Coming home, I stopped enroute in Chicago, and purchased some tools, the first I had ever owned. Among them was a boring machine, the first of the kind in Rochester. With the remainder of my savings, I made a payment on a lot I had purchased (where Mrs. Matilda Osgood lives) and erected a shop thereon. Next summer I went to work with Isaac Good. When I came to Rochester, there was an old mill standing about where the dam is now, which had been built for the Indians. Some of the burrs and stones they had used in cracking corn, were still lying on the bank of the

creek. As other writers have said, the business houses were all north of Fourth street, and first work I done was on a building where the Academy of Music stands, for Fredrick Ault, father of the noted Jud Ault, (a prominent soldier of the 29th Ind. Inf.). We then built the Odd Fellows' Hall, on the corner of Jefferson and Seventh streets, where Grace M. E. church now stands. The balance of the season we worked in the country, putting up barns, then went over to Miami county, where we built a barn for Moyer, a nurseryman, near Gilead. He was well known in this part of the state, as about nine out of every ten orchards had been started from trees grown in his nursery.

When the Reese tragedy occurred, referred to by Wm. A. Ward, I was working south of town, but was perfectly familiar with the details of the case. As I remember, a stage driver, whose name was Washburn, and Mrs. Reese were supposed to have murdered Reese, the husband. They were both sent to jail. I was in the cemetery when the body of Reese was exhumed, and the stomach examined. Death resulted from posion, as already stated.

I was also in the court house when Jack Clemans, was tried for murdering his uncle, and heard him confess to the crime. Will say, in passing, that in 1894 my wife was visiting her sister in Missouri. One day a man came to the door selling vegetables, and wife thought his face looked familiar. She mustered up courage to ask if his name was not Clemans, and he acknowledged that it was. That his mother's name was Carpenter, and his full name was Jackson Carpenter Clemans. He was known as Carpenter, in Missouri. He died about five years ago.

One of the most comical events of those early days was when Sheriff Benj. Wilson was locked up in jail. The only prisoner in the lockup, was a horse thief, whose name was Eno, who was noted for his shrewdness, but was a jolly kind of a chap after all. During harvest, the prisoner was used to cradle the wheat, the sheriff close behind doing the binding, and it can be seen from this that the officer had not a little confidence in the docile nature of the horse thief or else in his own ability to catch the man, should he try to run away.

The jail was built of timber about ten or twelve inches square, halved at the ends so the logs would fit close together. The floor was made of the same material. The walls were built up ten feet, and another floor laid. In the middle of that floor was a hole, through which to drop the prisoner, an outside stairway leading to the upper floor. On the day of which I write, Sunday, Sheriff Wilson had company with him in the jail. Mr. Clayton, his two daughters, Marion and Elizabeth, Josephine Shyrock and one or two other little girls, of eight or ten years of

age. A ladder was put down the hole, and the sheriff told Eno to come up and get his dinner. He did so and the little girls went down the ladder to explore the prison, and the sheriff was looking down, teasing them. Seeing his opportunity, the wiley horse thief sprang to the door, opened it, turned the key which was on the outside, and was off, the sheriff and his guests securely locked within, for the jailbird had flown taking the key along. Sheriff Wilson and the others called with lusty voice for help, the frightened children set up a howl, but to no purpose. The jail stood a little east and south of the present county bastille, and surrounded by brush. No one lived near, so it was some time before it was discovered that the sheriff and his friends were jailed. It was necessary to pry the door open with a crowbar, which was procured at the saw mill, and it was toward evening before the prisoners were set free. By that time, Eno was miles away although he had a chain to his leg. He sought a man, whom he thought was his friend, to help him remove the chain, which he did, then turned traitor, and gave information that led to rearrest and conviction of Eno.

In reading of Orange Welton in the story written by J. Dawson, in the *REPUBLICAN*, reminded me of an occurrence in which Welton, Issac Good and myself played the leading parts. We went down to the Newt Rannells' grocery store, one evening which was headquarters for the fellows. At a seasonable hour we started home, passing the Rannells home. In front of the house stood ten or more barrels of apples. One of the boys said: "Wish we had a barrel of those apples," I laughed and said: "Put a barrel on my shoulder, and I will take it to the shop." No sooner said than up went the barrel, and I trudged along with them to the shop, where I emptied the apples on the floor and covered them with shavings. The barrel was then reheaded and placed where we found it. Few days afterward Rannells set the boys to putting the barrels in the cellar. One barrel was reported empty. Newt said he thought it a pretty smooth job of stealing.

After a while business began to move a little farther south on Main street, and Jesse Shields started a store where the Indiana Bank and Trust Company is now located, and also kept the postoffice. Dr. Alfred H. Robbins had his office where Hartung's tailoring shop is, and across the alley south, where Kai Gee holds forth, a three-cornered sign informed passers that "Oysters, Pigs' Feet and Sardines" could be had within, and the proprietor could have added that he also had booze for the thirsty. At night a light was placed in the muslin sign, that it might attract attention to the good things to be had at that establishment. One night Isaac Good and myself went to the postoffice, and after get-

ting my mail and transacting other business, I started home leaving Isaac engrossed in a game of checkers. In a short time he followed, and in passing the afore-mentioned sign, he deftly lifted it off its hook and overtook me at what is now known as Fieser's corner. He handed the sign to me and said "run," then he stepped into the building standing there. I made the dust fly as I ran north to the lot where I now live, which lot, and those surrounding it, was covered with hazel brush, so that I could hide the sign. The owner being too close to my heels, I crossed the street and threw it in the bushes, back of where the North End bakery stands. I succeeded in getting away from the fellow, who went south to the corner where Good had handed me the sign. Seeing Isaac, he accused him of taking his sign, but the accused put on a bold front and pretended to be very angry that he should be accused of anything so little as stealing a sign, threatening to make his accuser prove the statement, and was met with this answer: "Well, if you did not take it, your partner did." To make the story short, will say that I was arrested and found guilty, by a jury of twelve men, and fined one cent and costs. The Judge wanted to know what I was going to do about it, and I answered: "I guess I will have to go to jail and lie it out." I don't remember who went on my bond, but think it was Isaac Good. The prosecuting attorney proposed to give me his part of the costs and gave me a receipt in full. I next went through the form of borrowing money of William Wallace, and Clerk Hoover afterward frequently referred to the debt, hinting that I ought to remit, but I was always "just broke." I remember that William Spencer was sheriff, and he was paid his share of the costs. It would take too long to tell where all the costs went, but suffice it to say that Isaac Good paid the bills, although I got the credit of stealing the sign.

July 4th, 1850 or 1851, I don't exactly remember which date, was marked by an occurrence that will bear telling in my story. Part of the celebration of Independence Day took place north of where Haslett Brothers' packing house now stands. An old cast iron cannon was being fired in the evening, and a young man whose name was Perry, lost both hands while he was ramming in a charge, owing to premature explosion, as they had to be amputated at the wrists. At that time John Onstott, Orton Mitchell, brother of Asa Mitchell, and myself were working for Wm. Culver. After dark, while the doctors were attending the wounded man, Culver came to my house and said: "Boys, if you will help me we will put that cannon where it will never shoot off any more hands." He was right, for since that night it has never been fired, and as I am the last of the boys who helped to dispose of it, I will now tell where it can be found. The cannon is about

twelve or fifteen feet under ground, below the bridge crossing the creek on the Warsaw road.

Perhaps there are but few persons in Rochester who know that I ever ran a saw-mill in this city. Anthony F. Smith, a brother of Milo R. Smith, owned a saw-mill about half way between the Erie elevator and the creek bridge on the Warsaw road. Later he wanted to convert the mill into a corn and buck-wheat grinding mill and needed some one to saw up the logs remaining in the yard. Culver and Smith were very good friends, and he was asked to saw the logs, but did not care for the job, but said he believed he could "show Jonas a little how to do the work, as he has done every task I set for him, except to weed the garden, then he not only pulled up the weeds but everything else."

I was put to work, and it would take too long to describe the mill, and how I had to get those logs inside. Will only say the mill was the old-fashioned kind with an up and down saw, and the logs were run in by hand, and turned with a cant hook. I staid by the job until it was completed.

Early in the spring there came a big freshet, which took out the dam at Millark also the dam at Mt. Zion, and it looked like the dam at this place would also go out. Smith came to the mill and said I had better fasten the saw and open the waste gate to the forebay so as to waste all the water. We did this to save the dam. When the water began to go down, I closed down the waste gate to the forebay, let it fill up, then loosened the saw and turned the water on, but the wheels would not work. We then closed the forebay, opened the waste gate, let the water out and I went down to the forebay and found both wheels clogged with fish. Had there been a fish trap at the waste gate, I could have caught several barrels of fish.

The 87th Indiana Infantry recruited July and August, 1862, A. K. Plank recruiting officer of Company F. We went into camp August 18, 1862, at South Bend, and left August 27th, arriving the same day at Indianapolis. I mustered into the State service Aug. 31, 1862, and Sept. 1, left for Louisville, Ky. We marched from Louisville in pursuit of Gen. Bragg, Oct. 1, 1862. We skirmished at Chapel Hill with Bragg's rear guard and on the 8th of October fought in the battle of Perryville. Skirmished with VanDorn's rebel cavalry March 5, 1863. I fought at Perryville, Chickamauga, Peach Tree Creek, Tullahoma, Jonesboro, Atlanta, Resaca, Ringgold, Smithville, Fayetteville and a number of small engagements.

I was with my company, Saturday and Sunday, 19th and 20th, Sept. 1863, at Chickamauga. On Sunday afternoon, after charging and being charged on, we reformed on the left of a Ken-

tucky regiment. I said to Capt. Long, "It don't look worth while for Company F. to do anything." But he said we would take our place with Company F, then consisting of Long, Clay, Rheimschneider and myself. Clay was finally wounded and Cap told me to take him to the rear. We had gone but a short way when Clay fainted and I thought he was going to die. I pulled his knapsack up under his head, to make him as comfortable as possible. Instead of dying, he laid on his back and prayed and I made up my mind that he was better than a half dozen dead men. When he was through praying, I opened my knapsack and pulled out a towel and bandaged his leg as good as I could. The Jonnies were crowding us back, so we had to move. By this time he regained consciousness, but could not use his leg. I informed Captain Long that I could carry Clay no farther, so Rheimschneider assisted me and we carried him to where we thought him safe while I looked for a hospital. Finding one, we went back after our wounded comrade, but he was gone. Some one had already taken him to the hospital. I did not find my regiment until the next day at Rossville. Tuesday morning we went to Chattanooga and remained until the Mission Ridge fight. A few days before the fight I got my hand mashed and was excused from handling my gun. I could see our men climbing Mission Ridge, and Hooker's men fighting above the clouds. This was the first and last time the regiment left me. I saw some things that I don't care about passing through again. When we left Chattanooga, we went to Ringgold, Georgia. We left there May 7 and were under fire till the battle of Jonesboro. We found the Jonnies in less than two hours and they had fought and skirmished every day till the battle of Jonesboro, including the siege of Atlanta. We landed near Savannah in December in time to take our Christmas dinner. We left there in January and came up the river to Sister's Ferry and crossed the river into South Carolina on Feb. 5th. We returned to Washington City and got our discharge. We then went to Indianapolis and drew our pay. I said "How about me going home?" Found I could come after signing some papers. I took the train for Peru, arrived there at midnight, started to Rochester on foot and got my breakfast this side of Mexico. I stopped at Mr. McMahan's for a drink of water and got my dinner. Poke McMahan brought me to Rochester. We came down Main street opposite to my house and then west through the alley. I went in the back door and was within five feet of my wife before she recognized me. That was one time in my life when I was glad to get home. I had been away two years and ten months.

At that time David Martin and David Carr owned a planing mill and Carr wanted to dispose of his interest. Some money

was coming to me and I borrowed \$300.00 of Sidney Keith and bought him out. Had only worked a day or two until I began to cut my fingers, but received no further injury until losing my arm.

Before forgetting it will relate a little circumstance happening to me about two or three years after I came home from the army. My shop was on the Akron road. Desiring to start the mill at an early hour, I arose before day light, in order to put a fire under the boiler. On the walk, in front of where the Fair Store now stands, lay a letter directed to the initials of a certain man's name. He was one of those fellows who wore good clothes, smoked cigars but a stranger to work. I thought I would open the letter and if of no consequence, would destroy it and say nothing. It referred to a box of shoes which Mr. Elihu Long had lost some time prior to the writing of the letter. I was satisfied that I knew the man and thought I would give the letter to Capt. H. C. Long, but he was out of town. I then found Capt. Truslow and told him I had a letter which might help find the fellows who were causing so much trouble, and if he'd promise to not inform on me, would let him have it. He agreed and I presented the letter. About ten days afterward, I met him and asked if they had any news of that box of shoes, and he said they were satisfied. They sent for a detective, and seven families suddenly left Rochester, and as far as I know, none of them have returned since. No doubt but there are several parties in Rochester who remember the circumstance. There had been some breaking into stores, previous to this time, and Truslow told me a secret police service had been organized and wanted me to join. He showed me the list of names, and I told him: "As long as you have fellows like those on the service you will never find out who is breaking into the stores."

I have been married three times. My first wife was Marion Clayton. We were married April 5, 1851. My second marriage was with Annie E. Stradley, April 8, 1855, and the third time with Elizabeth H. Clayton, March 17, 1867, the first and third ladies being sisters.

The first time I was married, I gave my last penny to a Presbyterian minister. We rented two room at \$2.50 per month. I had an old cook stove and my wife had a bed. We ate off a box and used it for a cupboard and also sat on boxes. Later, at a sale, I bought three or four chairs and a bedstead of Dr. Charles Brackett. I paid him in work. The first and only piece of new furniture my first wife owned, was a table made by Enos Rose. We had no carpet, but I was never happier in my life. Think I have always enjoyed life as well as anybody, and always looked on the bright side. While in the army was thinking of the time when I could go home.

I wish to show the sentiment of some of the northern people while the boys were facing foes in the south, and will append from history some of the sayings, resolutions, etc., offered in the several counties mentioned, not for the purpose of keeping old wounds from healing, but that the rising generation may know the truth—that we had enemies at home as well as on the battle field.

FULTON COUNTY.

A convention on June 25th, 1864, resolved: "That we are opposed to the prosecution of the present war for the subjugation of States," and "We are satisfied that its further prosecution for such purpose will prove the utter destruction of civil liberty in America."

HUNTINGTON COUNTY.

A meeting held in Dec. 1862, in a very amusing recitation of imaginary evils inflicted on the West by New England, declared "that had it not been for the fanaticism and speculation of New England our generation would not have witnessed the ghastly spectre of disunion, and were it not for the same cause, still potent for evil, these difficulties could be adjusted." No blame is attached to the south.

LAWRENCE COUNTY.

A meeting of Jan. 24, 1863, resolved against the prosecution of the war and against emancipation.

MARSHALL COUNTY.

A convention of June, 1863, resolved "that we are opposed to the war under any and all circumstances, and that we are opposed to further continuance of this unholy and unnatural strife."

Early in April 1861, about the time the rebels attacked Fort Sumpter, a gentleman made a speech at Greencastle. He said: "I say to you, my constituents, that as your representative, I will never vote one dollar, or one man or gun to the administration of Abraham Lincoln, to make war on the south." There is evidence that he freely promised 100,000 men to the south and negotiated for 20,000 muskets with which it is supposed "Sons of Liberty" were to be armed. In 1861 another man said: "If this war interferes with the status of slavery I am opposed to it and will not give a dollar to carry it on." A year afterwards he said: "President Lincoln is a traitor, robber or fool."

I have given you a few items of resolutions passed and could give more. You ask me who those persons were? They were such fellows as dug up the body of Frank Hamlet, a man of the 29th Indiana. He died down south, was shipped home in a rough box for burial. He was taken up, the lid pried off the box and left. Some of his friends buried him the next day.

John Mowe, a man of my company, was discharged Dec.

1862, and sent home. He was then sent to Newcastle township to enroll the men to see how many were liable to draft. They took the books away from him and said they would not be enrolled. Some one telegraphed to Governor Morton. He sent a company of soldiers up from Logansport. They stopped at the court house and loaded their muskets. But a friend of the enemy had informed the Newcastle people that the soldiers were coming and when they got there they found a table spread with everything good to eat. After dinner they started for Logansport. Just below Fulton they pulled down the rebel flag and run up "Old Glory" and with a lot of young ladies they rallied around the flag. I have not expected to make any friends, but I want the young boys and girls to know that the enemy was not always in front of us. There was a secret organization in Indiana known as the Sons of Liberty, or Knights of the Golden Circle. They had pass words and secret signs by which they identified each other, either day or night. They were organized in companies and regiments, and had their generals and captains. They encouraged desertion, secreted deserters and did everything they could to embarrass the government.

I was initiated into Rochester Lodge No. 47, I. O. O. F. on the night of Jan. 11, 1851, and was taken into the Encampment on the 6th day of March, 1854, and have continued my membership in those organizations up to the present time. Next to Brother Isaac Good, am now the oldest member of the lodge at this place.

This history was completed on my eightieth birthday anniversary.



OVER THE ALLEGHENIES.

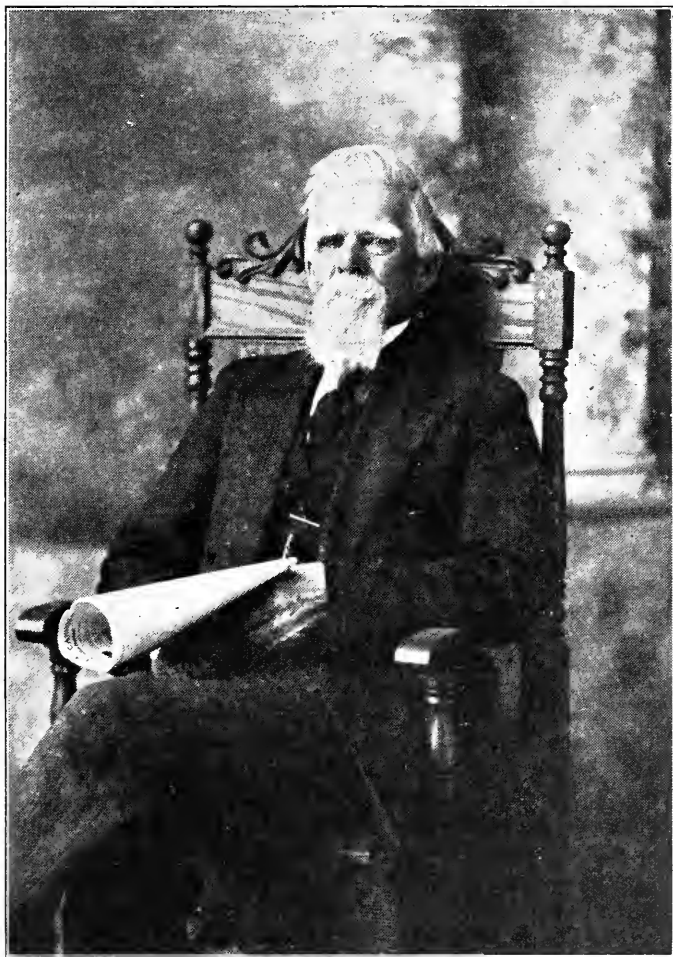
On a Journey From Pennsylvania to Indiana in Times of the Early Pioneer.

BY GEORGE PERSCHBACHER

WHEN A PERSON is asked to write a story of his life, he usually begins back as far as he can remember, or farther if possible. Since I have been asked to tell something about myself, my thoughts have reverted to incidents and moments of my childhood; especially to a number of very old, yellow, time-worn documents that give me a fair idea of my ancestry. One of the documents, stamped with the arms of the Grand-duchy of Hessen, Germany, and also with the tax stamp, six kreuzer, I read record of my father's birth as follows: "An item from the records of the church in Schaafheim. On the year of Christ, 1794, the 18th day of January, there was born to citizen Johann Conrad Perschbacher and his wife, Anna Maria (born Stelz), a son, and the 18th of the same month was baptized and received the name John George."

Another document tells how, in the year 1825, April 23d, my father, John George Perschbacher, and my mother, Dorothea Kreher, signed a marriage contract. Next is found the birth record of my three older brothers, and then a very important document, the passport from Schaafheim to America. About May 7, 1833, my parents left Schaafheim and May 13th they embarked from Bremen, Germany, on the sailing vessel "Columbus." After a tedious voyage of fifty days, they landed at Baltimore, July 2d. Having passed inspection, the emigrant agent asked my father where he was going. Father had no definite plan except he wanted to go to the country. The agent then asked him how much money he had and when Father showed him, he said: "That will take you just forty miles from Baltimore."

Father took passage on a frieght wagon going west, along the



GEORGE PERSCHBACHER

old Batimore pike. When the fortieth mile stone was reached the negro driver told father his journey was ended. There was no house or shelter of any kind, so the driver had some pity on them and took them to a clump of apple trees on a dilapidated farm, a little farther on. Here, with their belongings, they were dumped from the wagon. A search was made for shelter and after going to the top of a hill, father discovered some farm buildings at a little distance. Going to the house, he found a kind Pennsylvania German family. Telling them his trouble they offered him an abandoned log cabin. With the little worldly goods they had, and the help of the good Christian people, they situated themselves in this place. Here, four days later, I was born.

For two years they lived in Maryland then moved to York county, Pennsylvania. Here they bought a small, run down farm and improved it to such an extent that after four years they sold it for \$600, having paid nothing on it up to that time, but the interest.

Preparations were now made to move to Indiana. From a year before we left Pennsylvania, I can remember everything quite well. In Pennsylvania I went to school just one day and learned one English word, "yes."

Loading our household goods upon one wagon, we started, in company with the King family, for Indiana. By this time, there were two more children in our family. Only our mother and the babies rode on the wagon, and that only part of the time. Although I was not quite six years of age, I walked every step of the way from York county, Penn., to Indiana. We traveled at the rate of twenty-five miles a day. The first interesting thing on the trip, I think, was crossing the Allegheny mountains. Where we crossed, it was about seven miles from the foot to the top. Although the road was an excellent pike, it was too steep to go directly up, but angled back and forth, or zigzagged.

My friend, Nicholas King, and I took the opportunity to save a few steps and went through the woods straight to the top, or as near as possible. On the other side, the road went down the same way. Near the top was a fine spring, and a watering trough so arranged that horses could easily drink without being unchecked. Here the first sugar trees were pointed out to us, but we had no idea how sugar could be obtained or made from them.

The next important place I remember, was Wheeling, where we crossed the Ohio river on a ferry boat propelled by horsepower. A cable was stretched from bank to bank and hitched around a windlass turned by a horse.

After crossing the Ohio river, nothing of note transpired

until we arrived at Dayton, Ohio. There we stopped to feed, near the only bridge across the Big Miami river, in front of a bakery. Here I saw the first colored person, an old "mammy." My brother Jacob, a mere baby at the time, was crying bitterly. The old mammy came out and called to him: "Here, poor baby, take this sweet cake with a hole in it." He took it and stopped wailing at once. I have always had a kind feeling toward black mammies ever since.

Nothing more of note happened until we arrived at Hagerstown, Wayne county, Indiana, May 28, 1839, after a journey of twenty-eight days. The day after arriving there, an animal show was given, and I saw elephants, rhinoceros and other animals for the first time. By that time father's purse was reduced to \$17.50 and we began to look around for a place to move into. Finally found an old dilapidated cabin which the good old man who owned it said we could have. On June 2d we moved into it. There was a patch of ground attached in which we were allowed to plant potatoes, father paying 50 cents for a half-bushel of seed potatoes. A cow was needed, as milk was necessary for the children. Father found one and paid \$17.00 for the same, which emptied his purse. Harvest time now arrived and father and mother being good reapers, got work in the field. Father got fifty cents and mother forty cents a day, and my oldest brother six dollars per month for grinding tan bark in a tan yard. With the help of good neighbors we got along pretty well, by all pulling together for good. Then came the exciting time of 1840. About all I remember of it is the hurrahing for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

About that time father bought a two-year old colt for \$25.00. With it and the old Pennsylvania horse, he commenced farming on a small scale. Later he got another horse and advanced by slow degrees until 1844, which was the campaign of Polk and Clay, which I remember well. They had what they called "fandangoes," and "rallies." There was one at Hagerstown and Gov. James Whitcomb was to speak. I was anxious to see a Governor, as I thought he would be an extraordinary personage, but to my great surprise he was just a man like other men, although said to be very intelligent.

By that time father had acquired a little money and began to look about for a permanent home. He heard of what was then called Tippecanoe country, so he came to Fulton county late in the fall of 1844. He looked around for a time and bought eighty acres north of Tippecanoe river, in Newcastle township half a mile west of where the Lutheran church now stands. It was a dense forest, covered with tall timber of beech, walnut, oak, ash and other varieties. One-half acre was cleared and had

a brush fence around it. In 1845, about the middle of October, we started for our new home. We were five days on the trip, passing through Munceytown, (Muncie) Jonesboro, Marion, through Indian reservation, which was then a thick forest, the road almost impassable, and arrived at Peru. That was the last pay day for the Indians, for their lands. Broadway, from the old bridge to Main street, was full of drunken Indians, both bucks and squaws.

The next day, being Saturday, we arrived in Rochester about dark. We were unable to find a place to stay on account of our stock, which consisted of five horses, four cows and six sheep, so we started north. Father being over the route before, remembered that there was a house just north of the river, then called the old Polk place, now owned by Wm. H. Deniston. No one lived there, but seeing a light still farther north, we went on and came to what is now known as the Scott farm. Wm. T. Polk lived there then. Here again they refused to keep us, but on explaining the situation, and expecting to become neighbors, he kindly let us stay and we became close friends. It was about nine o'clock by that time, and having had nothing to eat since noon, it is easy to imagine we were a hungry set. After supper we went to bed, or rather laid down to rest.

The next morning, being Sunday, about four o'clock, father and I started up the river to the farm of James Richter, across the road from my home farm, to ask them to prepare breakfast for the family and teamster. At about nine o'clock they arrived and all had breakfast. We were very anxious to land at our own place, so father, my older brothers and I started out. It was a mile and one-half, mostly through the woods. When found, it was as described before. We were well pleased for it was the first foot of real estate we ever owned. The next day we looked for a house, and found a log cabin just west of our land and moved in the same day. After procuring some feed for the stock for the winter, we began the building of a house on our land and employed a number of men for that purpose at 50c. a day. The house was of hewed logs, 20x24 feet, one and one-half story, with clap-board roof nailed on, something quite new in those days. We had three rooms, two down and one up stairs. For a number of years that was the best house in the neighborhood. We moved into it some time in February, 1846.

After preparing the ground for spring crops, garden and orchard, we rented some fields a few miles south of us, where there was cleared land. By this time our money was again all used and we went to hunting gingseng which brought 28 cts. a pound. The same now brings about \$6.00 a pound. In this way we were able to procure some groceries and much needed clothing.

Our crops did fairly well, but one crop never failed for seven years, that was fever and ague. At times we were all down but mother.

Wild game was plentiful, consisting of deer, turkeys, squirrels and other animals. I have seen from two to three deer in a drove, but as there were no hunters in our family, they were of little use to us.

There were no laid out roads east of the Michigan road. If we wanted to go in any direction we blazed a road, cut the brush and bumped over stumps as best we could. With all these privations, people enjoyed themselves as much as they do now.

Here it may be of interest to mention schools and schooling in early days. Although school districts had been laid out, there were no school funds and all teachers were supported by subscriptions. Our father's purse being badly depleted, he was unable to send us to school. However, I wanted an education and began to plan how to raise the required amount. I had a fine fur hat, which I had received as a gift some time before leaving Wayne county, and for which I had no use in the woods. As the teacher, David Shore, in our community, was running for sheriff, I thought he might be able to use the hat in his campaign, so I offered the hat to him for \$2.50, the same to be taken out in instructions. I received thirty days' schooling for this.

As Brother Jonathan Dawson mentioned the spelling schools in his story, those days are vividly brought back to my memory which were about the happiest days of my life. Whenever a spelling school was held, the young and sometimes the older people, would go for four and five miles to these great spelling matches, as they were about the only social events. The rooms were lighted by common tallow candles, fastened to the walls with the blade of a pocket knife. Although the buildings were crowded, the best of order prevailed.

With the education I received in return for the fur hat, I advanced to the rank of a county school teacher and taught four terms with marked success, as my pupils still inform me. Although I was urged to continue in the capacity of a teacher, and a number of schools were offered to me, I was aware that my pedagogy was no longer up-to-date, and I went to farming and stock raising. For thirty years I engaged in stock buying and shipping and then for four years I was engaged in the mercantile and grain business in Tiosa.

As others have given a description of Rochester in the early days, I shall not attempt anything in that line, except to mention James Moore's forge, or iron works. When we hear so much about the new steel city of Gary, and its steel mills, it may be of interest to many, especially the younger people, to know that a

little over 50 years ago there was a flourishing iron mill at Rochester, employing from forty to a hundred men. The first plant was located just north of town, on the west side of the Michigan road, and afterward abandoned for a more extensive plant on the Tippecanoe river. The old plant was converted into a woolen mill for carding, spinning, manufacturing and fulling woolen goods.

The new plant was located on the north bank of the river, just east of the Michigan road, and part of the old dam, from which the power for the forge was procured, may still be seen. The ore was procured from the marshes in the neighborhood and was called "bog ore." The fuel was charcoal procured from the woods in the neighborhood of our farm.

With all the poverty and hardships of the pioneer days, the people had time for religion and although there were not as many churches to the number of people as today, the people, as a rule, were deeply sincere in regard to religious life.

We had occasional services conducted by Baptist and Methodist ministers but no organizations. The first church organization in that part of the county, was Saint Paul's Lutheran church, organized 1849, with five charter members. In the spring of 1852, five others and myself were confirmed in that church, and I have since been a member of that congregation.

Now as my story is getting somewhat lengthy, I shall close with a good word for the Hoosier state.

I have traveled through and over twenty-seven of the northern states of the union, and in late years especially in the northwestern states. I have seen beautiful scenery, fertile fields, large and flourishing cities, and found the United States a beautiful and grand country indeed. I have traveled most extensively in Indiana, and although some people have done very well by moving out and casting their lot elsewhere, it is my sincere conviction that whoever cannot make a living in Indiana need not try elsewhere.



RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

When Old Men Were Little Boys Some Funny Pranks Were Practiced.

BY ENOCH H. MOW.

I WAS BORN ON THE 8th day of March, 1849, at eight o'clock, so says the family bible, in Richland township, on the farm now owned by the Joseph Zinks heirs, one mile south of the Richland Center church, in a log cabin. My father, David Mow, sold the farm to Mr. Shearer, he selling it to Joseph Zinks.

Ten children were born in my father's family, three boys and seven girls, three of the girls being triplets, and all the children are now living—father and mother having passed on to the great beyond. I remember when the triplets were born father said to us boys, "Now we will have to work harder." I answered, "My God, father, don't us boys get no rest? We can't help it because the children come by litters." Father cuffed my ears, if I was a large boy, for speaking the truth so abruptly. But it was not long till things were still worse. There would be from ten to twenty people come afoot and with teams, every Sunday, to see those three babies. We thought that hard luck. However, we grew to like the babies too. Now it did look a little hard to see mother with four babies that couldn't walk, as Schuyler was born before the girls could walk. Henry was oldest and I was the next, and father said I was the biggest devil of the whole lot.

I remember the first school house built in Richland township, in Whippoorwill district. It was built in 1854. Father gave the log house to the district, and Moore Ralston hauled it to the place where it was raised, one-half mile east of where the present building stands. The writing desk was put around the side of the house, holes bored into the wall and rough boards nailed on. The seats were made of slabs sawed by Young Ralston, with an up-and-down saw. Ralston gave the slabs to the district and Timothy Woodruff put the legs in.



ENOCH H. MOW

John Rhinesmith taught in the old log school house. I was a bad boy and he punished me by making me sit between two girls, but that was fun for me, for one of the girls was awfully bashful. There were neither backs nor ends to the seats, so when the teacher was not looking, I would slip up close to the bashful one. She would slip away and I after her. She kept her eyes on me and edged along until she went off the bench on the floor "ker-plunk." She screamed, "School master, make Enoch Mow stop." The teacher asked: "Enoch, what are you doing?" I answered "Nothing." "He lies," she cried, and of course I did. The master gave me a licking, but of course that went in those days.

When I was eight years of age, father allowed Henry and I to go coon hunting with him and Uncle Armstrong. A man whose name was Carter went along. He would climb the tree and shake the coons off, when one was treed. The dogs treed one and Carter climbed the tree to shake the coon off, but it crawled out on a limb which split off, and Carter hallooed, "My God, Dave, clear away the dogs for I'm coming." I will never forget it, and Carter won't either, as he was badly bruised and scratched coming down through the branches.

When Hank was ten years of age and I was eight, we drove a breaking team for father. The boys of this age would think it fun to see seven yoke of oxen hitched to a big plow, plowing up grubs six to eight feet high. Once when father was staking out new land, a large black snake wound around his leg. He took his pocket knife and killed it. Now, there was one ox in the team that was lazy. Father said to Henry, "Go get that snake I killed and hang it on old Dick's bow. Henry got a stick and did as he was told. No sooner was the snake placed on the bow, than old Dick bawled, snorted and away went the seven yoke of cattle. They ran across the clearing till the plow caught on a tree and broke the beam out, then us boys got a rest, and rest was fun for boys. I was with father once when he had fifteen yoke of oxen hitched to one wagon, going south of Rochester to break. He had two plows on the wagon. I was along to carry water for the four men, and run chores. We stopped in front of Charley Baker's place. It was on the west side of the street, about forty rods south of the railroad, where the Leiter elevator now stands. Uncle Dell Ward kept a livery stable still south, on the east side of the street. Father and Baker made a bet, to the effect that I could not turn those fifteen yoke of cattle around and drive them back where they stood without upsetting the wagon. I took the whip and turned the cattle around and drove them back with their heads south. Father won the bet, and the stakes were two gallons of whiskey. Of course I didn't get any of

the whiskey for father didn't allow us to drink, but I sneaked a little next day, while carrying water.

Father owned a two-year-old colt. He bought a mate to it, from George McGuire. They were a nice, well-mated team. On Sunday, Henry and I thought we would have some fun, so got the colts in the barn and tied their tails together and then turned them out. Well, you never saw such kicking, snorting and squealing. We were badly scared and Henry ran for father, while I "hiked" behind a straw pile. Father came and caught one of the colts by the head and yelled for Henry to bring the halters. They got the halter on one and made Hank hold it until he got the halter on the other one, then pulled them together and tied their heads. They would still stand apart and pull, until father had to cut the hair from their tails to get them separated. When he got that done, he said to Henry: "Where is Enoch?" "I don't know," answered Hank, and then father called and you bet I went to him for us boys didn't hang back when father said "come." "He asked, "Henry, what had I ought to do with you boys?" "Whip us of course," replied my brother. Then he turned to me. "Enoch, what do you think I should do to you?" I replied: "Father, we did it for fun, we won't do it any more. Didn't you tie the stove pipe to Moore Ralston's horse's tail for fun?" Father laughed at that and let us go. There are other funny things I might speak of but will pass them.

When I was twelve years of age, I commenced to drive a horse-power machine for my father. We were once threshing at Uncle Adam Mow's and I was driving the horse power, when father came to the machine and told me that he had enlisted to go into the army. He went when Company F, of the 87th regiment, left Rochester. While he was in the army, mother would send me twice each week for the mail. I will never forget Anthony Smith, a brother of Milo R. Smith, for he would always watch for me and give me five or ten cents to spend while waiting for the mail, and you bet I was pretty sure to let him find me. When Company F left Rochester, my father took two comforters with him instead of the customary blankets carried by soldiers. He sent them home from Indianapolis and they got lost for a time, but one night I was in after the mail and it did not get in until after midnight. The mail was carried then by stage, or hack. This night Mr. Charles Stradley said to me: "Those comforters have arrived, can you take them home." "Yes," I answered. He wanted me to carry them rolled up, but I said "No, I will unroll them and spread them over the horse." Now, at that time, I forded the river sometimes, and sometimes went by the bridge. When I got those comforts on the horse over the saddle, my feet would not touch the stirrups. I was so sleepy I almost

fell off the horse. When I got below where the Ananias Baker farm now is, (the farm known as the Dillon farm was then all in woods, a by road ran to what we called Blue Grass ford) I made up my mind that before I crossed the river, I would take a nap. I got off the horse and tied him to a bush, going about ten feet away, under a plum bush covered with grape vines, I spread one comforter on the ground and the other over me and went to sleep. In the morning I was not at home and mother was frightened and sent Henry after me, telling him to go by the ford and if he did not find or hear of me, to come back by the bridge. He rode one of the older horses. When he got to the river and rode across, the horse I rode whinnied and Henry saw me, or the bunch covered by the comforters. He pulled them off and kicked me to waken me. I bounced up and we had a fight under the bush; yes sir, I licked him, and it was the first time that I ever did. I would not lay there now for any money, but then I was a tough lad and feared nothing.

I shall never forget the way they used to hold meeting, I mean in the old log school house, regular shouting meetings. Everybody was good in those days, and church was held when it was so cold the only way to keep warm was to shout. Did I shout? Yes sir! Brother Henry froze his ears so badly one night, you could whittle them like sticks and his Hanner Ann he had with him to church, froze her feet with two pair of socks over her shoes.

Now, in reading Dr. Hill's write up, I remember the man who made the charge with him, this side of the river. Dr. Hill did not tell who the man was who came after him to go and see Young Ralston. It was Ike O'Brien and the "road agents" were "laying" for my father. At that time, father was United States Marshal under Governor Morton, who had sent a company of soldiers into Newcastle township and the rebel sympathizers were fearfully mad at my father. They had taken the enrolling papers from the enrolling officers, but after the soldiers arrived, there was no more trouble. Ike O'Brien went to Ben Wilson and told him who the men were that caught him. He said to Wilson that they were looking for Uncle Dave Mow, and if he told they would kill him. I also remember one time, after the war was over, father cried a sale for John Herbie, of Richland township, and eight kegs of powder were sold. Father wondered about that and thought it looked queer. Three months after the sale, Mitchell Hendricks was working for father and at dinner said: "Dave, did you know what the powder sold at Herbie's sale was bought for?" Father acknowledged that he did not and Hendricks said: "To blow up your house, to get you." Father asked: "How do you know?" Hendricks replied, "David, I was

with the crowd, and when we got to the corner we stopped to talk the matter over. I said "Gentleman, I can go no further. Dave has always been good to me and if you don't stop, I will notify him. I don't think it right to kill his family to get him." The corner referred to, is where Frank Zink keeps store. The farm is the one Thomas Adamson bought of my father. Father was awfully mad when Hendricks told him about it. Hendricks gave him all the names. John Herbie was the captain, and I could give all the names but will not do so as it is a long time since it happened.

Father once sent me to Chris Campbell's to see how everything was going, and there was a meeting at the Stevens school house. Campbell took me to the meeting, but he was told he had no business there and did not want to let him in. But Uncle Chris Campbell was not to be gotten rid of that easy. Uncle Sam Rearrick was there, so was Stephen Rearrick. Those three men were all that were there but what belonged to the "Knights," as they called themselves. Dr. Robbins came and made a speech. I will never forget what he said: "Gentlemen, I have come to talk sense to you. Don't you know there are a hundred and three men in Newcastle township, and if that is not enough, they will have a thousand more and come and hunt you like rabbits out of the bush." When he said this, the lights were knocked out, and I don't know to this day how Chris Campbell got me out of the house. He must have knocked five or six down, but I got away with the word and when the soldiers got there all was right. Those were hot times and I might relate many more things, but it is best to forget the bad and think only of the good.

One time, long ago, father gave us boys every other Saturday to come to town, or go fishing or hunting in the afternoon. On the particular Saturday to which I allude, Monroe O'Brien and I went hunting. We were in the river bottom below the old Clark farm. I heard a pheasant drum and said to Monroe "keep still and we will slip up on him and get him." We had not gone far until we saw two horses hitched to a tree. Now there had been some horses stolen, and thought those might be the ones. We kept quiet and a man came out to them. He had an arm load of corn to feed the horses. I raised up and told him not to move, and I had the gun on him before he could think. I sent Monroe for Sheriff Ben Wilson. Wilson took a horse, and with the boy on behind him, came to my rescue. I was scared until I scarcely knew what I was doing. Mr. Wilson said: "Enoch, you have done a good job." Then I thought I was a hero, you bet. Wilson tied the man's arms behind him and took him to Rochester. They proved to be the stolen horses and Uncle

Dell Ward had been after them. I do not remember what became of the man, but perhaps Uncle Dell does.

In 1868 I was joined in marriage with Mary F. Barnett, on what is now called the Chas. Sisson farm, and on the first of March 1869, moved on the Holman farm. It was an exceedingly wet season, although it was so dry in the ear y part that we had to put on a new plow-point every day to plow fallow ground. No plow-points could be had for the Hackley plow this side of Peru. My father came to my house on Sunday and wanted me to go to Peru to get a load of points and land sides. I hitched one of his horses with mine and took ten bushels of wheat and drove to father Barnett's on Sunday evening, so I could get back on Monday. William Barnett went with me and we drove that Sunday night until a storm compelled us to stop at the home of Farmer Hatch near Five Corners. Just got the team stabled and the wheat carried in, when it began to rain and I have never seen anything like it since. It poured until morning. Went on to Peru, sold my wheat, got my load and started home. When I got to Dan Bearss' place, this side of Peru, Mr. Bearss had me drive into the shed, and asked me to stay all night, but I started home at two o'clock and it rained all the way. The culverts were all out and the horses would sometimes fall in to their breasts. Thought I would never get to Rochester. Uncle Dell Ward was watching for me. Father had come to Rochester to ask him to be on the look out for me and tell me not to undertake to cross the river bridge. The water was around this side of the abutment. I drove down this side of the river to father Barnett's. The water was within 100 feet of the house and Wednesday morning father came over to Barnett's in a boat. He said I should get the harness and put them in the boat and he would row them and my wife across the river, leaving the wagon and points at Barnett's. Then I was to ride the team opposite our house and he was to come back with the boat, and help me swim the horses across. He ran the boat over the prairies where the water was still, easily. I rode the horses to the point agreed upon and waited, then, becoming impatient, forced the team into the river and swam them across. The drift wood floating down stream almost got the better of me. I would not do that now. The water was around the north side of the bridge on the Michigan road until fall.

My father died on the first day of October, 1869, and was buried on the 3d. He had a sale contracted for C. A. Lawson on the 7th of Oct., '69, and mother and uncle Adam Mow said I must go and cry the sale. I did, and have done lots of sale work since. I worked with Benjamin Wilson till he died, and then with uncle Billy Tribbett till he died. The year my wife died I cried

a sale every day for six weeks except Sunday. I ran a threshing machine for sixteen years—the old horse power kind.

I remember the year of '76, when Tilden ran for President, I threshed 1050 bushels for Wm. Davidson, next day after election, and same year hulled 150 bushels of clover seed for Davidson. It was in my horse-power machine that Fredeus Wilson had his leg ground off. It occurred at Runion Armstrong's place, years ago. One year later, my leg was broken in three places, the accident occurring on the Michigan road, north of the John Taylor place. My first son died July 25th '69; my second on March 25th, 1884; my wife Jan. 25th 1888; my last daughter on Feb. 25th 1888. Only those who have passed through similar experiences know how to sympathize with me. I have raised three orphan children who always speak a good word for Enoch. I also took a baby boy of Frank Armstrong's, when he was but ten days of age. I kept him until wife died, then found him a good home with May Brugh.

On the first day of May, 1892, I married my present wife, Etta Toby, and have one son, Elden, who was born on the 20th day of December, 1894, and we are all in good health now. I joined the Odd Fellows' lodge at Richland Center in 1871. I was taken in under the old work, called the fifth degree work, taking all five degrees the same night. I passed the chairs and was elected District Deputy Grand Master. In five years I never missed but two lodge nights. That was when I had my leg broken. I went to lodge on crutches and Brother Harrison Walker and Brother J. L. Martindale helped me up the stairs. I was installed Noble Grand that night. I moved to Aubbeenaubbee township, rode eight miles every Saturday night to lodge, never missing a meeting night in eight years. I then took a card and Dr. B. F. Overmyer and myself got a lodge instituted at Leiter's Ford, Dr. Overmyer being installed Noble Grand and myself Vice Grand. Served one term and turned it over to the third members. I was elected District Deputy of Leiter's Ford and served that lodge till my wife died.

I am still in the autioneering business, better than ever, as much life as a young man, and any one wanting my services can call phone 368 or leave word at Kline Shore's grocery. Good day.





FRANK DILLON

FIRST LOVE EXPLAINED.

Tender Passion in Contrast with "Last Lickin' " Administered by Mother.

BY FRANK DILLON.

HAVING GREATLY ENJOYED the old settlers' stories, decided to write a brief history of my life. However, I shall not be able to go so far back in history as some of my older associates, Troutman and others, on account of my age. These stories furnish a means for the public to determine as to how we have improved the opportunities, which surrounded us in early life. Among the writers, so far, we find but one born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he being a man of considerable wealth, and yet fails to mention where or when he ever performed one day's labor. The question arises as to how he had accumulated so much property. However, he throws some light on the subject by pleading guilty to taking one calf and a turkey from his neighbors. Notwithstanding all of this, he has made a good 'squire. In this article I shall attempt a summary of the leading events of my life, from childhood to the present time.

I was born in North Carolina, Nov. 25, 1846, and although the family left there before I was four years of age, I can remember a great many things that happened while living there, one of them is seeing mother spin the thread and weave the cloth from which all our clothing was made. There were seven children of whom I was next to the youngest. Speaking of the youngest reminds me of an incident which occurred between him and me. We were playing in father's shop, (father being a carpenter). My brother had a very bushy head of hair and I conceived the idea that it would be a good joke to set fire to it, so I took a handful of shavings, lit them at the fire place and held them to the back of his head. He screamed out and about that time father had me by the back of the neck with one hand, and in the other was

a piece of a barrel stave. When the exercises closed, it was hard to tell which was blistered the most, brother or I, but on different parts of the anatomy. I also recall the first pair of pantaloons made for me. Up to that time I wore dresses, or I should say a dress, as we only had one and that made as short as possible, and when we outgrew that, it was passed on down the line to the next youngest. I moved up to where I was entitled to pants. They were the "barn door" variety, with shirt and suspenders made from the same material.

We left North Carolina in the fall of 1850, moving through in wagons, one one-horse and one two-horse wagon, father, mother and seven children. A number of amusing incidents occurred along the way. My sister and I were walking along, one day, hanging quite a distance behind. We were running to catch up with the wagons, but just before reaching them we came to a ditch which crossed the road. I fell in, and when they got me out, mother had to strip me and take my clothes to a pond of water to wash them. She then pinned them to the wagon cover to dry and set me in the feed box where I had to stay. I don't recollect how long we were on the road, but I remember the night we drove up to uncle's, about two miles west of Greensboro, late in the evening, and he actually seemed glad to see us. Remained there a few days, then moved into a two-room house in the woods, with a small garden spot, where we remained for some time, father working at his trade, earning small wages and providing for a family of ten. Another brother was born after coming to this state and none of the children old enough to earn anything.

Each fall there were ten pairs of boots and shoes to be made. When the time to make them came, father would take the measure of our feet by cutting a stick the length of the foot, and took the ten sticks with him when he went to town to place the order. Things were different then from what they are now, as we could now get excursion rates on ten pairs. School privileges, in those days, were limited. In fact, the older ones had to remain at home to assist in providing for the rest of us. It was very fashionable for the girls to wear hoops, the larger the better. I remember my sisters who went to school would sew tucks in their skirts and run grapevines through, making the skirts as large as desired. In our school we sat on benches, and it required a peculiar movement on the part of the girls, to sit down just right, which I will not undertake to describe, but which I feel certain could not be accomplished by the belles of today without serious consequences.

There are two more incidents I wish to relate in regard to my boyhood days, one being my last whipping, the other my

first experience in making love to a girl. These subjects have been entirely overlooked by the other writers, although I am sure each have had interesting experiences. Mother administered my last whipping, and she must have made up her mind that it would be the last, and made it severe enough to linger in my memory many moons. Brother and I often got to scuffling and he being the youngest, he had to have the last lick. One evening, while we were preparing for bed, I made up my mind to get even with him. I hurried and jumped in bed, and as he crawled over me, I raised him one that sent him against the wall. His screams soon brought mother to the scene, slipper in hand, took us out of bed, one at a time, and when she finished the job, we were so stinging hot there was no need of bed covers to keep warm.

I was about thirteen years of age when I fell in love with a girl at first sight. Living a short distance from our house was the Black family, having a son, Maynard, and a step-daughter, Elvira Stow. Well, Elvira smiled on me and I smiled on Elvira, and each kept it up until it began to ripen into something. I found out through Maynard that I could walk home with her from church, so the next Sunday night I made the break. It was customary for the boys to line up outside the church door and watch for the girl of their choice to appear, then step up and ask if it is agreeable to walk home with her. If she said no, we were "sacked." On this occasion, I took my place close to the door, but when Elvira appeared, I became paralyzed and could neither move or speak. She passed on and soon as I could move, I ran on ahead of her and got behind a locus tree and when she came along I stepped out and walked a long distance by her side before either spoke a word, then she said, "It's a pleasant evening," and I answered in a timorous voice, "Yes," then after a long interval, "I guess it is." And of course it was. Nothing more was said till we reached her home. I was anxious to keep the affair from my folks, but every one of them, including an uncle visiting us, passed me on the road. I have always considered this an unfortunate incident in my career as it instilled in my mind, a fear of the fair sex I have not yet overcome. No doubt but the reader will say, "wasn't he a greenth?" In reply will say, ask John Troutman to tell you the experience he once told me.

I will now pass on to the time I enlisted in the army, which did not occur until October 1863, owing to my age. My chum, George Macy, and I pledged each other when one went the other would go also. Under eighteen years of age, it was necessary to get parental consent and I was less than seventeen and George but little older. So we planned to run away, and on the last day

of September, 1863, about seven o'clock in the evening, we struck out. Walked ten miles to what is now the Soldier's Orphan's Home, three miles south of Knightstown. Having worked there at one time, we calculated to remain over night, then go to Knightstown, take a train for Indianapolis the next morning and enlist. About one o'clock, George's father came after us, so we crawled out, walked down the road where his rig was in waiting, (consisting of one saddle horse) and he being the commanding officer, rode the horse, George and I formed two abreast and marched back home, reaching there at daybreak. The next thing was an interview with father, which ended by me agreeing to stay at home until I was old enough to go. The next day George and I took our axes and dinners and went two miles to cut wood. We chopped a little wood and planned the rest of the day. Returned home at night and struck out again. Walked to Knightstown, and a short distance from the town, crawled in a hay stack, making sure nothing but blood hounds would find us. It soon began to rain, so we changed our hiding place by going on to town and finding shelter in a haymow. Next morning we encountered another difficulty in getting transportation to Indianapolis, it being the time the government was shipping troops from the east to the western army, stopping trains only at water tanks, so we had to walk to the next station and get on a train loaded with soldiers. It was too late to find the recruiting officer, so the first night was spent in a box car. Next morning we found the officer and told him we wanted to enlist. His first question was, "How old are you?" and we both answered "Eighteen." He then directed his remarks to me, being the smallest. He said: "I am going to take you down in the city and swear you, then write to your parents, and if you have lied, I'll put you where you will not bother any other recruiting officer." His bluff worked all right, and I spoke right up and said: "I'll not swear but father sent me." He said: "Will you sign your father's name to an article to that effect?" I said I would, and he wrote some kind of a lengthy article which I did not read but signed father's name to it.

We were taken to headquarters, examined, sworn in, drew our uniforms and became members of the 4th Ind. Battery, Light Artillery. We were placed in the soldiers' home to await orders to go south, which came as soon as a sufficient number could be secured. While in camp there was an order that those volunteering to do guard duty in the forenoon could get a pass out in the afternoon. One morning I reported for duty, was given a gun and assigned to take a prisoner down to headquarters to be tried for desertion, a very serious charge. I marched him down all right and he was taken up stairs, in a building used for that

purpose. I was directed to remain outside and guard the door. Remained there for a while until it got a little monotonous, so I set the gun in a corner and went down to the foot of the stairs. Had not enjoyed the sights long, until my attention was called by an officer at the head of the stairs, who held my gun and wanted to know if I could tell to whom the gun belonged. My answer was, "Yes sir, the gun belongs to me; I am on guard." "You will please step this way," he said. I obeyed. He inquired if I understood my duty, and I tried to convince him that I really did. He opened the door and called an officer, handed him my gun and directed him to take me to the guard house. At this point I was ready to quit my job and not charge anything for past services, but realizing it was useless to make such a proposition, I began to beg and finally won out. My gun was returned to me and after the trial, I conducted my prisoner back to the guard house.

A short time after, I again reported for duty with the balance of the squad. Marched to the guard house and lined up in front, and the one next the door took the first prisoner out and so on until it came my turn. My man was a large, husky artilleryman. He stopped and looking down at me said: "Bub, can you run?" "Not much," I answered. He said "All right, I'll have some fun with you." Supposing he was joking, I paid but little attention to it. He was ordered to saw wood, I to stand guard over him. He worked a short time, then said he must have a drink, so I went around the barracks to the pump to get his drink and had started back when he suddenly whirled and ran. It was such a surprise that he had made quite a start, but my previous experience flashed across my mind, so grabbed my gun (which was little better than a club, having neither lock or bayonet) and started after him. He ran across the guard line, I following. The excitement aroused the entire camp, all yelling for the little one. About one hundred rods from where we started, I got close enough to punch him in the back with the gun. As I raised the gun to strike, he turned and said: "Hold on, you are a liar! you can run." I marched him back. When we got where the crowd was, he offered to bet five dollars I could outrun anything in camp. He returned to the wood pile with a ball and chain on his leg.

We were ordered south, our destination being Chattanooga, Tenn., which was occupied by the Union Army, the rebels holding Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge. We went within thirty miles of Chattanooga by rail and could go no farther, as the bridge at Whiteside was burned, so we had to march that distance. I can truthfully say that it was my hardest marching during the war. We were not hardened to marching, besides

it was on the railroad, walking the ties. I will describe the knapsack I had. Old soldiers will easily understand it. In mine was one blanket, pup-tent, gum blanket, overcoat, two suits of underwear, extra pair of pants, and numerous other things. We presented a rather amusing spectacle to old soldiers. As we passed the other camps, they called us the Bureau Regiment. Many dropped out that day. I laid down within a quarter of a mile of our camp. Went into camp at Mockeson Point, just across the river from Chattanooga, where our real soldiering commenced. We were placed at once on quarter rations and often less. Will tell the reader an idea of what we received at one time. Drew rations one evening for three days. I proposed to the boys that we would have one square meal, so we ate every particle at supper. Four of us bunked together. Next day we began to get pretty hungry, so we started out along the road leading towards the town. It was a road over which the supplies were hauled and occasionally, a grain of corn could be found, but not enough to do much good. Finally we came to a place where butchering of cattle had been done and several heads were left. These were collected. It had been some time since they were killed and the meat somewhat tainted, but we built a fire and got enough off the bones to satisfy our appetites. It was not very tempting as we had neither salt or bread. This was the first day and nothing more coming in the way of rations for two days. Next day I went to a place where there was a rail pen of corn. A guard was watching it. I waited until almost night to get an opportunity to steal four ears of corn. That lasted until we drew rations again.

Remained there until after the battle of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, then moved across the river into Chattanooga where the conditions were the same. Have often heard the remark made by persons that they would rather starve than steal and that convinces me that they were not in Chattanooga during the winter of '63-'64, for there every man took his haversack with him wherever he went, to keep his bunk mate from stealing it. A squad of our company was sent to Nashville, during this time, and when they came back, each had a full haversack, and every one lost them the first night. I took one that contained fifty-three crackers. This was in '63. At the close of the war, we were at Indianapolis waiting to be discharged. I saw the fellow from whom I had taken the crackers, sitting in front of his barracks alone, and knowing we were soon to part, I went over, sat down beside him and laying my hand on his knee said: "John, do you remember having your haversack stolen while in Chattanooga?" He looked up and answered: "Yes and if I knew who the fellow was, I'd mop up the ground with him."

I said, "It would be serving him right, and if I ever hear who it was, I will tell you." I then changed the subject. He has never found out and never will as long as he feels that way about it.

I could occupy all the space writing of incidents in and about Chattanooga, but one more incident will suffice. A mule driver camped near my shanty. I noticed he would feed late at night, supposing everybody to be asleep. He would then come to his six mules, pour in the feed and leave. As soon as he was safely in his tent, I would step in behind the mules and take the corn. I kept this up for some time and was getting along better than the mules. One day a comrade asked me how I was living, said he was almost starved. I told him, and that same night I was just starting in to get the corn, when I noticed some one stepping in from the opposite side. He had just began to gather the corn when the driver threw a club, and from the way the fellow groaned I thought he was about killed, and the language used would not look well in print. He accused the fellow of almost starving his mules. I congratulated myself and turned in for the night. Our winter was spent in this manner, and I can truthfully say more than half I had to eat, was corn taken from the mules.

Some time in February, forty of us were transferred to the 19th Ind. Battery. We were sent by rail to Ringgold, Ga., where the 19th was in camp. When we arrived, we were lined up for roll call. While yet in line, members of the 19th came to take a look at the new members. Looking over the crowd, I caught the eye of one of the boys and at this he smiled and turned away. This occurred at different times, until one day we met and he said: "Are you sure you are going by your right name?" I assured him that I was, and he asked, "Are you sure you are not a girl?" watching me closely. Finally he said I was the picture of a girl he knew back home. After that the boys called me "Sis."

Remained there but a short time until we began preparations for the Atlanta campaign, which lasted four months, during which there was but little time we were not under fire and within range of the enemy's bullets. Our battery participated in the battles of Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Siege of Atlanta and numerous small engagements. In fact it was a fight from start to finish. Johnson's army had been driven steadily back, though contesting every foot of ground, to the front of Atlanta, when the south became dissatisfied with the management of the army and on the 22d of July he was superseded by General Hood, who ordered a general charge all along the line, resulting in heavy loss on both sides. On this occasion I had one horse killed and another wounded. On the 23d, the rebels had retreated from their breast works and had fallen back into the city.

When the siege of Atlanta commenced, and while we were expecting to get possession of the city at any time, we held out until late in September then captured them by a flank movement. Before this, there was an order issued, that all not able to make forced march were to be sent back to the hospital. Three were ordered back, but having a horror of hospitals, I slipped off and remained in hiding until after the two were gone, and when the battery started after dark, I climbed on a caisson to ride, not being able to walk. The captain seeing me, ordered me off. I was too weak to walk, and for support wrapped the hair of the tail of Sergeant Conklin's horse around my hands and marched in that manner during the night. The next morning we cut the only remaining railroad leading to the city, and after one of the worst hand to hand battles it was ever my lot to witness. This caused the rebels to evacuate the city. We then returned and occupied the city, where we remained resting and getting ready for the next move, and on the morning of November 17, started Sherman's march to the sea. This campaign might be described, compared with others, as one continual round of pleasure. The weather was fine and we passed through a rich country, with orders to "take nothing we could not use." No fighting, except a little skirmish now and then, until we reached Savannah on 20th of December, staid there until January, then started on the campaign through the Carolinas. On this march, we had one short but lively battle, that of Bentonville, in which we lost all but one gun. I lost both horses and the gun on which I was driver. However, we recaptured one of the guns, marched on to Goldsboro, and went into camp. Received the news of Lee's surrender, followed by that of Johnson's which meant home for me. I will not undertake to describe the joy this news created, but which soon turned to deepest sorrow, on the receipt of the word of the death of President Lincoln. Notwithstanding this great sorrow, preparations went right on towards sending the soldiers home.

Our company went by boat from Morehead City, N. C., to Alexandria, Va., four days at sea. After landing at Alexandria, we were marched across the river into Washington, D. C. Were it possible, I would like to paint a picture of our company at this time, as we had just closed one of the hardest campaigns, in point of hardships, that we had ever experienced, the one through the Carolina swamps, having had no chance to draw clothing, and being almost destitute in that respect, a description of myself would be a fair representative for the balance of the company. My wearing apparel consisted of hat, shirt and pants,—no shoes. As we marched through the streets the sidewalks were lined with God's people, with buckets of water and tin cups, giving to those

who wanted a drink. We were marched through the city to the north, to await orders to go home. Ours finally came. We were marched back to the B. & O. depot, where the yards were filled with trains. Someone reported that we were to take a passenger train that stood on the siding, so we made a rush for it and soon had it well filled, but had not enjoyed it long until ordered out and directed to a train of cattle cars. Had to either stand or sit on the floor of the car, but there was but little complaining, for we were going home to see mother. Went to Parkersburg, Va., and there took boat down the Ohio river to Lawrenceburg, Ind., and on to Indianapolis, and was discharged. Thus ended my soldier life.

The first winter after my return home, I attended school, but found that I had forgotten most of what little I did know, and that my school mates had advanced so far that I received but little benefit. At the close of school, 1866, I hired to learn the blacksmith trade, for which I was to receive forty dollars for the first year, and board myself. The second year I was to receive sixty dollars and so on. In Dec., 1868, I was married to Julia E. Wilson who only lived eleven months, leaving me with a baby girl, now the wife of Adam Weick, of Columbia City, Ind. I then sold out my business, came to Akron to visit a sister, and while at that place there was a company being made up to go to Kansas. This was in February, 1869, and on the first day of March the following named started: Ely Strong, Wm. Strong, Avery Strong, Elmore Shelt, Eldridge Shelt, Alex Curtis, Abijah Adamson, George Onstott, Wm. Nichols, Sam Swick and myself. All went as far as Humbolt, where the land office was located. Not finding things to suit, all turned back except four of us. We continued our journey to Chetopa, having walked one hundred and twenty-five miles. I landed there with exactly five dollars left, and the best I could do in the way of board was five dollars per week. I soon found a job at my trade, went to work, but took the ague, the first experience I had ever had. I would work one day and shake the next. Lost my job, not being strong enough to do the work, so I went to the country and worked for my board. Went into town one day and was offered a job to go down in Indian Territory to work for a firm who had a saw mill leased, who had to keep a blacksmith to do their work. I accepted the place, although it was not the most desirable. I was to take the place of a man who had been murdered by the Indians. From Chetopa to where the mill was located was sixty miles. I got ready and on the 5th day of November I left Chetopa. I had just five cents left when I started. I rode forty miles with a man driving an ox team. Took us two days to reach Grand River. That was as far as he was to go, so he took me across the river

and left me twenty miles from the mill. You may be able to imagine my feelings on this occasion, but I hardly think so. I was alone, nothing to eat and no one to speak to. There were Indian huts in sight, but I could not understand their language, neither could they understand me. I was getting pretty blue, but after waiting, what seemed to me an age, I saw a white man coming, driving two mules to the running gears of a wagon, going to the mill, so I got to ride with him, arriving some time after dark. I worked five months, doing the company's blacksmithing and hauling logs.

Returned to Kansas and, with what money I had saved, bought two yoke of oxen and went to farming. Planted a crop which came up and looked fine until the hot winds came. Everything dried up and died out with my enthusiasm for Kansas. Disposed of my possessions and returned to God's country.

After a short visit at home, again returned to Akron, bought the only blacksmith shop Sept. 20, 1870. Feb. 1, 1871, was married to May A. Estil, my present wife. Continued blacksmithing until March, 1886, when we moved to Kansas and was again struck by hot winds, and at the end of four months returned to Akron, commencing where I had left off.

1888, I was nominated for Sheriff on the Republican ticket, my opponent being A. A. Gast, and after the votes were counted I found I had received a handsome majority to remain at home, and I am not sure but this was worse than being left alone on Grand river. However, I went back to shoeing horses, having followed blacksmithing in Akron a little over twenty years, and tried to look pleasant. In 1891 I sold out and moved to Spiceland. Failing to find anything to suit, I bought property in North Manchester, worked at my trade, also at the carpenter's trade until September 1892, I came to Rochester and entered into partnership with T. M. Snyder in the manufacture of buggies and wagons, doing an extensive business. In 1894 I was again nominated for sheriff, having as my opponent the late John King. At this election I was successful. Was again nominated in 1896, and elected, this time my opponent Ed. S. Fultz, being up to this time the only Republican elected to the office of sheriff in the county. During my term, I had the honor of closing the last court in the old court house and opening the first in the new. After leaving the sheriff's office, I again engaged in the manufacture of wagons and buggies for a short time, closing out, devoted my time to improving my farm until 1906, I was appointed post master, which position I now hold. You will observe from my dates, I am past sixty-two years of age, yet I have never sat on a jury, was sued once and once sued a man, both cases settled out of court. I have been a member of the Odd Fellows lodge since

1868, and the by-laws of this order allow four dollars per week sick benefits. I have drawn no benefits. Belong to the G. A. R. since its first organization. Politically, I am Republican and in this our family is an exception to the rule, as in most cases boys vote as the father. There are four brothers yet living, and all vote the Republican ticket, while father was a Democrat. I can account for it no other way than that father paid no attention to our political training, and we grew up natural, and that of course means to be a Republican.



TRAGEDY IN LIBERTY.

Hunter Fired at Deer, as Supposed, but Killed a Friend and Neighbor.

BY JOB V. POWNALL.

IN MARCH, 1844, in company with my parents, I came to Fulton county by wagon from Ohio, stopping for a time at Adamsboro, Cass county, where we moved into a log cabin on the banks of Eel river. That same fall pap came on to Fulton county and entered a small tract of land on the west line of Liberty township, within one mile of what is now called Marshstown. Here he erected a round log house, twenty feet square, with a large fireplace built of stone and a stick chimney. There was the customary clapboard roof laid on ridgepoles, a hewed puncheon floor, and door hung on wooden hinges. There was a wooden latch on the inside, with a string to it, which passed through a hole in the door and hung on the outside. Kitchen, parlor, bedrooms were all in one, and we had no difficulty in making choice of place.

At the huge fireplace mother did the cooking. Our bread was baked in an oven which she set on the coals, covering the lid with more live coals. It was mostly corn bread, quickly baked, but on Sunday morning we always had warm biscuit.

The country was new, therefore a wilderness and swamps. We therefore contracted ague, and had it to our satisfaction. It was an easy matter to kill squirrels, turkeys, pheasants and ducks. I once killed a deer and immediately took a chill. Was told by Oliver Bryan that I had "buck fever." Where we once pulled cattle out of the mud and shot ducks and geese, is now the finest corn land in the township.

One morning mother was salting the cows, not over ten rods from the house. Soon afterward a deer was observed licking salt with the cattle. Mother stepped behind the house and called to



JOB V. POWNALL

David VanBlaricom, who had just passed, going to the home of Uncle Erwin Barker's. Having his gun with him he came quietly to the front of the house, waited until the deer was separated from the cattle, then fired and down came the deer. A dog belonging to VanBlaricom was anxious to finish killing the deer, but his master would not consent, so began to reload his gun, when up jumped the deer and ran away, and that was the last Dave saw of him.

Pap built a calf pen, joining it to the cabin, and in it was a young calf. One night when pap happened to be away from home the wolves put in their appearance, apparently intent on having a meal on fine veal. They made the air ring with their growling, but mother kept them away by throwing fire brands out of the window. Thus the calf's life was saved by fire. Our neighbors kept a few fine sheep for the purpose of raising wool, from which to make their clothing. Strong pens had to be built, and the sheep put therein every night, to protect them from wolves. From spring until fall was a busy time, especially during sheep-shearing time. Pap would catch the sheep and lay them on a platform, where they were tied down, and mother would take a common pair of shears and cut the fleece, which was washed, then picked to remove dirt and burs. It was then put in a sheet, which was pinned with a thorn, and sent to the carding mills. When it was returned, mother would get out her old wool wheel and spin the rolls into yarn. It is forty years since mother was called to her heavenly home, yet in my imagination I can still see her as she tripped back and forth across the puncheon floor, spinning, spinning the yarn that was to be converted into clothing for her children. When finally done, the yarn was colored blue, then taken to her sister, Mrs. Edwin Barker, who wove it into jeans for the men's clothing and into linsey-woolsey for herself and daughter.

Pap sowed a small patch of flax. After it matured it was pulled, spread on the ground to rot sufficiently to break on the flax break. It was then skutched, then heckled, and then it was ready to spin on the flax-wheel. In this way mother made her own flax thread, and it was far superior to the flax thread of present day manufacture. With it she made our clothing. Pap made all our shoes, making his own wax and shoe pegs. A pair of shoes was supposed to last a year, for we went barefooted Sundays and week days.

When we needed a doctor, that meant a trip to Logansport, and when we went to mill, we went to Springcreek mill, run by Henry Miller. Pap had some of his Virginia meal sacks which held three bushels. They were home-made from the flax of their own raising. He would put a grist in a sack, throw it over the

gray mare and set me on top and start me off for the mill. Those were the happiest days of my life.

The first money I ever had of my own I earned hoeing corn for twenty cents a day, and I very well remember selling eggs to Robert Aitken, at Fulton, for three cents per dozen.

In comrade Samuel Miller's story, he alluded to experiences he had while employed with J. W. Wright, and it brought to my mind an incident that occurred in Fulton. Mr. Wright had a number of men in his employ, cutting logs and hauling them to the mill to be sawed into lumber to plank Michigan road. Some of the hands imbibed a little too much corn juice to meet the approval of Mr. Wright, who then took matters into his own hands, went into the place where it was to be purchased, rolled the barrels into the road and with his ax knocked in the heads, the fire water running into the street. The place was kept by a man whose name was either Burnett or Swarts, I forget which. Mr. Wright was summoned to go before the prosecuting attorney, at Rochester. To show that his act had met with the approval of good citizens of his home town, W. D. Martin, V. C. Conn and other representative men decorated a wagon, over which was a flag flying to the breeze, bearing this inscription: "No Saloons Allowed in Fulton." The prosecutor lived in Winamac, and was then a candidate for re-election. K. G. Shryock was then a rising legal light, and on the side of the defendant. Seeing where he could squelch the case before it came to trial, he went to the prosecutor and said: "If you make a case out of this you might as well withdraw from the ticket, as your greatest strength comes from Fulton." After a few preliminaries, the case was thrown out of court, and that is not the last time the "drys" have won out.

I will now go back to the year 1849 and relate a circumstance or two that created not a little excitement and a good deal of pro and con gossip. Daniel Rush lived in our neighborhood. He was very fond of hunting and would go to the forest, climb a tree and watch for deer, and this trait was well known by his acquaintances.

One evening he jumped astride his old bald-faced sorrel mare, and started out on a hunting trip. He stopped near where the Smalley grave yard is now located. He hitched the mare, shouldered his gun and went around on the opposite side of a swamp, which was covered with a thick growth of underbrush. After his customary fashion, he climbed a tree and waited to see a deer. By and by his patience was rewarded, as he thought, by seeing a deer flaunt its tail and he raised "old trusty" and fired. Great was the astonishment of Rush to find that he had killed his own mare. In his excitement, and to throw the blame on some one

else, he hit on a very ingenious plan. He took a stick, measured the tracks made in the soil, to show the people that as he had taken his own shoes to Uncle Samuel VanBlaricom's (father of Henry VanBlaricom, of Rochester) to have them mended, and had borrowed a pair of VanBlaricom, and had the borrowed shoes on his feet when the accident occurred. So you can imagine it raised something of a talk when Rush went around measuring the feet of his neighbors. He accomplished nothing. But that is not the worst that came from Rush's disposition to shoot something, and about September 25, 1850, a tragedy occurred of which Rush was the cause. In the same locality lived Berryman McCarty, who resided on what is now a part of the Adam Kline farm. McCarty took his gun and started through the woods to the home of Rush, to get him to bring his horse over the next day to help tramp out wheat. Rush was again perched in a tree watching for deer, and catching sight of some moving object, he shot. He then got down to get his supposed game only to find he had mortally wounded his neighbor McCarty, who feebly said: "Dan, you have shot me,"—then died.

No action was taken against Rush, as the general supposition was that the shooting was accidental, as the two men were friends. The shooting occurred about eighty rods south of the Olive Branch U. B. church. McCarty was the father of Mrs. Louisa Louderback, of Fulton, and Mrs. J. W. Redd, of Metea, grandfather of John W. Louderback, of Fulton, and Francis Louderback, of Rochester.

In those days there was not very much wheat sown. It was cut with a sickle, afterward with the "muley cradle," then the reaper and then the table rake, and later the binder. To do the threshing, wheat was beat out with a flail, but sometimes tramped out with horses. Samuel Rouch ran the first threshing machine in the neighborhood. It was called a "caver," for the reason that it threw the wheat, straw and chaff all together, men having to shake the straw to get the wheat out and throw the straw to one side. Later, Rouch purchased another threshing machine, named the Traveler. The machine was pulled in the field and a few dozen sheaves were thrown on, and the team started, when the straw would be scattered behind in bunches and the wheat and chaff fall into a box to be emptied when full.

In the story written by Jonathan Dawson, I find the names of Joseph and Josiah Terrel, ministers in the United Brethren in Christ. I well remember both of them. The last time I saw Josiah was in 1856, when he made a political speech in the Fogle-song neighborhood, Cass county. It was the fall that the Pathfinder, John C. Fremont, the first Republican candidate, ran for president. Terrel said, among other things: "Once there was a

fellow who wished to learn to skate, so took his skates and went to the river and putting on his skates, went under the limb of a tree, which he grasped with both hands and by this means skated back and forth. Presently a large buck deer, with spreading antlers, came out of the woods and, seeing the skater, ran between his legs. At this the skater let go of the limb of the tree and grasped the horns of the buck, and away they went, the on-lookers shouting, 'Hold on to the velvet.' As the buck jumped a fence, the skater surged back on the horns and broke the back of the buck. So you see, as we are on the back of Mr. Buchanan, and have him on the run, all we have to do is to hold on to the velvet, and when the proper time comes we will give him a jerk that will break his back." Batchelor Buck had a very strong back, as the ballots showed in November, 1856. Josiah Terrel became blind and died in Kansas.

Joseph Terrel was the first preacher I have any recollection of. That was in 1846, when he came to Liberty township and preached in log cabins. That year he organized a class of United Brethren, the first in the township, if not in the county. The charter members were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Pownall, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pownall, Mr. and Mrs. John VanBlaricom, Mr. and Mrs. Henry VanBlaricom. To complete the organization it was necessary to elect a class leader, so Rev. Terrel took a chair and seated himself in the middle of the room, and each member whispered the name of their choice in the ear of the preacher. Samuel VanBlaricom was elected leader of the charter members. All save one have long since gone to "the mansions not made with hands," Aunt Sarah Pownall, who is eighty-five years of age and still enjoying good health.

Comrade Myers, in his story, writes of some of the doings and sayings of the northern "copperheads," while we were facing and fighting the enemy at the front. I have now in my possession the original letter written by one of these men to a soldier in the 29th Indiana Infantry, and it is a fair specimen of the discouragements offered to our boys in the fall of 1862 and spring of 1863.

NOTE: — On account of the length of the letter, its lack of bearing on pioneer events in Fulton county, and the fact that it might be construed to be personal, on account of names, etc., and thereby engender ill feeling and regret, the relic of ante bellum "Copperheadism" is respectfully withheld. — Editor.

I served in Co. E, 29th Indiana Infantry, from September 6, 1861, to December 2, 1865, participating in the following battles: Shiloh, April, 1861; Siege of Corinth, Miss., May and June, 1862; Lavergne, November 27, 1862; Triune, December 27, 1862; Stone

River, December 31, 1862, to January 3, 1863; Liberty Gap, June 24 and 25, 1863; Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863; was besieged at Chattanooga by General Bragg.

I know what it is to endure hardships and short rations. Was slightly wounded at Stone River, being struck with two bullets, and at the battle of Chickamauga was wounded once in the right side and once in the left leg, but lived through it all and reached home December 10, 1865.

On the 7th day of April, 1867, was united in marriage with Susannah A., daughter of John Hower, of Cass county, Indiana. To this union were born eight children, five boys and three girls, one boy passing away in infancy. One son, at this writing, is at Devil's Lake, N. D.; one in Marion, Ind.; one daughter at Deedsville, Ind.; two daughters and one son in Logansport, Ind., and one son still at home.



SOLDIERING DOWN SOUTH.

Ragged, Hungry, Tired and Sick in a Prison as a Confederate Captive.

BY JOHN R. STALLARD.

AS THE EARLY or pioneer days in Fulton county have been so well described by those who are older, and who have had a wider and more varied experience, what I may have to say will be on almost entirely different lines. In fact, the latter and principal part of this story is by request.

The first part of this article will be devoted to my boyhood days and a few incidents connected therewith. The writer of this sketch was born in Rush county, Indiana, July 11, 1843, and with his parents moved to Fulton county in December, 1846. We moved into a little one-story cabin on the north side of the road from Rochester to Talma, not far from the Lawrence McCarty farm. The following spring we moved into a cabin about 200 yards west of the present house, located on what is now known as the Stephey farm, with which our farm joined on the north. Less than one-quarter mile away my father rented some land, though he put in all the time he could clearing his farm. In the fall of 1848 we moved into our new frame house, which we had built that summer. We now had a comfortable home, for those days; one of the best in the immediate vicinity. This was indeed a neighborhood of neighbors. I never knew of but two exceptions up to the time I went to the army in 1861, who were not the best citizens, and they did not stay there very long. We had none of the luxuries of the present day, but my father was a good provider and we always had plenty of what the country afforded.

There was no market where one could buy or sell anything. I will just mention a few things that we could and did have, just about whenever we wanted them. Venison, fresh, dried or



JOHN R. STALLARD

smoked; wild turkey, squirrel, mallard ducks and quail—there was no end to them. Also maple sugar and syrup, and I have no doubt that some of those articles of diet would be welcome, or at least tolerated, upon the dining table of the most fastidious and opulent of Rochester's "four hundred." We all worked early and late. Father would chop and grub all day, then he would burn brush and log heaps until ten or twelve o'clock at night. As soon as we got a few acres cleared, father planted an orchard, which later proved to be a good one.

There was no school house nearer than one and one-half or two miles, on the east side of what is now known as the Mt. Zion grave yard. Father bought books for us and mother taught us our letters—to spell and then to read, so that before I was eight years of age I could read quite well. I went to the old school house two winters, three months each, and part of the third, when the school house burned down and all our books went with it. In the meantime a frame church had been built, near where the present Mt. Zion church now stands, in which we finished the remainder of that term. Before leaving the old school house I will relate an incident that occurred there. In the southeast corner and joining the chimney, was a plain pulpit for ministers to occupy when they came that way. Now, there was an old gentleman who lived in that section of country whose name was Shockey and a minister of the gospel. Father came home one day and said, "There is going to be preaching at the school house next Sunday, and we must go." When Sunday morning came, we got in the big wagon and went to church. The preacher was there when we went in. Mother took us children and sat on the east side of the house. Father sat on the other side with the men. Both sexes did not sit together those days as they do now. The minister had not preached very long when he took a notion to illustrate some point he thought he had made, and this is the way he went at it:

"For instance, my brothers and sisters, the ostrich flying through the air," and spreading out his arms at full length, as though giving the bird a start, when his right hand came in contact with something besides air. Everybody smiled, no two alike, and I snickered. Mother said, "John, if you do that again I'll settle with you when we get home." I got no more good out of that sermon, and I never knew when or where that bird landed. I learned later that an ostrich couldn't fly any more than a cow.

In those times everybody had the ague. I have seen my father plow when he could hardly hold to the plow handles. I heard a man tell a story about the ague, one day, as follows: He went over to see neighbor Jones, who was plowing in his field. When he came up to where he was, he said Jones was shaking

till he could hardly stand still, and he noticed that Jones had taken some hickory bark and put it through his boot straps and tied it to his galuses. Said he had to do that to keep from shaking his boots off. I don't know whether that is true or not.

There was an old gentleman who lived a mile east of our farm, by name of Woodfield, some called him Uncle Johnie, more generally known as "Old Windy." He was a nervous, excitable man, and when he got excited, the way he would cut his tobacco would discount Bill Conrad (and that's goin' some). He had a son whose sirname was Peter, and it came to pass in those days that Peter lay sick of a fever, and (apparently) was nigh unto death. Dr. Chas. Brackett was his physician, and one evening as he went home, he asked father to go and take care of Peter, lest he might die, and father went. He did not get ten or fifteen dollars a week and board. No, justed bored, that's all. From some cause Peter would refuse to take his medicine. Father asked the old gent what was the matter. He said Peter wanted the north forty off the old farm, and that he was going to give it to him some time.

Father said, "If you are going to give it to him, do it now, and I believe he will get well." The old gent got up, went straight to the bedside of his son and said: "Peter, my son, down with the salts and the land shall be yours and the deed made in your name," and down they went. Straightway Peter got well, built a cabin on his forty, took unto himself a wife and lived there until he moved away.

You may think I am pretty old when I tell you I went to school with Martha Washington, but I did. She was a big, strong and kind-hearted girl, and many times helped me through or over the big snow drifts along on the ridge north of old Mt. Zion. They would sometimes be from three to five feet deep. When it rained, or melted, a crust would form, over which us children could run with safety. One evening, coming from school, I guess I got saucy on Martha's hands. She told me that if I didn't shut up she would slap me. I knew she could do it, so I said the meanest thing I could and lit out over the snow drifts with her after me. Just as she sailed over a big drift about four feet deep, the crust broke and in she went. I could just see the top of her head sticking out. I did not help her out, nor stop, next morning, at her house, but that evening she was just the same as ever. She was not George Washington's wife.

I will now tell you a fish story. In the spring of 18 — I was hauling timber to Rochester for the construction of the big flour mill, being built by Anthony F. Smith, which burned down a few years ago. I was coming from town one afternoon, when old Uncle Peter Sands, who, with his men, had been seining an hour

or two in the north end of Lake Manitou, lying between Big island and the east shore, or Hickman farm. He called to me and several other men and boys to hitch our teams and come in where they were seining. A half dozen or more of us did so. From the shore to the lake, at that time, was reasonably dry prairie mowing ground. The old gent had a wagon in there with a large box on it, filled as long as they would lay on with all kinds of fish, from a ringer to a buffalo. After we had pulled the wagon out to the bank, east of the Phil Hoot house, the old gent said: "Now, every one of you get up on the wagon and take all the fish you want." I took thirty or forty, some took more. He then said, "I am going to give everybody some fish between here and home," and I expect he did, for he was a kind-hearted, liberal man. Now, that's what I call "goin' fishin'."

I will relate a few of the many incidents of my early military experience. In 1852 Scott and Pierce ran for president. My father brought home, one day, a magazine containing the military life of General Scott, in the war of 1812 and the war with Mexico. I read this so often that I almost had it committed to memory, and I made up my mind then that if I ever had the opportunity I would go and see for myself, and I did. Just nine years from that October I enlisted in the 46th Ind., Co. K, and served almost four years. The regiment was made up at Logansport, Ind. We went to Kentucky in December and spent the winter there until February, 1862. At Beardstown, Camp Morton and Camp Wickliff we drilled every day the weather would permit. Part of the time we drilled brigade drill, about four regiments in a brigade, and what they called knapsack drill, or heavy marching order. This is what we carried: Gun, cartridge-box, haversack, canteen full of water, knapsack, our clothes and blankets on the inside, and our overcoat strapped on top. You could just about see my cap over the top of that rig, and if you don't think that was a load for a slim, green, tow-headed boy, weighing from 123 to 125 pounds, just try it.

The history of the regiment is, or includes, my military history. I was with the regiment every day, and Sunday too, from the time they left Logansport in December, 1861, to April 8, 1864.

I will pass over my military service to April 7, 1864. On the 8th day of April, 1864, at the battle of Mansfield, La., there were about eighty of my regiment taken prisoners. Our colonel was ordered to hold an important position on the field. He said he would, and did, though at a heavy cost. Our regiment lost over one hundred men out of less than three hundred. We staid too long. Where I tried to get out, I found a rebel regiment across the road. Running through the thick pine woods I did not see them until I was within twenty feet of them, when I turned and

went the other way. I passed a rebel captain, who pulled his revolver and fired as fast and as long as he could see me. Later, just as I passed a big pine tree, some one said "Halt." It was so close I stopped, looked around and there stood a reb, his gun to his shoulder and finger on the trigger. He said, "Throw down that gun." I said, "Johnnie, it looks like you have the best of me." He said, "Yes, throw down that gun." I threw it down. "Take off that cartridge box." I took it off. "Now, you may go to the rear." I went. Tried to get close to him, but he knew his business and kept me eight or ten feet ahead of him. He was a small man, while I weighed 180 pounds net, and as sound as a twenty-dollar gold piece. He proved to be a pretty good man. As soon as we got back where there were plenty of rebs, we walked side by side and talked pleasantly with each other. When we reached the edge of the woods, where there were large fields on either side of a lane, I said to him, "It looks like there had been somebody here." He said, "Yes, and a good many are here yet," referring to the dead lying there on the ground.

"He enquired, "Do you know what two regiments came up here in front of and on the right of this lane?" I said "Yes, they were my regiment, the 46th Indiana, and the 29th Wisconsin." He said, "You alls don't miss a shot, do you?" I said, "Oh, yes, we miss a good many." Going down the lane we met a lot of General Price's cavalry. We stepped to the side of the road to let them pass, when a great, big, uncouth reprobate rode up to me, and with an oath demanded my canteen. My captor, who now became my protector, told me to keep my canteen, for I would need it, and told the trooper, "If you want a canteen, go and hunt one, for you won't get that one." That enraged him, and with another string of oaths pulled his revolver and swore he would shoot hell out of me if I did not give it up. I said, "Gentlemen, I hope you will settle this satisfactorily between yourselves." My brave little man now stepped in front of me, told the cavalryman to get out of there or he would shoot him off his horse. He went, and I was glad of it. While we were waiting for Price's men to go by, I could look over the field where our little brigade of 1200 men had fought for two or three hours against twice their number. A mile beyond we passed over the battlefield where the gallant little third division of 2,500 men fought three times their number for four hours, when they were surrounded, just the way they did us in the afternoon. It was a costly victory for the rebs.

I had a chance to see, as we passed over the battlefield.

When we got to Mansfield it was about dark. My guard put me into the court house, bid me good bye and went away. About 100 of us were put upstairs, where we stood up all night, no place

to lie down. Next morning about 8 o'clock they lined up all prisoners and started for Camp Ford, near Tyler, Texas. There were about 1200 in the squad. We had not had a thing to eat since the night of the 7th, and this was the 9th. About two miles from town we came to their commissary department. Stopped ten or fifteen minutes. There were wagon loads and tons of corn meal there, and many men baking corn bread. Say, mister, it smelled good. We had orders not to step outside the road. I saw a pleasant-faced Johnnie standing looking at us. He stooped and picked up an arm-load of corn dodgers, about a foot long and three inches thick. He walked out to the roadside, about ten feet from where I stood, broke them and tossed them among us, then laughed to see us go for them. I got half a loaf, but divided it till I did not have much left. The line of march was again taken up. All that long, weary day until near night, having marched twenty-four miles. About ten o'clock a little wood, one-half pint of musty corn meal and a small piece of saft beef were issued to each man, and one baking pan to one hundred men. No salt. I cut some of the salt meat in small pieces, put it in my tin cup with water, set it on the fire, stirred in some meal, making a half-pint of half-cooked mush, a pretty good supper after two days without a bite of anything. About midnight I was ready for bed, which consisted of a space of cold ground, on which we were packed like sardines in a box, except that we didn't lay on top of one another, and with the kind admonition that anyone who raised his head or attempted to get up without calling the guard would be shot then and there. Next morning we started at daybreak, and this was the routine we went through for about twelve or fifteen days, when we arrived at Camp Ford, where we were turned in and told to make ourselves comfortable. Many incidents occurred on that long, weary march. We stopped at a little town near the Louisiana line, called Keechi, apparently a county seat. There was a high wooden fence along the road, which was lined with hundreds of women, old and young, while the whole face of the lot inside was covered with children. A young artilleryman stood near the fence and to whom a young woman took special dislike. After calling him all kinds of names, she said, "if I was close enough to you I would cut your throat." Then he said something. The guard made him shut up. A few days after that a man gave out, when a guard put a rope around his neck, tied it to the horn of his saddle and dragged him through sand several hundred yards. He was an awful looking sight. We passed on and I don't know what became of him. The guards seemed to enjoy our suffering. Inside of Camp Ford was a dreary place. Not a thing to eat that day. Next day we received a pint of old meal, which was alive with small, black bugs. Nothing

to cook it in. I had the mush business down pretty fine and went at it. Meal next day and some smoked hogs' heads. I never saw any other part of the hogs. I don't think there were any. We used to catch some up in Arkansas, of that kind, and when we dressed them and cut the head off, the hog was about all gone. The stockade was about twelve feet high, enclosing six acres, about four of which were allowed for use of the prisoners. In that prison we met some of our old friends. Doc Collins, John Barnett, Phil Venters, Dave Clemans and others of the 26th Ind., who had been captured in September, 1863. We were all glad to see each other, but could not tell why. This was a sorry place. Half rations of "buggy" meal, a little chunk of fly-blown fresh beef once a day, sometimes, the bare ground to lay on and nothing but the sky overhead. Few days went by that some "yank" did not bite the dust. The guards could make any excuse they liked, or none at all. One day the adjutant of the camp came in at roll call, and wishing to pass through the line, and without saying a word, struck one of the men across the mouth, knocked his teeth out and cut his face badly. This was done with a big navy revolver which he carried in his hand.

The commanding officer at Camp Ford, Lieut. Col. Borders, was an Englishman; a very low type of man, who seemed to take a fiendish delight in torturing prisoners. There was a captain of one of the companies of that regiment, whose name was Mosely, who seemed to be a kind-hearted man. He would come into the prison, walk all through it, stop and look around, then go on. Often stopped at or near our quarters. One day, while standing there, he called to me. I approached, saluted and said, "Good morning, Captain," wondering what would happen. He asked me my name and regiment to which I belonged. I told him. We had taken a seat on an old log, when the following conversation occurred: "How are you getting along in here?" I said, "Captain, I have seen some hard service, but this is the toughest place I ever got into. The worst feature is that we don't have half enough to eat." He said, "I feel sorry for you all," and I believe he meant it. "How would you like to go out and stay with me? You can eat at my table and have a good bed. I will give you a pass and you may have my horse to ride around the country when you want." I said, "I don't know, I never thought of such a thing." "Well, you think it over. Good morning," and he went out. When he came in again we sat down on the log, talked about various things, when he said, "Now, I don't ask you to desert or do a dishonorable act of any kind. I just want you with me for company. I may tell you some things later." I said, "Captain, I thank you very much for your kind offer. I know I would fare much better, but I have been with

my company and regiment every day since I left Indiana in 1861, and I don't care to break the record if I can help it. I don't think I can go." Then he went outside to his camp. The boys asked me what we were talking about so much. I told them all the captain said to me. They asked if I were going out. I said "No, I am not." There was a man in our company by the name of McVoke. He said, "Tell the captain I will go out with him." In a few days the captain came in and said to me, after we had talked awhile, "Well, Yank, are you going out with me this morning?" I said, "Please excuse me, I believe I will not go, but there is a man here who would like to go." "Where is he?" I pointed him out. "Call him here." I did so, and introduced him, then walked away. When the captain had gone, Mc said, "I am going in the morning," which he did. I think he was gone one day and night and next day till ten o'clock. He didn't suit. I didn't think he would. The captain never asked me any more, though he said one time, "I've got a good place out there for the right man." Came to see me occasionally as long as we stayed there. I never knew but one traitor in all the prisons I was in and the Rebs took him out and kept him where we could not get him.

Nearly everybody was sick or feeling badly. Some starved to death, a majority of those who died passed out in the night, often without a friend or comrade near. Many of the prisoners had been stripped almost entirely of their clothing. There were hundreds who had not a stitch of clothing except a pair of cotton drawers; hat, coat, shirt, pants, socks, shoes, all gone. In July hundreds of prisoners took sore eyes, myself included. No medical aid of any kind could we get. A brute they called a doctor came in every week or two and issued ten curses to every dose of medicine. The old villain vaccinated a lot of the boys and some of them very nearly lost their arms. He wanted to fix me up, but I showed him a big scar on my arm and he let me go. Some of those afflicted with sore eyes went entirely blind for awhile. I was very nearly there myself, though we all recovered, more or less. However, I have been practically unable to see out of my left eye since July, 1864.

Along in the month of June there was an old Johnnie who used to drive into the rebel camp two or three times a week with a load of produce, such as meal, cabbage, meat, sugar, potatoes, etc., different things at different times. I had noticed several times that there seemed to be quite a commotion in their camp. One day they had a big racket with him. I learned this afterward. They drove him out of their camp and told him to go and sell to the Yanks; not on account of their love for us, but by reason of their hatred for him, and with the hope and expecta-

tion that we would clean him out. Wait a minute. He drove into our camp and stopped on what we called Main street. It wasn't a minute until his wagon was covered with swarms of hungry Yanks. We could not have afforded to buy his stuff at the prices if we had the money, all of which we didn't have. Inside of five minutes we had a job put up on him. Our old orderly sergeant, John VanMeter got on a stump. When he dropped his hat everything was to come loose. The neck-yoke taken off, hame strings and belly bands cut loose, lynch pins out and wheels off. All ready, down went the hat. Just then the old fellow smelled a mice, but it was too late. Somebody had moved the previous question. Everybody sailed in and in less than two minutes there was not one of that mob in sight, and not an ounce of anything eatable in that wagon. The old Johnnie had not a thing on except his pants and shoes. He jumped up and down and swore a blue streak. That didn't bother us any. The Rebs, on the outside, were watching us, and such a yell as they raised only old soldiers ever heard, but in order to keep up appearances they sent a guard of twenty-five or thirty men to search the camp. They didn't find anything and did not try very hard. I got a cabbage head, but had it buried before they got there. The old man never came back any more.

About the 15th of August there were about 500 men taken out of this "camp" and ordered to Camp Groce, 200 miles south. They were taken promiscuously from this camp, except our regiment, who were all taken except four or five, who were either sick or unable to see to walk. We had about ten minutes' notice to get out of there, and not having drawn rations, had nothing to eat that day, but we were getting familiar with that.

This march was not nearly so disagreeable as the former one. The guards were nearly all reasonably kind-hearted. We could tell the difference quick. A soldier of the 29th Wisconsin, who was along, and I, had for some time been quite "chummy." On the second day he found a cousin of his among the guards. I managed to get an introduction to him, which came good to me later. He proved to be a good Union man, and said there were a good many others in that little regiment of 250 men. My shoes had given out and I had by some means got a pair of coarse shoes from the rebs. One of them made a sore on my left foot, the scar of which is there today. This happened before leaving Camp Ford. I made that 200-mile march barefoot, and there were others. After three or four days' march, one afternoon my foot gave out. The captain saw my foot and told me to lie down by the roadside until the wagon-master came along. I lay there an hour or more. The rear guard came along and asked what I was doing there. Told them and showed them my foot. They said

"he is all right, couldn't run away if he wanted to. The wagon-master will be along soon. He will let you ride." As good luck would have it my Wisconsin friend was wagon-master that day. He rode up and said, "Yank, what's the matter?" I told him. He ordered one of the teamsters to stop and told me to get on the wagon. I went to climb on, when the teamster pulled his gun and swore he would shoot me off faster than I could get on. The wagon-master put his gun to his shoulder and again ordered me to get on, and on I got. He told me to ride till we went into camp at night, if I wanted to, and if I was molested in any way, there would be a new driver on that team tomorrow. I rode about three hours when the team stopped. I think the column halted for a rest. I was suspicious of that fellow, so got off and walked the balance of the way. Arrived at the stockade about the 25th of August. There were about 150 prisoners there when we arrived and they were in a deplorable condition. Before November eighty or ninety of them had died. The men transferred from Camp Ford rapidly fell sick and by the middle of September there were not 100 well men in camp. Many were crazed with fever, and many, after a night of horror, would wake in the morning to find their bunk mate dead by their side. On account of yellow fever at Houston, Texas, the prisoners were removed twenty-five miles west of the Brazos river, on a low, damp piece of ground. There the men died off like flies. Poor grub, filthy water, the wet, cold ground to sleep on, nothing except the rags they had on to keep them warm. No wonder they died. About October 1st they moved us again, twenty-five miles to, or beyond, Chapel Hill, on the Houston & Central railroad. Fifteen died on the way. That was the worst place we ever got into, on the bank of a creek between two hills, in almost a mud hole. Those of us who could walk had to go about a mile, almost every day, husk corn and shell it. When it was ground, or cracked in an old horse mill, it was hauled to camp. I don't think we drew any meat while there.

One night there came a big rain and raised the creek. Next morning there were over twenty lying dead on the ground. There was no excuse for this, as there were sheds and houses near that would have sheltered 1,500 people, having been built for camp meeting purposes. The guards used what room they wanted, the balance stood vacant. About the last of November we moved back to Camp Groce. Forty-five days before, we left there with 650 men. Returned with 440.

We had to cross a creek about forty feet wide and about waist deep to me. The water was very cold and current swift. The guards had rode their horses in the creek about twenty feet below the ford, forming a solid line across the stream. This was for the

purpose of stopping those who could not stand the current and floated down to the horses, which they could hold to and help themselves across. Some of the stronger men carried one and some two of the sick and weak ones across the stream. I was the only one who carried three. Went back after the fourth, but could not make it, and we floated down to the horses and got across. They then loaded us on flat cars, many of us wet all over and with a cold north wind blowing, it seemed as though we could not stand it, but we did. When we came to an up-grade those who were able, and some who were not, had to get off and push until we got over the hill. Many were barefoot and it took us several days to get the sand-burs out of our feet after reaching Camp Groce, which was thirty miles from Chapel Hill, where we got on the cars.

Remained there until the 5th of December, when 342 men and officers were paroled, including all who were there of the 46th Indiana. Were taken to Galveston and put in a large cotton warehouse. Got there at four p. m. Waul's Legion, 2d Texas, were then at Galveston doing guard duty. They were the same regiment that lay in front of the 46th Indiana at the siege of Vicksburg and who came over into our camp after the surrender, and we entertained them for an hour, and fed them all they could eat. They had new gray uniforms and were a nice looking lot of fellows. There was a sergeant, a man of forty years, came up to me and said, "Yank, I believe I know you." I said, "Like as not, I've been around some." Said he, "Wasn't you at Vicksburg?" "Yes." "Where did you lie?" I told him. "Do you know who was in front of you?" "Yes, Waul's Legion, 2d Texas." "Do you remember feeding us after the surrender?" "Yes." "Well, we haven't forgotten you; are you hungry?" "Yes, I have been hungry ever since the 7th of last April." He went back to their camp, and with a lot of other Rebs brought over arm loads of corn bread. He said, "Help yourselves, boys, this is all we have on hand."

The guards allowed us to stay up and talk with them till 11 o'clock, and had a good visit. Among other things they said they never expected to be captured again, but if they were they hoped the 46th Indiana would get them. Next morning they went down to the wharf with us, and gave us a hearty handshake and kind good-bye. Got aboard a vessel which was waiting and steamed out into the gulf, where Uncle Sam had the steamer "Clifton," of New York, riding at anchor. Ran alongside and made fast. A gangway was placed across at which a guard was stationed. The Reb officers went over and were gone an hour. I supposed they were in the cabin, taking something. The boys, when they saw the old flag, cheered till they were

hoarse, cried and acted like children who had got back home. Some of them rushed past the guard, but were compelled to return till the officers got through with their "toot."

At last we got started for New Orleans. One of Co. B died and we buried him in the gulf. For many days we were allowed a stipulated amount to eat, and no more. From New Orleans up the river to Cairo, Ill., thence to Indianapolis, and then home, where I arrived about six o'clock p. m., December 31, 1864. My folks did not know I was coming. I sat in the house and talked with them half an hour before they knew who I was, and then only by reason of the questions they asked me. We had turkey for dinner New Year's day, the best meal I had eaten since I left home, over three years before. I had a good visit at home and among my old neighbors until about the first of February, when I went to the regiment at Lexington, Ky.

From there we went to Louisville, Ky., and were mustered out September 4, 1865, that being the close of my military history, having, as I said before, passed from February, 1862, up to April, 1864.

I want to give you a price list of a few articles at Camp Ford, Texas:

Flour \$300 per barrel, chickens \$30 and \$40 apiece, sugar \$10 and \$12 per pound, melons \$10 each, cabbage \$1 to \$2 per head, meal \$30 per bushel, tobacco 50c for a piece one inch square. You could buy what they called "Pheasant Tail," natural leaf twist, from \$3 to \$5 per twist.

Believing the present generation never saw, nor read, a military parole, I herewith submit a verbatim copy of the parole signed by me December 5, 1864, a day or two before we left our last prison pen. I have the original, retained by me, now in my possession, and from which this is copied.

Camp Groce, near Hemstead, Texas, 1864.

To all whom it may concern:

Know ye, that I, J. Stallard, a private of Co. K, Regiment 46th Indiana, U. S. A., being a prisoner of war in the hands of the Confederate States forces, in virtue of the surrender of myself at Mansfield on the 8th day of April, 1864, do give this my solemn parole, under oath:

That I will not take up arms again against the Confederate States of America, nor serve in any military, police or constabulary force, in any fort, garrison or field work, held by the United States of America against the Confederate States of America; nor as guard of any prisoners, depots or stores, nor discharge any

duties usually performed by officers or soldiers, against the Confederate States of America, until duly exchanged by proper authorities.

J. STALLARD, Co. K, 46th Ind.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, at Groce, near Hempstead, Texas, this 5th day of December, 1864.

GEORGE N. BUCHETT, JR., Paroling Officer.

Witness: W. M. DEHART,
Captain 46th Ind. Vols.

There were twelve of my company taken prisoners, only four of whom, besides myself, I know to be living: George Moore, Athens, Ind.; Wm. Kreighbaum, Akron, Ind.; Samuel Johnson, Sugar Grove, Ind., and Elmore Shelt, Soldiers' Home, Marion, Ind. They will, if they see this, recognize it at once.

As this is my first appearance, I assure you it will be my last, and hoping I have not overtaxed your patience, I bid you good-bye.



Home Folks



VOLUME II.

A Series of Stories
by Old Settlers of
Fulton County,
Indiana.

Preface

The first volume of "Home Folks" became so popular that it is deemed best to put another series in book form. The individuality and originality of each writer has been carefully preserved, that the reader may come in closer touch with the one who describes people and events of the long ago. This volume contains valuable history of a personal character, besides that of various organizations in Rochester, which have assumed magnificent proportions from insignificant beginnings, showing the steady progress of our citizenship toward greater things, as we climb the ladder of time.

MARGUERITE L. MILLER.

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WILLIAM H. BANTA

PEDAGOGUES AND PUPILS.

Schools and Practice at a Period When "Lickin' and Learnin' " Joined Forces.

 BY WILLIAM H. BANTA. 

I HAVE NOTICED that most of the writers of the "pioneer stories" have given, mainly, the chief events in their own lives. In this short sketch I shall omit all the principal events of my own life and merely mention those things which seem necessary to an understanding of the subject in hand.

I began my career as a seeker of knowledge in a little log school house on the banks of a small stream in Bartholomew county, Indiana, about fifty-eight years ago next winter. My father moved from Ohio to Indiana, where he owned a small farm, when I was but three months of age. We remained there until I was nine years of age, at which time we returned to Ohio and I was soon a pupil in a district school in the Buckeye state.

I prefer, at present, to give some notion of the little Indiana school, for I believe it typical of the schools of that day. The house had two long, narrow windows, one on each side, running horizontally. Along each window was a broad board, slightly inclined, thus forming writing desks for the large boys and girls. In front of these desks were placed rough, backless benches, on which the writers sat. The ink and pens were often prepared at home, but quills from the wings of geese were kept on hand in the school house. The pen and holder were made of one quill, and one of the essential qualifications of the "master" was the ability to make a good pen. The smaller children were never permitted to occupy the benches in front of the writing desks. In fact it was considered a waste of time to try to teach the young pupils how to write. Those of us who did not write sat on well hewed puncheon benches, each having four legs fastened into

holes bored into the wood. These were very uncomfortable, because they were all too high for the little folks, and having no rests for the back, and the feet lacking fully six inches of reaching the floor, it will readily be seen that the little tads who were compelled to sit there by the hour, with the bend in their backs corresponding to the bow in their legs, soon fairly well represented the letter S. How we came out of it with sound bodies I do not know. The recitations, with the exceptions of spelling and reading classes, were entirely individual. The little "scholar" who was learning the alphabet was called up to the teacher, and standing by his knee had the various letters pointed out to him, and after puzzling for some time, he was sent to the bench or made to stand in the corner and study his lesson.

Just think of it. Can it be possible that the teacher of that day thought the little abecedarian could study his lesson? Fortunately my mother had taught me the "letters" at home, so that I began by trying to learn in the "a-be-abs." I soon committed them to memory, that being my only "study," and, of course, found time for other matters not in the books, even in this day of educational "fadism." Do you wonder that an active and healthy lad of the mature age of five years, found many amusing things to occupy his time? As a result of that ability to "see things," I well remember how the fun changed when the beech gad wound around the legs and gave a sound something like the crack of a pistol. Well, although the master kept his whip in his hand from morning till night, we soon became so familiar with it that we took many risks, and gave heed to it only when we heard the keen crack as it wrapped around the legs of the luckless lads who were unable to keep back the "giggle." Why! to laugh out loud was a serious misdemeanor, and to pinch or tickle your neighbor was a heinous crime. When whipping did not suffice to cure the mischievous tendency, boys, and even girls, were sometimes tied to the door-latch or to a bench-leg. I have also known both boys and girls to be compelled to sit on the floor or stand in a bent position for what now seems to me to have been an hour at a time. Nor did the teacher of that school hesitate to use the whip across the shoulders of the girls. Notwithstanding all this useless harshness the order was seldom good, except while we were watching the "infliction" of severe punishment upon some hapless offender.

As to the course of study, a few words should be said. Arithmetic, reading, writing and spelling occupied most of the time, although I remember seeing an atlas brought to school by one large boy. The spelling for "head marks" was very interesting and useful. To be a good speller or a good reader was always a mark of distinction. It ought to be so today. There was some

advantage, I believe, in the method of individual teaching. Each one tried his best to master his lesson without aid, and when unable to proceed the teacher's suggestion was timely and of practical value.

Some of the teachers of those days were mentally and physically strong. Of course, there were others who were very poorly qualified and were allowed to "keep school" because they were of little value for anything else. Results, in such cases, were unsatisfactory. Methods of discipline, however, worked more evil, it seems to me, than any other feature of the old Hoosier school.

Soon after attending this first school for me, my father put me in a small private school in which was an old time school mistress. She was a terror to evil doers. She kept on one side of the room a series of six dunce blocks, and had six paper caps about one foot in height, and printed across the front of each cap was the word "Fool," in large letters. I have many times seen these stools fully occupied. My fear of being compelled to wear one of these caps was my terror by day, and the burden of my dreams at night. Although I try to practice the Christian virtues and always aim to forgive those who wrong me, I feel a hatred rankling in my heart against that woman. I never was placed on one of those blocks, but I lived in mortal fear of it constantly. Such means of government was, is and always will be vicious, degrading and despicable. Though not in the same way, the same method is still used to a great extent by some of our modern teachers, who are totally unworthy of their high calling.

The relation of the old-time "master" to the school was unique. In the school was usually severe and tyrannical, but at all other times and in all other places you felt that he was your friend and willing helper. (Not so, my old school ma'am; she was not good.) From this fact you came in time to feel that his severity was considered a necessity and merely veiled for the time a good, kind heart. In the days when "lickin' and larnin'" went hand in hand the "master" was compelled to maintain his reputation for both. His complete ignorance of method and his usual contempt for college training makes the pioneer teacher appear to the modern critic as a much weaker educational force than he really was. His practical knowledge of the "Three Rs" enabled him to do much toward laying a good foundation for a sound education. Although the elementary studies were taught by "main strength and awkwardness," they were taught, and on that foundation the greatest men of this nation built educational structures that have never been excelled.

Many incidents and experiences might be related, that would show more clearly the character of the schools of more than half a century ago, but at present I prefer to pass over all my exper-

iences, both as a pupil and as a country school teacher, and make my debut as first assistant in the Rochester schools, when I wore my first mustache, and on all public occasions had great difficulty in properly placing my hands and my feet, to say nothing of attempting to control the tendency of the red blood to tingle in my face, even to the tip of my nose and the very roots of my hair.

I came to Rochester early in September, 1867. James McAfee had been elected to the principalship of the schools, and I was to be first assistant. Our trip overland from Peru to Rochester I pass over at present, because a description of it would occupy too much space for the interest it would add. Suffice it to say we arrived the next day after our start from Peru, having spent the night with Mr. McMahan, father of John McMahan, who lived on the farm now occupied by Lon Carithers. We walked to town that morning and stopped at the Continental Hotel, kept by Mr. VanDusen, but soon took up our residence at the home of Rev. N. L. Lord. I was about as bashful and verdant a youth as ever took a position in the town schools of Indiana. The school board were Rev. N. L. Lord, William Sturgeon and Jonathan Davison. I doubt if Rochester has ever had a more competent, painstaking and faithful school board. They had employed Mr. McAfee at the suggestion and upon the recommendation of State Supt. Geo. W. Hoss. I had been attending the Normal school at Kokomo, and had met with some success as a district school teacher during three winter terms, one taught in Newton county, and the other two in Howard. I managed to attend school during the fall and spring terms, and taught three months in the winter. I concluded, however, to seek a place to teach an entire nine months, in the hope of soon saving sufficient means to enable me to complete a course at Asbury University.

Hearing of the possibility of getting a place in Rochester, I made application and was elected. We began in the fall with a subscription school and did very well, but the regularity of our pay, during the time the public money lasted, was much more attractive. We enrolled, during the year, some three hundred pupils. I had about sixty boys and girls in my room, and did my level best to teach grammar, geography, arithmetic, reading, writing and spelling. I believe I succeeded fairly well in everything except writing. There were two boys in school who I believe had taken lessons of Prof. W. H. Green, and both of them were much better writers than I. However, I had taken a course in penmanship while at Kokomo, of one William Scribner, and understood the principles pretty well, and although we did not always agree as to slants, shades, crosses, etc., I carried the work through seemingly to the satisfaction of the principal and scholars. The two young men who were so good in penmanship, and at first

cast some disparagement on my work in that branch, were Nelson G. Hunter and John G. Pearson, both of whom became very warm friends of mine, so far as I know, are so to this day. Of the sixty pupils enrolled in my department that winter, I believe I could with but little difficulty recall their names.

At the end of the first year Mr. McAfee took charge of the Huntington schools, and I became principal at Rochester. This gave me charge of the high school department, and I thus greatly enlarged my acquaintance among the older boys and girls. I transferred a large number of those who had been with me the last year, and hence had more students than the seats would accommodate. We brought in chairs, benches, tables, and filled every available foot of floor space. I also remember that one P. O. Jones, now a lawyer in Plymouth, occupied my chair at my desk. The fact is I had no time to use the chair and felt that it ought to be occupied. The crowded condition made the work very difficult, and although the order was not as good as I have seen, it did very well, and the students made good progress.

Although I realize that my scholastic attainments were rather meagre, I had one very essential qualification, viz: I always had the courage of my convictions. Boys who had a tendency to do mischief were pretty cautious and seldom went beyond the limit of endurance. Whenever that did happen, I regret even now to say that the four-foot gad was used with considerable severity. I do not believe, however, that I ever incurred the permanent ill will of my pupils during the entire three years of my service in the Rochester schools. I can now see what ridiculous blunders I made, but for all that, those were three of the happiest years of my life.

Among those who helped with the teaching during those years were Christopher Fitzgerald, Angie Moore, Sydney Moon, Mollie Ewing, Emma Ford, Sallie J. Banta, George Tipton and two or three others whose names I do not now recall. Many of them were teachers of good qualification and met with reasonably good success. But my intention was to describe with some carefulness the work done in the schools at that time and the success attained. What there was in the schools of that day that resulted well, and wherein lay their great weakness, are matters worthy of study.

I believe I had the honor of introducing written examinations and extensive written work in preparation of lessons in Rochester. I was then a student of the Kokomo normal school and had been instructed in the so-called "Normal Methods" that had just come to be famous in New York and Massachusetts. My instructors were Prof. E. N. Fay and Miss Anna Smith, both of Boston. They were superior teachers and I tried hard to profit

by their instruction. They gave me careful training in methods of teaching, reading, grammar, arithmetic and geography. I had also had some work in history, physiology, natural philosophy, rhetoric, elementary astronomy and algebra. I was also at that time a private student of Latin and geometry, with Rev. N. L. Lord. I likewise took up the study of German with a Mr. Richter. Rev. Lord also directed all my reading during the three years of my stay in Rochester. (In all my life I have never known a nobler man or a better instructor than Mr. Lord.) I mention all these details in order that the reader of this sketch may know the length and breadth of my qualification for the work I had undertaken. The great amount of writing required of the students was of great value in at least two respects, it tended to thoroughness and accuracy in the work of students, and it kept them so very busy that most of the usual school mischief was obviated. Boys and girls who did all the work assigned had but little time for anything else. I also called a "department roll." Some of the responses were honest, but keen observation taught me that the desire for a good report often overcame conscientious scruples. We made great use of the blackboards and by their means were able to know the strength and weakness of pupils in mathematics. Map drawing was taught in the geography according to the system introduced into Indiana by a Mr. Apgar, of New Jersey. This means of learning geography, while it may have been a step in advance of the old "singing method," was carried to such an extreme as greatly to mar its usefulness. In history those getting highest grades were those having the best ability to memorize the text. The same could be said of the work in rhetoric. I find nothing in this method to commend. The lessons in spelling were both written and oral. Most of the analysis and parsing were written and the books carefully criticised. While possibly too much time was devoted to arithmetic and algebra, it must not be thought that other branches were neglected.

We also had what we called "Rhetoric Exercises," on Friday afternoons. Many of the students became good declaimers, and I now remember some whose compositions showed real literary talent. I believe I have never known better work done in history and rhetoric than was done by a few young ladies whose names I could mention, were it not that the name of some worthy one might be omitted. That same class of girls are now among the most intelligent, high-minded and noble-hearted women in the communities in which they reside. Their lives have been greatly blessed, and one of the proudest memories of my early teaching is that of the sincere friendship and kindly helpfulness given me so freely in my great bashfulness and awkwardness by these same noble-hearted girls.

Now it can be seen that our school was not disturbed by any of the fads and fancies of many of the schools of today, nor was it taught according to the best pedagogical methods, and hence the scholarship may not have been as broad as that gained in present day schools, but if the chief business of schools is to "make men and women," then the schools of 1867-70 will not suffer by any comparison with Rochester schools from that day to this.

The spirit of the school, the constant knowledge that it is important to lay well the foundations of learning, the cultivation of self-reliance, and the encouragement of all honest effort, are among the essentials that must characterize good school life. Without these, no matter how philosophic or modern your systems of education, the results cannot be satisfactory. Because too many of these fundamental elements are either neglected entirely or but feebly presented in present educational systems furnishes the reason for a multiplicity of failures found among the products of our schools.



ECHO FROM THE PACIFIC.

Former Resident of Fulton County Gives Some Fond Recollections.

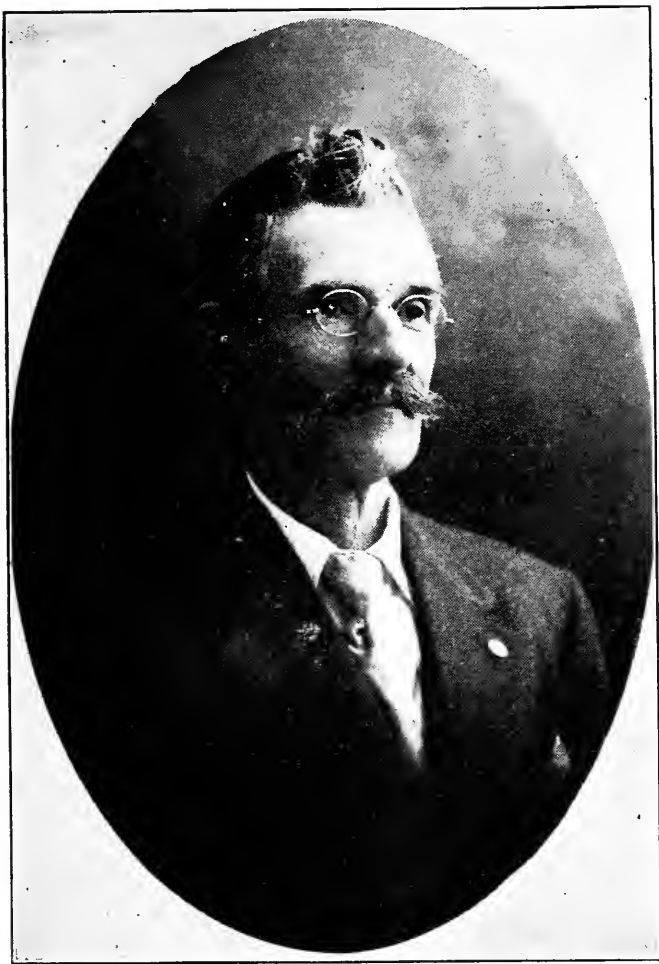
BY JOHN A. HICKMAN.

YAMHILL, OREGON.

HAVING READ the Old Settlers' stories of early days, and through solicitation of my better half, I am induced to add my mite to the history of the place of my birth.

Although I have traversed this continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the great lakes to the southern shores, and found many beautiful and good places, I have carried with me a fond remembrance of the scenes of my childhood, where, in the earlier days, we lived in our humble log cabins, sometimes using greased paper for window lights. We had comparatively no facilities for learning what was going on around us, so knew no trouble except what happened in our own immediate neighborhood.

Those were surely the days of contentment. But little cleared land was necessary for the production of a living, the land being new and well tilled. Climatic conditions were more favorable then, so that what we sowed we expected to reap. The chief products of the land were wheat, corn, buckwheat, and I might properly add pumpkins and other vegetables. Flax was grown in small quantities. But little cash was needed. Small grains were cut with a sickle, later with a cradle, threshed with a flail or tramped out by horses. There was no waste of anything. Our mothers and sisters made our clothing of wool and flax, from start to finish, swept their puncheon floors and dooryards with splint brooms, made of small hickory saplings. They did the housework, milked the cows, and in some instances helped to till the land. There were few weakly girls then, and few idle boys. All worked. The necessary farming implements were one or two plows, hoes enough for the family, a sickle, a mowing sythe, a rake, a chopping ax or two, one cross-cut saw would do for a



JOHN A. HICKMAN

whole neighborhood; harrows were simply brush dragged over the ground. Some of the ground was so rooty that what we called jumping shovels had to be used. These were large single shovels with a rounding coulter or cutter, made fast to the beam, and ran down close to the point of the plow. When it struck a root it could not cut, it jumped over it, but it cut most of them. They were sometimes hard on shins. The coulter could be taken off and the plow then be used as a cultivator. Hogs could mature in the woods, ready to be put in the pen to be fed a short time, to harden the meat.

The country abounded with the choicest wild fruits, such as the cranberry, which is a luxury today, the swamp huckleberry, which is unexcelled, the blackberry, which was better than the domestic berry of today, strawberries, plums and grapes. Coupled with all this was the excellent maple sugar and syrup, something that we cannot get pure in the west. Wild meat was also plentiful, deer, squirrels, turkeys and many other birds and animals. I have killed, in two or three hours, and on a few acres of ground, about all the squirrels I wanted to carry out.

All people were equal and happy. Talk about the difference between primitive ages and the present, though we would not want to be set back to the former, we must admit that their manner of living, and lack of knowledge, was bliss compared with the life of today.

It comes to my mind that as I have spoken of flax, the young reader might be interested in a description of how it was manufactured in those days. In the fall, at a certain stage of its growth, it was pulled and thrown on the ground to rot. Thus the straw, or woody part, became brittle, but the lint, which in a sense was the bark, remained strong. When ready, the flax was taken up and thrown across what was called a flaxbreak, which broke the flax into small bits. Then the broken flax was held across the end of a board which stood erect. A sword-shaped piece of wood was used to knock the straw from the lint, then came the hackling process. A hackle was a piece of wood, or board, with a number of very sharp steel teeth set in it. The lint was thrown on and drawn through these teeth until it was split in fine threads and separated from the course lint, which was called tow, then spun and wove.

About the year 1833 my grandfather, A. C. Hickman, came from Virginia and settled in Marshall county, on the Michigan road, his being one of only three white families between Rochester and Plymouth. My father, L. H. Hickman, was then eight years of age. His playmates, for some years, were Indian boys. They were peaceable, but treacherous at times. One night they came to my grandfather's cabin to kill him. It had only one

door and one small window. They tried the door, but, finding it hard to move, they went to the window. Grandfather stood there with ax in hand, intending to chop heads off as fast as they were put through, but they did not gain an entrance and went away. Next day he went to the chief, and found that they thought he was on their land. He explained the matter to him satisfactorily, but later some of them found that grandfather kept whiskey about the house. One day he was away from home. A large Indian, by the name of Keenuck, came to the cabin and demanded whiskey. Grandmother, feeling compelled to do so, gave him whiskey. He staid there the rest of the day, bothering her all he could. When grandfather came home in the evening, Keenuck lay across the hearth in front of the fireplace, pretending to be asleep. After hearing what had happened, he said, "Let me get a bite of supper and I will show him how to come around here." At that moment Keenuck jumped up and said, "By God, me just as good a man as Hickman." They came together. Grandfather was a small, frail man, but he had the grit and was a good knocker. He soon had the Indian senseless on the floor and dragged him outside. Some time during the night he regained consciousness, got on his pony and rode away. Next day grandfather met him on the road and said to him, "Keenuck, what hurt you?" He replied, "Oh, pony throw me off." The lesson is that pioneer women had nerve, unlike the modern man or woman, they regarded such incidents as small matters.

The second family was that of Michael Shore. He built a log house with two apartments, but under one roof. It was known as Shore's tavern. It was on the Michigan road, six and one-half miles north of Rochester. He was the grandfather of Perry Shore and Kline Shore, now in Rochester; two of his daughters are now in Portland, Oregon. The third family I do not remember.

My grandfather moved from Marshall county to Fulton county, where he lived many years, the last few years of his life being spent in Rochester, in the mercantile business. At the age of nineteen years my father married Miss Amy Rogers. Some of her people live in Fulton county now. Fourteen months later I came on the scene. Was born on the 26th day of June, 1846, in Marshall county, close to the south line, about a mile west of the Michigan road. On this place occurred an event which I remember as distinctly as though it was but yesterday, yet my mother always contended that it happened before I was born. Here it is. My father lay sick with a fever. A flock of wild turkeys came into the field near by. He called for his gun, raised on his elbow, and through an open window shot one of them. It ran into a thicket of briars near the house, and I helped my mother to catch it. Well, now I think I hear you say, "He must have a wonder-

ful memory." Such things are liable to make such deep impressions on the young mind that they can hardly be erased. My father was a wagon maker by trade. Never staid long in one place. Always looking for a better location. We lived in Rochester, and at all points of the compass, around but near there, so lived on the place where I was born twice afterward. You can see how my mother could have been mistaken. Father built the truck on which was hauled the heavy timbers used in the construction of the iron forge built on Tippecanoe river, just above the Michigan road. This was about fifty-five years ago. I was small then, but remember just how the truck looked when completed. About that time Young Ralston built the first saw mill between Rochester and Plymouth. It was an up-and-down, or vertical saw. Could not cut clear through the log, so left a "stub-shot" on the rear end that had to be sawed off or split apart. There were no circular saws then.

Also, about this time, the first telegraph line in the country was stretched along the Michigan road. Messages were dotted on paper, instead of being read by sound. This road was a stage route at that time. When these improvements were made the people thought the country was making great strides. People knew each other for miles around. Many of them were fanatically religious. My parents were Methodists. They attended church regularly and took me along with them, and although I thought as they did then, I noted many things. The meeting house, as we then called it, was a plain log structure, with puncheon floor, and benches made of the same material to sit upon. It was used for both school and church. The preacher who could make the most noise could get up the greatest excitement. All joined in singing hymns without instrumental music. Some of the old ladies would often shout and sometimes fall over and be carried out, but the world has changed and people have become more enlightened on such subjects.

My experience in the school room was on the Michigan road, about five and one-half miles north of Rochester. There I spelled v-i-p-e-r (snake). I remember quite well that the rod was not spared, and that the spelling book was one of the principal text books, yet I never became master of it.

I dare say that perhaps many of the young people of Fulton county would not believe that no longer ago than I can remember there were a multitude of swamps, lakes and springs in Fulton county, which are not there today. They bred billions of mosquitos and the prevalent ague. I lived there long enough to see some of the swamps go dry, and some of the once quite large lakes fill up and grow over. I mowed wild grass some three miles southwest of Rochester, on the head of Mud creek prairie, on

ground that lay within the boundary of what was a lake, perhaps a mile wide, the center of which had not yet grown over. There were some two or three acres there that was too thick to swim in and too thin to walk on. A variety of a willow grew out over the water, and the grass followed. Where I was mowing the ground could be shaken for many rods in all directions, by tramping upon it. I have since learned from good authority that most of the swamps are dry, some of them being burned to a depth of several feet, consequently many of the springs have gone, and more of the lakes have filled, been ditched, and are now being cultivated. I am led to believe that Jasper Packard, of (I believe) LaPorte, Ind., who was my colonel in the civil war, was right when he wrote that the water was gradually leaving the surface, that the earth would eventually become dry, and consequently dead, but I think there is yet some water in Manitou lake.

One writer speaks of the fabulous stories about the great monster, or devil, and the fish that were caught and let go in the lake. Reminds me that I once did some fishing in that lake, myself. We then lived near the head of the lake. My grandfather Rogers, who was a great fisherman, lived with us. He kept a nice boat on the lake all the time. I frequently went with him at night. A torch was placed in the bow of the boat. One sat in the stern and rowed over ground which overflowed by the damming of the lake, to a depth of about three feet, the other would stand just behind the light and throw a spear into the fish as we passed them. We caught many nice ones, but did not let many go, neither did we see the devil, and I have serious doubts as to whether anyone will ever see him. I have swum the lake at its widest place. On one occasion I was in the lake swimming with two other boys about my age. If I am not mistaken, one was Hiram True, the name of the other was Richardson, who could not swim. We got into a boat, ran out some distance from shore, turned the boat upside down, then True and I would get under the boat and lay there until we consumed the air, then would dive out, refill it with air and do the same thing over again, while Richardson sat on the boat with his bare back to the burning sun, he being afraid to get into the water. He was burned so badly that the skin peeled off from the back of his neck down. I have also skated from one end to the other of this lake. I remember that I was once skating there, in company with James Chapin, who started off briskly and cut his name in the ice with his skates, as perfectly as though it had been carved there. He was a fine fellow, and I believe was a clerk in the store of Robert Wallace at that time.

I remember when the race was cut from the lake down to

Rochester, where the mill was built, that afterward was owned by Hickman & Leiter, both uncles of mine. I also remember the wagon loads of buffalo fish taken from the race, after drawing the water off.

I remember too many names to mention all, so excuse me if I mention only those whom I remember as being there when Rochester was yet a small village. Sidney Keith and K. G. Shryock, attorneys at law; Jesse Shields, Robert Wallace and Levi Mercer, merchants; William Wallace, a miller; there were William Hill, A. K. Plank and Charles Brackett, physicians, and a man by the name of Johanna, who was proprietor of the first carding machine there and, by the way, a writing medium. Though a small boy, I assisted my father in building the water wheel which drove that machine. Southeast of Rochester were the McClungs, the Stefflys, Frank Porter, John Pence, and a Mr. Stone, who, I believe, was step-father of Gus Sinks and his two sisters. North of Rochester were Young Ralston, David Ralston, Clarkson, David and Talbert Shore, William Hall, John and James Robbins, Ben Wilson, David Mow, Mart Reed and Joseph Jackson. I remember David Mow as one of the best marshals of the day that I ever saw. When he mounted a horse, donned the red sash, he had a commanding way about him that always kept a procession in order. This reminds me that Jack Holmes was officiating in such a capacity when he was thrown from his horse, the fall bursting his heel, which caused his death. A wound in the heel is next to sure death, unless the foot is amputated. I have known several who were shot in the heel, and all proved fatal.

When I can first remember, people there had only a few acres of cleared land each. I helped to burn, and make into rails, timber that would now be worth more than the land. As time passed, people became more selfish, more antagonistic politically, and times became harder, on account of the so-called money then in use, called "wildcat bank notes." About the years fifty-eight and nine my father was in the grocery business for a time, and I was a clerk. We then took what was called a "Daily Detective," to tell us each day what money was good, and then it often happened that we would take in money that was reported good that day, which would be worthless next morning. There was no gold and very little silver in circulation. Any man having a little property could start a bank, print his own notes, float a hundred thousand or more, put himself in a shape not "comeatable," and then go broke. This was the result, and about the terminus, of democratic rule. The coming into power of the republican party, at the time it did, although very nearly five years of darkness followed, was certainly the salvation of the nation. They soon made money that everybody wanted. It could be laid away for

a lifetime with safety, but then came the dark days of the rebellion. Sumter was bombarded. The young republicans and some of the democrats answered the call to arms, and most of them never returned.

Now, the most of the men left at home were democrats, who sympathized with the south. What reason they could have had for doing so is more than I can tell. They seemed bent on making life miserable for the loyal people at home, especially women. They would quarrel with, and say all manner of mean things to the soldiers' wives, daughters, mothers and sisters, and tear down the stars and stripes that were hoisted by loyal women on public days. Some of these women actually ran them away from their homes with hot water. No one will ever know, except those having had the bitter experience, the trials of the loyal women during that awful struggle. It was enough to mourn for husbands and sons who had gone into the army.

In the fall of '63 I entered the service, my father having gone a year before, in the 87th Ind. I enlisted in Company G, 128th Ind. Kendedvoused for the winter at Michigan City, Ind. While there I nursed Nelson Kirkendoll through a severe case of smallpox. Went to Georgia in the spring of '64, participated in all the battles of that campaign, under old Billy Sherman, as he was known by the boys, Columbia, Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and Kinston, N. C. We followed Johnson's army, and he surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., which ended the war. We were in the city of Raleigh, N. C., a short time, and while there Lincoln was assassinated. Safeguards were placed at all points of importance throughout the city, to prevent soldiers from burning it, or doing bodily harm to any one. It happened that I was stationed at the residence of an old man, who taught Andrew Johnson his trade, that of tailor. He seemed quite intelligent and free to talk. He pointed out the building in which they worked, and said that Andrew Johnson, at the age of nineteen, got into trouble there, and ran away. He did not then know the letters of the alphabet, but he went to Columbia, Tenn., where he married a widow, who educated him. I will say no more on this subject, for what I might write about the war would be like mentioning all the names of those I know in Indiana—it would make a book of itself, but will conclude with the events of the new day.

On the 10th day of April, 1866, we were mustered out of the service at Raleigh, N. C., and on the 20th day of the same month I arrived at home, four and one-half miles north of Rochester. I brought home with me several relics, among the most important was a Springfield rifle, which I took from under a dead confederate at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. He was ramming the charge when shot dead and fell forward on the gun. I brought a silver

penholder and gold point, which cost me three and one-half dollars. Now, there was one Rev. J. M. Donaldson, a Methodist minister, who preached in our neighborhood at intervals, and always made my father's house his home while there. After a while he saw this pen, and straightway he wanted me to give it to him, but I said no. I kept it until late in the summer, when he again got after me. My parents interceded for him, saying that he needed it worse than I did, and I yielded. Then my parents undertook to joke me, by telling him that I would want to get married some time, and then I would be after him. "Very well," he said, "I will marry you for that." I said nothing, but resolved that minute that I would turn the joke on him, for all arrangements were previously made for that event, but myself and intended only knew it. In due time I sent him word that I would be there on the 30th day of December, 1868, to be married. My wife-to-be was Miss Mary M. Cole, reared by her uncle and aunt, Abial and Betsy Bush, who lived five miles north of Rochester. At the appointed time we were there. A goodly number of guests had gathered in to witness the ceremony. Among them was Lou Spotts, as I then knew him, who, if I mistake not, was editor of the Union Spy, printed in Rochester, and I understand that he now edits a paper in Roann. After we were married and introduced in the new name, I said to Mr. Donaldson, "I suppose you remember the understanding between you and I." He said he did, but I thought from his looks that he did not expect to be called on in that way. We then took our leave of them, and went on our way rejoicing back to Bush's, where a wedding supper awaited us. Rev. Donaldson was then on the Rochester work, living in the Methodist parsonage there. We remained in Fulton county until February, 1870, when we started westward to grow up with the country, taking with us our only daughter, born to us in Hoosierdom. We took up our abode in Kansas, where we lived for some eighteen years. Four sons were born to us there. All are living and well. The babe is now about twenty-three years of age. We were not "stuck on" Kansas, so in '88 I came to Oregon. My family came to this state a year later, where we now live, and where we will probably remain the rest of our days, as there is no more going west, unless we take water.

GAME HUNTING STORIES.

Incidents of the Chase in Union Township in an Early Day in Fulton County.

BY WILLIAM A. BARKER.

IN THE YEAR 1847 my father moved from Ohio by wagon, and settled on the bank of Eel river, east of Twelve Mile, in Cass county, Ind. After living there some time, a stranger came to father's house and wanted to board with him. Father seemed to take up with him, but could not get him to tell his name, so he gave him a name. He called him William A. Barker.

Father entered an eighty-acre tract of land in Fulton county, one mile east of Blue Grass, on the banks of Mill creek, and moved on his land when I was six months of age. Father did as all the other old settlers—built a log house on his land, had puncheon floors, etc. Many persons are not familiar with the way puncheon floors were constructed. Trees were cut down, split, and then hewed on one side; laid flat side up. The house had a fire place in it, with stick chimney. I well remember, and shall never forget, the time when I was five years of age. We had the measles at our house and I was a victim. Was getting better, but they would not let me go out of the house. Old Trim had a "coltie" one night, and father told about it. I wanted to go and see it, but they said I must not go out of the house, for I might catch cold and get worse. I wept about it, so in the afternoon I slipped out of the house and went down. There was a big crack in the fence that I always crawled through. Sure enough, there was the coltie. The old mare took after me and I ran for the crack in the fence. Just as I was half way through, she grabbed me by the ear and nearly cut it off close to my head. I didn't slip back to the house, but went screaming and the blood running, so I didn't need to tell them I had been down to see the "coltie."



WILLIAM A. BARKER

I well remember looking across the creek one evening, and seeing the deer playing on a little hill. They played like little lambs. My father was an expert on deer hunting. He could go out and shoot a deer in less time than we can hunt a rabbit now. We have father's old deer rifle that he used fifty years ago. When he pulled trigger on a deer, blood was sure to flow.

I must tell you about the first deer hunt I took. I was only fourteen years of age when a nice snow fell one night, and the next morning my brother and one of my cousins were going deer hunting. I told them I had a notion to go along. They said all right. I didn't know whether to go or not. I was as much afraid of a deer as a girl is of a mouse, but I went. We hadn't gone far when we found the tracks of three deers. We followed them about one-half mile and they led into a marsh, where the brush was as thick as it could grow, so the boys said I had to go in and run them out, and they would watch to shoot them. I'll bet they could have heard my heart beat, if they had listened. They told me to wait until they got on the other side of the marsh and then start in and track them through. I didn't say a word about being afraid, so when the time came for me to start in I put on courage and started. I followed their tracks in the marsh about fifty yards, then up the marsh a short distance and found they had turned and went out toward the woods again. I thought they had went out, so I halooed for the boys, and told them the game had gone out, so the boys came straight through the marsh. All at once I heard the greatest racket in the marsh and there came the deer, right out to me. I let go, all I had in the gun, and down went the old doe, but up she got and away she went again. I heard the boys say, "Now, if he hasn't killed one, we'll kick him clear home." Out they came, giving me blazes. I told them I thought they had gone out. We followed them about a half-mile and found the old doe lying dead. Oh my, you ought to have seen me. It was big I and little you. I killed a deer. It wasn't like Bro. John Troutman's deer—he killed a little yearling calf.

Along about 1858 and 1860 there were more pigeons than any other bird that wore feathers. They would commence flying northwest about four o'clock in the evening, and one could not see the end of the flock till dark. Then they would begin to settle down on the bushes and trees until their weight would break the limbs. I remember that my brother, Isaac, shot with a rifle at a line of pigeons on a limb and killed nine. Shot three of their heads off. We would take torches and go to their roosts on a dark night and kill all we wanted in a little bit, with clubs.

There were lots of turkeys in the woods. Many a one I have made "quit, quit" when he felt the sting of the bullet from my

gun. There were plenty of pheasants and quail. About every farm had from six to ten coveys, now it takes six to ten farms to find one covey.

Old Mill creek bottom, which is such a fine corn belt now, was a solid body of water. The water was about four feet deep in the main channel, and from six to ten inches over all the rest of the marsh, and quite often a deep hole. We could catch all the fish we wanted. It was just full of pike, sunfish, cat and dogfish, and I have seen as many as five hundred muskrat houses on ten acres. Looked like a hay field. Wild ducks by the tens of thousands. I was the champion, those times, on shooting ducks. People would come and hire me to go and kill ducks for them, but we have to hunt the lakes and ditches now. Old Mill creek has given up her water to old Tiptecanoe, by way of ditches, and yielded her soil to the farmer.

Well, when I was fifteen years of age—that was in 1863, right in war time, I wanted to go to the army. I was big and robust, and had an idea they would take me, so myself and one of my chums started to Fulton to enlist, but before we got there we heard that the recruiting officers had left Fulton, so I did not get to go. I have always thought that it was too bad that I didn't get to go, for I do believe that the war would not have lasted as long as it did if I had been on the line. You can see how near I came getting shot.

It is hard to tell what fifty years will bring forth. When we came here, sixty-two years ago, there was not a road on any line, but they ran in every direction. In going one mile we had to follow the high places. We had no threshing machines, but instead we either pounded it out with a flail or club, or put it on a place that was cleaned off and tramped it out with horses. The first threshing machine I ever saw was what they called a "caver." If you would take a modern threshing machine and saw it in two back of the cylinder you would have a "caver." The wheat, straw and chaff would all come out together, then it would be run through a fanning mill. The machine was driven by horse power. You can see the difference in the last half-century, what will it be in the next fifty years?

How true it is that people are getting weaker and wiser. We can see that people have better advantages to get an education, and become wiser, and we can see that the young men can't stand near as much work as their fathers, or grandfathers, and also the young women. There are but few young ladies that can do the day's work that their mothers can do. The reason the young can't do as much as their parents is that hickory is not applied in time of need as it was in former days.

Well, what I have written all happened while I was at home

with my father. I staid with him until I was twenty-two years of age. Show me the young man now that will stay with his father and farm for him and I will show you forty that didn't stay. When I was in my twenty-second year I found a wife, Miss Sarah Caton, with whom I lived thirty-one years. We raised a family of seven children and on the 24th day of February, 1901, God saw fit to take her from labor unto reward.

My second marriage occurred on the 22d day of September, 1903, uniting with Mrs. Gatha Hipp, of near Kewanna, where we are now holding the fort until God sees fit to call us from this home to a home above, where trials and tribulations never come.

Now, I hope I haven't said anything in this chapter that will have a tendency to hurt any one's feelings, and as some may doubt some things I have said, all I will ask of you is to go to some of my brother writers and ask them if it is true.

I will now leave the subject with the readers of this paper, hoping I may be permitted, some time in the future, to speak to you again.



FULTON COUNTY'S TRIBUTE.

Sketch of What Was Done by One of Ten Companies That Went to the Front.

BY AUGUSTUS G. SINKS.

BELIEVING that the records of the pioneers and the reminiscences of the early settlers will not be complete without mention of the patriotic boys of 1861 to '65, who, to the number of nearly one thousand, came forward under the successive calls of President Lincoln, offering their lives if need be to preserve the form of government established by our fathers, I will append the following:

In writing this article on the citizen soldiery of nearly half a century ago I give the statistical part from Adjutant General Terrell's reports, aiming to give a short sketch of the service of each organization that left the county, not going into detail, but just skipping along, hitting a few of the high places, so as to give the readers a faint idea of what the boys of that period suffered and endured that this government might be perpetuated.

In looking over Adj. Gen. Terrell's reports, we find Fulton county credited with enlistments in the following regiments:

9th Indiana Infantry, substitutes and drafted,	22
20th Indiana Infantry, enlisted in Plymouth company,	5
26th Indiana Infantry, Company A,	86
29th Indiana Infantry, Companies D, E and H,	81
42d Indiana Infantry, transferred from other regiments,	49
46th Indiana Infantry, Company K,	83
87th Indiana Infantry, Company D,	108
87th Indiana Infantry, Company E,	106
87th Indiana Infantry, Company F,	137
90th Indiana Regiment (5th Cavalry) Company I,	45
118th Indiana Infantry, six months' regiment, Company A,	51



AUGUSTUS G. SINKS

128th Indiana Infantry, Company G,	28
155th Indiana Infantry, Company A,	103
155th Indiana Infantry, Company G.	39

These, with a few scattering enlistments in other regiments, making a total of about 960 enlistments credited to Fulton county, out of a total population of but little over 5,000, according to the census of 1860. The soldiers from this county were engaged in a line of battle from Prairie Grove, in the extreme northwestern corner of Arkansas, to the Potomac, and from North Carolina to Texas. Part of them assisted in opening the Mississippi river from Cairo to the gulf, whilst another part helped cut the confederacy in two again, via Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta, and a few in the 20th Indiana regiment were in all the great battles of the Army of the Potomac.

According to the adjutant general's reports, this county's losses were as follows: Killed in battle, died of wounds and died in the prison pens of the south, 40. Died of disease while in the service, 104, making a total of 144 deaths while in the service. An unknown number died shortly after reaching home, from disease contracted in prison pens and the hardships endured on the marches and scouts in the enemy's country.

The 26th Indiana regiment was recruited at Indianapolis, and left the state in August, 1861, Company A from Fulton county, going to the state of Missouri, where they served over a year. They were in the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., December 7, 1862, where the regiment lost a number, killed and wounded. In June, 1863, the regiment came to Vicksburg, where they participated in the siege of that stronghold until its surrender on the 4th of July. During the siege two men of Company A, Sergeant Carson Swisher and Corporal Clemans, were killed by the same minnie ball. Being transferred to the Gulf Department, they went to New Orleans. When going on an expedition up the west side of the Mississippi, they were attacked at Atchafalaya bayou, by Green's Texas Rangers and suffered severely in killed, wounded and prisoners. It was in this battle that Captain David Rader lost his eye.

The 29th Indiana regiment rendezvoused at LaPorte, Ind. After completing its organization, it proceeded to Kentucky in September, 1861, where it remained until March, 1862, being a part of Buell's army that arrived at Shiloh in time to take an active part in the second day's battle. The regiment was engaged in the desperate battle of Stone River, December 31, '62, and January 1, '63, losing heavily. The regiment took part in the Chattanooga campaign in 1863, was engaged in the two days' battle of Chickamauga, where it lost heavily in killed, wounded and men taken prisoners. After the Chickamauga campaign, the regiment

was stationed at Bridgeport, Ala., re-enlisting in the veteran service. On its return to the front, it spent the remainder of its service in Tennessee, Northern Alabama and Georgia. The long and short of the 29th Indiana volunteers were Isom New and Jud Ault.

The 87th Indiana regiment was organized in August, 1862, at South Bend, Ind. Fulton county sent three companies, 351 men, to the field in this regiment, Companies D, E and F, leaving Indianapolis August 31, 1862. The regiment, on arriving at Louisville, Ky., was assigned to General Burbridge's brigade, 3d division, 4th army corps, and took part in General Buell's campaign against Bragg in Kentucky. The regiment took part in a number of minor campaigns and was engaged in several skirmishes in Tennessee during the summer of 1863. Crossing the Tennessee river and the mountains they, on September 19 and 20, received their terrible baptism of fire at Chickamauga, where the regiment suffered a loss of 40 killed, 142 wounded and 8 missing, a loss of about 52 per cent. of those engaged. The 87th was one of the noble band that held Snodgrass hill under the eye of the "Rock of Chickamauga" (General Thomas), against the desperate assaults of Longstreet's veterans, of the Army of Northern Virginia, and saved Rosecrans' army from annihilation.

After enduring the siege of Bragg's army in Chattanooga until the 25th of November, the 87th occupied the front line in the assault and capture of Mission Ridge, and the rout of Bragg's army. In Sherman's campaign against Atlanta, begun in May, 1864, the regiment participated in the battles at Rocky Face, Cassville, Resacca, Kenesaw mountain, Peach Tree creek, siege of Atlanta and Jonesboro. In Sherman's march to the sea, Fulton county was represented by the men of the 87th. After the capture of Savannah, Sherman's army took a short rest. On the 30th of January, 1865, the army crossed the Savannah river and cut a wide swath of destruction across South Carolina. The regiment was in its last battle at Bentonville, N. C., March 29th, 1865. After the surrender of Johnson's army, the 87th marched through Virginia and took part in the grand review at Washington. Returning to Indiana it was mustered out of the United States service June 10, 1865. During its term of service the 87th lost 47 killed in action, 188 wounded in action and 214 died of wounds and disease.

The 90th Indiana regiment, 5th Cavalry, was organized at Indianapolis in 1862, forty-five men of Company I hailing from Fulton county. The regiment did noble service in Kentucky, east and middle Tennessee and Georgia. The regiment was in numerous engagements in Eastern Tennessee during Longstreet's siege of Knoxville. The 5th Cavalry took part in the campaign against

Atlanta, was in Stoneman's raid to the south of Atlanta, where it lost heavily in killed and captured. When Sherman marched to the sea the 5th Cavalry was returned to Kentucky, where it was remounted and refitted, and remained on duty until the close of the war.

The 118th Indiana was a six months' regiment, assisting in holding Eastern Tennessee under Burnside, during the winter of 1863 and '64. Fulton county was represented by fifty-one men in Company E.

Twenty-eight men from Fulton county saw service in Company G, 128th Regiment Indiana Volunteers. This was one of the four regiments raised in Indiana in 1864, by General Alvin P. Hovey, popularly known at the time as "Hovey's Babies," the majority of them being boys from fifteen to twenty years of age. But they got there all the same. The regiment served in the 4th Army Corps and participated in the Atlanta campaign, the battle of Franklin and the siege of Nashville, and was in at the rout of Hood's army. After the repulse of Hood and the destruction of his army, the 4th corps was transferred to North Carolina, where the 128th remained until it was discharged on account of the close of the war.

In February, 1865, the 155th Indiana Regiment was recruited, and organized at Indianapolis on the 18th of April. On the 26th of April the regiment was ordered to Washington City, from whence it went up into the state of Delaware, where it remained on duty until August, when it was sent home and mustered out of service. Fulton county was accredited with Company A, 103 men, and Company G, 39 men. Fulton county was credited with 22 substitutes and drafted men, who served in the 9th Indiana Volunteers. Also with 49 men transferred to the 42d Indiana Veteran Volunteer regiment from other organizations.

The 46th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, was organized at Logansport, October 4, 1861. Dr. Graham N. Fitch was commissioned colonel; Nelson G. Scott, lieutenant colonel; Thomas H. Bringham, major. Fulton county sent 88 men to the army as Company K, in this regiment, with the following officers: B. A. Grover, captain; Robert M. Shields, first lieutenant; Jacob H. Leiter, second lieutenant; John McClung, orderly sergeant. Having received clothing and arms, and having been mustered into the United States service, the regiment, on the 12th of December, proceeded to Indianapolis. On the 14th it left for Madison, where it arrived the next morning. Going on board steamboats it proceeded down the Ohio river to Louisville, Ky., where it arrived before dark. Going ashore it marched out to camp, and so began its active service. The regiment left Louisville on the 18th of December, and reached Bardstown after a few days' march,

being our first experience in that line we thought soldiering a pretty tough job. The first night out we got nothing to eat till ten o'clock. We remained in camp, near Bardstown, over Christmas.

Mess No. 4, of Company K, of which the writer was a member, thought it would be just the thing to have a Christmas dinner, so we chipped in our few remaining quarters, bought chickens, soft bread, pie, cake, butter, etc., and just had a fine spread, the table garnished with side dishes of hard-tack, sow-belly and beans. Sergeant Moses, the head of our mess, thought the proper thing to do would be to invite our company and regimental officers to take dinner with us. Of course they came, and as guests ate at the first table. We stood back and looked on while the chicken "fixins," and everything except the side dishes, disappeared under dress coats ornamented with gilt buttons and shoulder straps. We passed three more Christmas days in the service of Uncle Sam, but was never again guilty of doing such a fool thing. From Bardstown we moved to Camp Wickliffe, near Hodgenville, and went into camp on a chestnut ridge. Here we were placed in the division of General William Nelson. Were required to put in about ten hours of the twenty-four in squad, company and battalion drill. Measles broke out in the regiment, from effects of which, and pneumonia, our company lost six men by death and twelve discharged for disability. The regiment left Camp Wickliffe on the 14th of February, marching down the Nolensville pike. We passed a log house, a short distance to the left of the road, which we were informed was the house in which Abe Lincoln was born. Arriving at the Ohio river we embarked on steamboats, proceeding down the river to the mouth of the Tennessee. Fort Donelson having been captured, we went on down to Cairo, Ill., from whence the regiment was ordered up the Mississippi river to Commerce, Mo. Reporting to General John Pope, it formed part of the army organized for the opening of the Mississippi river, the first task being the capture of Island No. 10 and New Madrid. On the 1st of March the army moved on New Madrid, arriving before the town on the 3d. The works were invested immediately, and after a ten days' siege the enemy evacuated their fortification, leaving their heavy guns.

General Palmer's division, consisting of the 34th, 43d, 46th and 47th Indiana regiments, then moved down the river some twenty miles to Riddle's Point, where a battery of 32-pound guns was planted after night by the 46th, rifle pits dug, and other arrangements made to cut off communication with Island No. 10, which, though above New Madrid, still was in possession of the enemy. Having completed our works at night, the next morning a thick black smoke was observed raising above the trees, up the

river behind a point of timber. Soon a confederate gunboat came around the point, followed by another, and another, until five came in sight, coming down the river under full head of steam. It is unnecessary to say that we crawled into our rifle pits in a hurry. Company K occupied the pits immediately in front of the battery. The gunboats passed us, then turned, forming a circle. Each boat, as it came by, about half a mile from us, poured in a broadside of solid shot and shell. This they kept up for over two hours. After this had been going on for an hour, John Stallard and the writer, who occupied a pit immediately in front of one of our guns, had just begun to enjoy the entertainment, when a shot from one of the boats struck in front of us and, plowing through, covered us completely with wet sand. Well, we dug out as soon as we could. Our pit was full of sand. During the remainder of the entertainment we had an unobstructed view of the show. Finding they could not drive our battery away, the enemy withdrew. In a short time Island No. 10 was abandoned, the enemy retreating to the mainland. Generals Palmer's and Payne's divisions, crossing over to Tiptonville, hemmed them in between Reelfoot lake and the river, captured the entire rebel force, about 7,000 in number. So ended that campaign. General Pope's army went aboard transports and, accompanied by the fleet of ironclad gunboats, proceeded on down the river to Ft. Pillow, Tenn. Here General Pope was ordered to reinforce Halleck in front of Corinth, so taking all his army, except Palmer's division, he steamed away and we saw him no more.

After being invested and bombarded by the gunboats, until the 4th of June, Ft. Pillow was evacuated. The gunboats, accompanied by transports carrying the 43d and 46th Indiana regiments, then proceeded on down the river to Memphis, where, on the 6th of June, in front of the city and in the presence of 10,000 spectators gathered on the bluff, occurred the great gunboat fight between the union and confederate fleets, resulting in the annihilation of the confederate fleet, every boat but one being sunk, burned or captured; the one escaping was a short time afterward found sunk in White river, opposite St. Charles, Ark. Immediately on the close of the fight, the steamers carrying the land forces ran down and landed troops in the city. A detail from the 46th proceeded to the top of the bluff and cut down a tall flag-staff, from which a rebel flag was flying. That flag, with others captured by the 46th, can be seen in a glass case in the public library at Logansport. If Senator Brady's bill passes in the legislature, for returning the rebel flags captured by the Indiana soldiers, some persons will have a picnic getting those flags. If the original owners want them they will have to come and get them as we did.

After remaining at Memphis a short time, the regiment went as guard on two transports loaded with rations and commissary stores for Curtis' army, which was coming down from northwestern Arkansas. The fleet, convoyed by two ironclad gunboats, running down the Mississippi river until they arrived at the mouth of White river, ran up that river about eighty miles. Arriving at St. Charles they found the bluff fortified, and the gunboat which had escaped from the fight at Memphis sunk across the channel of the stream. Tying up to the bank, a couple of miles below the fort, until morning, Colonel Fitch landed his regiment, sending two companies directly up the river as skirmishers. He took the remainder of the regiment around through the woods to the rear of the works.

The gunboats and skirmishers attacked the fort in front. A short time after the attack began, a plunging shot from a 32-pounder penetrated the steamchest of the gunboat Mound City, killing and scalding all but a few men of the entire crew of 180. At about this time, having gained a favorable position, Colonel Fitch ordered a bayonet charge and carried the works with a rush, wounding and capturing Colonel Fry, the rebel commander, a battery of field guns, two 32-pounders and the garrison flag.

After running up and down White river for some time, trying to locate Curtis' army, the expedition returned to the Mississippi and landed at Helena, Ark., about the middle of July, where Curtis had arrived with his half-starved troops, while we were hunting him on White river.

The regiment remained at Helena, making it their headquarters, going on numerous scouts, raids and expeditions through the states of Arkansas and Mississippi, until the next fall.

Uncle Sam, in providing for the welfare of his boys, not only provided for their temporal wants, but made provision for their spiritual welfare also.

When we were mustered into the service, among the commissioned officers we had a good looking young man, wearing a fine blue uniform, with bright buttons and the shoulder straps of a captain. He was the chaplain of the regiment. He was a good young man, and remained so during his stay with us, but he only stayed with the regiment a few short months. Well, we had to worry along the best we could until December, '62, when there came down to us from out of "Egypt," a Hard-shell Baptist preacher, who was commissioned as chaplain of the 46th. He proved to be, to us, the Good Samaritan, on a mission of humanity. Kind and unobtrusive, always ready with a word of counsel or advice when called upon. Dear old Father Robb! In my mind's eye I can see him yet. Tall and slender, thin white hair reaching down to his stooping shoulders, dressed in a suit of well

worn, dingy black, on his head a battered plug hat. When we started on a march, and he was afoot, the boys considered their first duty to be to "draw" Father Robb a horse to ride. In time of battle he was always to be found close up to the firing line, caring for the wounded and ministering to the dying.

At the battle of Sabine Cross Roads he was captured and taken into Texas. There he was released and furnished a pass by General Kirby Smith, the confederate commander. He was left to make his way, as best he could, to our lines. After tramping four hundred miles, and being arrested several times as a spy, at last he came out safely at Little Rock, Ark. He rejoined the regiment in Kentucky, and remained with us until the close of the war, when he returned to his home in Illinois, where he died at a ripe old age, loved and respected by all who knew him.

During the winter of '62 and '63, while we were at Helena, there was much sickness among the troops stationed there. Dr. Charles W. Brackett, of Rochester, surgeon of the 9th Illinois Cavalry, died there during the winter, of malaria and exposure incidental to the service.

I notice that all persons writing pioneer sketches ring in deer stories somewhere along the line, so here goes. Along in the fall of '62 we were camped near Helena, between the river and levee. One day the attention of the regiment was called to the baying of a pack of hounds up in the hills, back from the river. Pretty soon a big buck was seen coming down the levee, chased by the dogs in full cry. There being strict orders against firing arms in camp, Sergeant Dave Krisher, Company I, seized his gun, put on the bayonet, and running out to the levee stabbed the deer through the heart as it passed him. For further particulars write D. T. Krisher, North Manchester, Ind.

In March, 1863, the regiment formed part of an expedition that tried to reach the high ground above Vicksburg, via the Coldwater, Tallahatchie and Yazoo rivers, but, being unsuccessful on account of high waters, returned to Helena.

About the middle of April, 1863, the division commanded by General Alvin P. Hovey, consisting of the 11th, 24th, 34th, 46th and 47th Ind. regiments, the 24th and 28th Iowa, 56th Ohio and 29th W sconsin Infantry regiments and four light batteries of artillery started down the river for Vicksburg. Landing at Milliken's Bend, they marched across the country, striking the river below the city. The division lay on transports waiting to make a landing, when our iron clads silenced the rebel batteries at Grand Gulf. The attack failing, we went ashore, marched still farther down the river and next morning embarked again, the fleet having run the batteries during the night. The 24th and 46th Indiana regiments going aboard the flagship Benton, on

board of which, with Commodore Porter, was Gen. Grant and staff. Running down the river a few miles to Bruinsburg, Miss., where Gen. Hovey's and Gen. Carr's divisions went ashore, the Benton rounded in to shore and as they ran out the gang-plank Thomas A. Howe, a Rochester boy, quartermaster of the 46th, sprang ashore, being the first man of Grant's army to land in that memorable expedition that was destined to capture Vicksburg in the next sixty days.

The troops ashore started immediately for the hills, pushing forward all night. They met the Confederate forces at 2:00 in the morning on the 1st of May, near Port Gibson. The battle began as soon as it was light; Maginnis' brigade, to which the 46th belonged, stripping off knapsacks and haversacks, leaving them piled in a field, crossing hills and deep ravines, through brush and canebrakes, toward where the battle was raging. Pushing each other up a steep bluff, we came out on an open ridge, where we were met by a withering fire of musketry and canister. A brigade of the enemy was in a deep ravine immediately in front of us. Firing a few volleys, the 46th was ordered to fix bayonets and charge down into the ravine, which was done with a cheer. We routed the enemy, capturing the flag of the 15th Arkansas. Charging across the road, we headed off a battery that was trying to make its escape, two members of Co. K, John Stallard and William Wood, shooting the lead horses attached to a gun, caused a mix-up in which the cannon and gunners were taken, the remainder of the brigade saved the balance of the battery. The fighting and maneuvering continued all day. Carr and Hovey were reinforced during the day by Osterhaus and a brigade of Logan's division. At sundown the enemy was in full retreat, having lost every piece of artillery brought on the field. Laying on the battlefield during the night, the army moved forward next morning and occupied Port Gibson.

After the battle of Port Gibson, the 13th corps moved north along Black river, holding Pemberton at bay while the 15th and 17th corps struck out northeast, fought and defeated the enemy at Raymond on the 12th, defeated Johnson and captured Jackson, the capitol of the state, on the 14th. On the morning of the 16th of May, Grant turned the entire army west toward Vicksburg. Hovey's division moved west on the main Jackson and Vicksburg road, encountering the skirmishers of the enemy at Champion Hill, where was destined to be fought one of the decisive battles of the war.

Under Johnson's orders, Pemberton, after leaving a strong garrison in Vicksburg, was attempting to join Johnson with his main force, about 30,000 men. Grant held Hovey back until Logan, with his division, had time to come up and form on the

right. Then about 12:00 o'clock the two divisions, numbering about 9,000 all told, were ordered forward. In the first rush of battle Hovey drove the enemy back off the hill and through the woods to the open fields, the 11th Indiana being credited with the capture of four guns and 46th Indiana with three, the 24th Iowa with the capture of five guns.

Pemberton massed his forces in the open fields, coming on in three lines of battle against our thin single line. Hovey was pushed slowly back through the woods to the brow of the hill, where we had captured their artillery. There Hovey's division made a desperate stand, holding their ground for three hours, against five successive charges of three times their own number. About five o'clock Crocker's division arrived, having marched twenty-four miles since morning. Logan pressing in on the right and Crocker clearing the woods with a bayonet charge, Pemberton began falling back and by six o'clock was in full retreat. So ended the battle of Champion Hill, one of the most desperately fought battles of the war, and, considering the number engaged, one of the bloodiest. In the five hours fighting Hovey lost over 1,200 killed and wounded, about 42 per cent. The 46th, out of 300 engaged, lost 20 killed and 5 mortally wounded. The Union loss was about 2,500 killed and wounded, the Confederates fully as many. 5,000 dead and wounded men in five hours in a hilly strip of woods one and one-half miles long and half a mile wide was butchery almost equal to Cold Harbor.

Illustrating the coolness of men under fire, Capt. Frank Swigart, Co. B, 46th, relates the following: "During the hottest of the battle, Peter Mias, a german of Co. B, came up carrying his gun barrel in one hand, the stock in the other, saying—"Cap. Svigard, shust looka dare, de dam rebels shoot mine gun off, vot I do now?" Captain Swigart replied, "Why pick up another and get back to your place." Said Peter, "Vell, dot is all right, but I did not vant to pay for him." If a soldier lost his gun the price was deducted from his pay. In the course of an hour up comes old Peter again, this time holding his right arm in his left hand, the blood trickling down off his fingers, saying: "Cap. Svigard, shust looka dare now; next dime te Got tam rebels shuts mine arm off, vot I do now?" "Why get back to the rear and have it attended to," says the Captain. "Vell, dat bes all right, you say so, but I vas no tam coward." Hovey's division was left on the battlefield one day to bury the dead, care for the wounded and gather up the arms scattered over the ground. On the 17th Carr and Osterhaus defeated the enemy at Black River bridge and on the 18th Grant's army arrived in front of the rebel works at Vicksburg. On the 19th Hovey moved forward to Vicksburg, arriving on the 21st. The division was held on the reserve during

the assault of the 22d of May. But Maginnis' brigade was assigned to the front line of investment and to the 11th and 46th Ind. regiments was assigned the duty of working the approaches to Fort Garret, one of the strongest fortifications on the rebel line. By the 3d of July, when the white flags were hung out, our approaches were within twenty feet of the ditch surrounding the fort and on the morning of the 4th of July the flags of the 11th and 46th were placed on the fort by order of Gen. Hovey. The scenes, incidents and adventures happening to any one regiment or company during the 43 days seige, would make a long newspaper article by itself, so I will skip it.

After the surrender of Vicksburg, Hovey's division started for Jackson on the morning of the 5th of July, which place was invested on the 12th and after five days skirmishing and fighting was evacuated by Johnson on the 17th. Returning to Vicksburg, the 13th corps was transferred to the Gulf Department. Going aboard steamboats, the troops proceeded down the river, stopping a few days at Natches. We arrived at New Orleans about the middle of August. Here we lay in camp at Carrollton, ten miles above the city, resting, refitting, drawing pay and new clothing until the latter part of September. The 3d division, then under command of Gen. George F. Maginnis, crossed the river and proceeded west by rail to Braspear City on Berwick bay. About the first of October an expedition, under command of Gen. W. B. Franklin, started west toward Texas, reaching Opelousas, 200 miles west of New Orleans, it stopped a few days, then began falling back. The 4th division stopping on Carenero bayou, the 3d division going back five miles farther, bivouaced on another bayou. Expecting an attack from Green's Texas Rangers, on Burbridge, our division was ordered to remain close to their arms. Along in the afternoon of the 3d of November, a courier was seen coming over the prairie, his horse on the dead run, announcing that Burbridge was being cut to pieces. Hardly had he passed the 46th, which lay in line next the road, when Col. Bringhurst ordered the regiment to fall in, take arms, and we were away on quick time, reaching the crest of the prairie, within two miles of the scene of trouble, a never-to-be-forgotten sight met our eyes. For two miles or more up and down the belt of timber, Burbridge's wagons, teamsters, stragglers and niggers were pouring out on the open prairie, the Texans after them on horseback, shooting and yelling like demons while the smoke and roar of battle filled the woods. Starting forward on the double-quick and soon breaking into a run, the 46th made for the nearest point of timber, swinging into line of battle when within half a mile of the woods. The regiment formed square against cavalry, fixed bayonets and lay down on the open prairie, just as two guns of

Nimm's battery came out of the woods followed by a large body of the shooting and yelling Texans. The gunners made for us as fast as their horses could run. As they came up to us, Col. Bringhurst ordered the Lieutenant in charge to halt, unlimber and pour double shotted loads of cannister into their pursuers, while the regiment assisted in their repulse by working their Enfield rifles to their full capacity. The pursuit was checked right there and before the enemy had time to reform for another charge the 3d division was in sight, coming up on double-quick time. The enemy retreated, having burned and destroyed the camps and capturing quite a number of the 4th division. They had been surprised by about 3,000 of Green's Texas Rangers riding right over their picket line. The Department Commander issued a general order thanking Col. Bringhurst and the 46th regiment for their promptness and gallantry in coming to the assistance of the 4th division. After this the expedition continued to fall back toward New Orleans, stopping for thirty days at New Iberia, in the heart of the land of the Arcadians, the home of Evangeline. Here we passed the most pleasant thirty days of our entire soldier experience. A most delightful climate, the country full to overflowing with cattle, hogs, chickens, yams and the sugar houses full of sugar and molasses barrels. We lived well. The retrograde movement continued and we reached New Orleans about Christmas.

While we were lying at New Orleans President Lincoln's call for veteran volunteers reached us. Of the Fulton county company in the 46th, thirty re-enlisted for another three years, being all but two who were entitled to do so. Early in January the 11th, 24th, 34th and 47th Indiana regiments departed to their homes in the north on their veteran furloughs, leaving the 56th Ohio and 46th Indiana to go when the exigencies of the service would permit, which proved to be a long time for a part of the boys.

About the 1st of March Gen. Banks started on his disastrous Red River campaign, encountering Green's brigade of Texans at Berwick bay. Our men kept them on the move. At Alexandria, on the Red river, Banks was joined by Gen. A. J. Smith with 10,000 men from Sherman's army. Proceeding on up Red river, meeting with little opposition until the 8th of April, 1864, when the enemy was encountered in force under command of Kirby Smith, at Sabine cross-roads, twelve miles from the Texas line and not far from Shreveport.

By this time Banks had his army scattered out for more than twenty miles along a narrow road through a pine woods. Our 5,000 cavalry, supported by 2,000 infantry of the 4th division, was soon wiped out by Kirby Smith's well concentrated army. The few of the 3d division, about 1,200, arrived on the field a short

time before sundown and held the enemy in check only long enough for them to reform their lines and move around us on each flank. Having our forces completely surrounded in the thick pine woods, the order was for each man to take care of himself as best he could, which meant a fight or a foot race, the only show for safety being the latter.

About four miles back, just at dark, we met Gen. Emory's division of the 19th corps, about 4,000 strong. They and darkness checked the pursuit of the victorious enemy. Company K, of the 46th, went into the battle with two commissioned officers and twenty-eight men. Lost Lieut. John McClung, in honor of whom McClung Post is named, and private Thos. W. Scott, killed; Jeff Marshman, wounded and 12 members taken prisoners. Frank M. Reid and Wm. Wood were captured, ordered to throw down their arms and go to the rear. Seizing the opportunity they gave the Johnnies the slip and regained our lines during the general mixup.

The night after the battle the army fell back twenty miles to Pleasant Hill, where it arrived about daylight. Here was met Gen. A. J. Smith with 7,000 men. The next day a sharp battle was fought by our men under command of Gen. Smith. The enemy was defeated and driven back eight miles, but as Banks was then headed for New Orleans, he ordered Smith to retreat immediately, leaving his dead and severely wounded in the hands of the enemy. On arriving at Alexandria it was found the river had fallen so much that the gunboats could not get down over the rapids, which necessitated a halt of ten days to build a dam so as to raise the water to float the boats over. Meanwhile the infantry was constantly annoyed by Green's Texas Rangers. They had a couple of light pieces of artillery which they would bring up and fire into our camps, then about the time we would get out and after them, they would gallop away. We would drive them ten or twelve miles, then go back to our camp, when, most likely, they would be throwing shells into camp before supper. The writer had the pleasure of meeting a number of the Rangers down in Texas three years ago and passed many pleasant hours with them, fighting our old battles over again. One of them expressed it all when he said: "When you all wasn't chasin' weuns, we all was chasin' you uns." Banks finally reached the Mississippi below the mouth of Red river about the 20th of May. Arriving at the river, the 46th took steamer for New Orleans, where we arrived in due time. After drawing new clothing, six month's pay and bounties due us, the regiment left New Orleans on our leave of veteran furlough. Since re-enlisting one-half of our company had been killed or taken prisoners. Going by boat to Cairo, we took cars for Indianapolis, where we arrived in due time, received

a thirty days' furlough on the 27th of June. From Logansport we hired two wagons to take us to Rochester, where we arrived just after daylight, June 27, 1864.

Company K left Logansport in December, '61, with three commissioned officers and ninety men and returned in two and one-half years with one officer, Captain R. M. Shields and sixteen enlisted men. After spending thirty days very pleasantly with friends, we reported back for duty at the appointed time. We were held in camp at Indianapolis until after McClellan's nomination at Chicago. The regiment was then sent down the Ohio river to repel a raid made on Shawneetown, Ill. From there we reported to Louisville, Ky., our former division commander, Gen. John M. Palmer, being in command of the district. He assigned our regiment to duty in Lexington, Ky. In a short time we were sent up into the mountains of eastern Kentucky to care for and guard 100,000 rations at Prestonsburg, said rations to supply Gen. Burbridge's troops in their raid on the rebel salt works in Virginia. After the raid was over we returned to the Ohio river, then down to Louisville, whence the regiment was assigned to provost guard duty at Lexington, Ky., Capt. Chester Chamberlain being appointed provost marshal of the city. Here we remained on very pleasant duty until June, 1865, when we were ordered down to Louisville, the army corps to which we had been attached having been ordered to the Rio Grande, on the Mexican border. But our old friend Gen. Palmer stood by us and had the regiment assigned to special duty in the city of Louisville, the commissioned officers serving on court martial and various military commissions, while the enlisted men were detailed as clerks, guards and orderlies at the various offices and headquarters in the city.

As the war was over we were all anxious to get home and finally on the 4th of September the order came for our muster out. Going to Indianapolis, we were discharged from the U. S. service Sept. 14, 1865, the regiment lacking just twenty days of being in service four years.

In giving this sketch of the history of the regiment in which I had the honor to be a member from start to finish, not intending to boast of our achievements as an organization, but knowing whereof I write, I can thereby give a truer picture of what a soldier was required to perform, endure and undergo. In writing the above, I have only shown the bright side of a soldier's life. There is another side to the picture of a soldier's life, which, if we could, we would all gladly forget. I will give a few instances: The first winter out at camp Wickliffe, Ky., one-fourth of our boys were down with measles, pneumonia, lung fever, etc., numbers dying and when we left, many were left behind uncared for.

Again, the summer and fall of '62, at Helena, Ark., 40,000 troops encamped up and down the river, not well enough to care for the sick, every steamer going north, loaded with sick soldiers, all that room could be found for. For three months nearly any hour of the day you could hear the mournful notes of the Dead March, played by fife and drum, as they were carrying some boy to his last resting place in the hills. Then again, after a battle, when half of our comrades were missing, part were known to be killed, but what about the others? Were they dead or alive, and some times it would be weeks before we would learn the fate of the missing ones. I have heard some soldiers (recruits mostly) tell of hardships endured by not having anything to eat for a day or two at a time. We always considered that as a sort of a joke, after making three days rations last ten days, victuals, most anything, in fact, would taste awful good.

On the 30th of October, 1861, thirty young men and boys started from Green Oak, to go to Logansport to enlist in the 46th regiment. On the 14th of Sept., 1865, six veteran soldiers returned. What became of the others? Two were killed in battle, John McClung and Wm. Johnson; one died of wounds, John Hoover; five died of disease; two were captured in battle, Samuel Johnson and John Stallard and served ten months in rebel prisons. The remainder of the squad fell out all along the line from Camp Wickliffe to the swamps of Arkansas and Mississippi, returning home with broken constitutions, but two or three are living today.

Of the six old "ironclads" four are still living and enjoying the blessings of the government they helped save, John R. Stallard, Samuel Johnson, William J. Davis and the author of the foregoing.





WILLIAM W. RANNELLS

HISTORY OF BRASS BANDS.

From the First Organization in Rochester Until
the Present Time.

BY WILLIAM W. RANNELLS.

THE FIRST BAND in this place was called "The Rochester Cornet Band" and was organized in the fall of 1856. The membership consisted of the following persons: O. P. Osgood, teacher, Wm. Osgood, Jas. S. Chapin, J. J. Davis, H. C. Long, M. L. Minor, G. E. Smith, V. O. O'Donald, J. Holmes, Chas. A. Mitchell, Al. G. Pugh.

C. A. Mitchell and Al. G. Pugh, our honored citizens, are the only members of this band now living in Rochester, and to whom I am indebted for present information. This organization launched out on the musical world by employing an instructor, of Peru, whose name was F. C. Brown. The band continued to practice for six months and quit entirely. Some of the boys still kept their instruments and in 1858 reorganized with some changes in membership, Asa Mitchell selling his instrument to Os. McFall, who became a member. This band continued to practice at intervals, when they could get a place to practice, which was usually in the old court room until 1861, when the war caused a wave of excitement over the land and it struck the band.

As musicians have an excitable temperament it gave the band a death blow. Some of the band's best musicians were inspired with a patriotic impulse and enlisted in the service for the Union, filling many responsible positions. M. L. Minor, Capt. Co. A, 16th Ind. Vol. H. C. Long became Capt. Co. F, 87th Ind. Vol., Al. G. Pugh, 87th Regt. O. P. Osgood, musician 87th Regt. Infantry band, accompanying Sherman's march to the sea and serving until the grand muster out at Washington, where they played at the reviewing stand.

The band reorganized with J. S. Chapin, leader, and the addition of three new members: John Nafe, Orian Fuller and John Shaffer. This organization, with very little change in the membership, continued until the close of the Rebellion and the return of the boys, when O. P. Osgood become leader again, with a few new members, among whom were the following: Wilber Trouslow, Grant Long, Jack Willard, Al. G. Pugh, L. M. Spotts, Ed. R. Rannels, Jas. M. Beeber, Isaac True, F. M. Ashton, J. G. Pearson, Monroe Armantrout, Austin McFall, Newton True, A. C. Copeland. This includes all as near as I can find by the records. Some were in the band a short time, then others took their places. This organization continued with different degrees of success, practicing in print shops, the court house and old Odd Fellows' hall, where the M. E. church now stands, until 1868, when politics became very "warm" among the members and the band was divided.

The result was two bands, Fred Peting, leader of the Democratic band and Ovid Osgood, leader of the Union band, as it was called at that time. This put new life into the band business as opposition and politics always does, and a great rivalry sprung up between the bands as to which was the best band. Then practice commenced in earnest. You could hear hornstooting at any old time in every part of town. The Union band conceived the idea that a band wagon was the necessary article, for mud was knee deep on Main street after a rain and the sidewalks were boards laid lengthwise, crosswise or just mud. And it was nearly impossible to march and play on the sidewalks for fear of stumbling and falling, beside the noise of the walks was louder than the noise of the band. So the age of band wagons commenced. A contract was given to some carpenters to build a band wagon, which consisted of making a bed for an ordinary wagon. If it was not grand it certainly was a wonderful creation, (like some of the ladies' hats of the present day.) It was so high they used a ladder to get in and out of it. As the band used over-shoulder horns, lead horns and all down to the bass horn, which was six feet long, they would extend considerably above the top of the wagon, and when all the boys were in it would resemble a great pipe-organ of a new pattern, but did not imitate one in sound. This urged the Democrats to have a band wagon also.

A committee was dispatched to hunt a band wagon that would beat the Union wagon. They found a stranded circus which had a band wagon for sale and a bargain was immediately consummated. It was a gorgeous affair, built very low in the center and high at front and back ends, an imitation of large golden dragons or serpents, with heads and tails up, mouths wide open, large teeth and fiery tongues protruding. The driver's seat was

between the heads of the dragons, the body coiling up and down formed seats for the players, the tails turned up, with canopy top, for the drummers.

It was difficult to determine which wagon caused the greatest sensation. The next thing was how to show off the best. They hitched from four to six horses (according to mud) to the band wagon and drove up and down town, Main street being about the only street passible when wet and it none too good. I think "Jap" True drove the Union wagon and I know "Bill" Hollman was driver on the dragon. "Jap" was a good driver but owing to the height of the wagon, could not drive very fast on account of upsetting. "Bill" Holman owned a livery barn from which he would take six horses, hitch up to the dragons, take a couple of drinks or more, and drive up and down Main street as fast as the horses could go, turning on the run. That was the time for musicians to get nervous. He could not upset, for the wagon was low down and heavy. I think he paid three fines in succession for fast driving. The marshal would march him up to the 'Squire's office, he would pay the fine, get on the wagon and start off on the run and they would "yank" him up again before the 'Squire. The second time, he said he would pay another, for he was not done driving yet. I do not remember if the boys played while driving or not, but think some did. Al Pugh says he went in the wagon with the band to play at Peru, and after getting back was glad to take his meals standing up. No springs on the wagon and he had to carry a six-foot tuba horn. The music consisted of the popular songs of the day, such as "John Brown's Body Lies a Mouldering in the Tomb," "Rally 'Round the Flag," "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home," "Johnnie Fill up the Bowl," "Mollie Darling," "When Nell and I Went Swinging in the Lane," and many others too numerous to mention. Such strenuous life could not last long and their musical zeal began to cool, but before it did I must relate how "Old Hellicon" tuba came to Rochester.

Mack Ashton, one of the jolliest band boys of the day played tuba, and as the old six-foot tuba was a very poor instrument, decided to have a new horn, for he played tuba for both bands. With plenty of money, he started to find one; walking down street in Cincinnati, he passed a music store and saw the big horn in the window. The size suited Mack and he went in and enquired what they wanted for the horn in the window. He was informed that it was not for sale, as it was only used for a sign. Mack said "That is just what I want it for, what will you take for it?" "One hundred and fifteen dollars," said the proprietor. "Wrap it up," said Mack, and he brought it home with him. When he tried to blow it he found it was not in tune and could

not run a scale on it; some of the pipes were six inches too long. After cutting off pipes and getting it in tune he found it to have an excellent tone, but the valves were a combination between a rotary crank and string action, but it was the easiest blowing horn in town, with great carrying power. It has been heard three or four miles from town. This was in 1868.

The band continued to hold together and practice occasionally until 1872. It was continued under the name of the Union Cornet Band and gave a series of entertainments commencing at Balcony hall, Dec. 25, 1871, grand ball. Jan. 1, 1872, they gave a grand masquerade ball; floor managers were S. R. Moon, M. T. Osgood, Milo R. Smith, E. E. Cowgill and J. H. Beeber.

After this there was no active band in Rochester until 1874 when Prof. J. G. Pearson and Jimmie Chapin organized what was known as Pearson's Brass and String Band, using the old water mill for a practice room. Jimmie Chapin and John, as they were familiarly called, collected some old horns from some place, where they came from or where they went, I never knew. The roster of the band consisted of the following members: J. G. Pearson, B-cornet, leader; J. S. Chapin, 1st B-cornet; O. P. Osgood, Eb cornet; Wm. W. Rannells, solo alto; John H. Wallace, 1st alto; Wm. H. Shelton, 2d alto; , tenor; Will Rex, tuba; George W. VanSike, bass drum; N. G. Hunter, tenor drum. This band played for picnics, dances, excursions or any old thing. Gave Saturday night dances furnishing our own music. Following is copy of program.

"First Annual Grand Ball by Pearson's Brass and String Band, at Balcony hall, Friday Eve., July 3, 1874. The proceeds to assist in the permanent organization of a brass and string band. Honorary managers: J. P. Myers, Sidney R. Moon, Milo R. Smith, A. T. Bitters; floor manager Levi S. Emrick." I find the names R. C. Wallace and Nelson G. Hunter frequently associated as friends of the band. Through all the years this band has never had a break since this date up to the present time, but has experienced several hard knocks.

On Feb. 20, 1875, John Wallace was killed by John Vandecar, and Pearson was called to Remington, Ind., did not return until 1877. During this time the band was directed by J. S. Chapin and Ovid Osgood. Carlos (Tom) Edison came to Rochester to work for M. O. Reese in the cabinet shop, where Pyles' hardware store is now located. The band rented the up-stairs for a practice room. George VanSike bought the "Old Hellicon" tuba and commenced playing it, the band having retrograded after Pearson left Rochester. Edison was a very enthusiastic band man and a good Eb cornet player. Levi S. Emrick, Edison and myself organized the band which consisted of the following mem-

bers: Carlos (Tom) Edison, director, Eb cornet; J. S. Chapin, Bb cornet; Ovid Osgood, Eb cornet; Wm. W. Rannells, solo alto; Ed. Zook, 1st alto; W. H. Shelton, 2d alto; Mox Samuels, Trombone; L. S. Emrick, baritone; Geo. W. VanSike, tuba; F. M. Ashton, bass drum; Tommy Shaffer, tenor drum. This combination, with the exception of J. S. Chapin dropping out and Wm. Rannells taking solo Bb cornet; Ed Zook, Trombone; Henry Edison, 1st alto; continued until 1877, when J. G. Pearson returned to Rochester and took trombone in the band. About one year before this L. S. Emrick was chosen manager, which position he held for many years. No man was better fitted for the position. Of a kind, lovable personality, good executive ability and respected by the members. To him more honor is due for the splendid band organization of Rochester than any other man. He decided that the band should be uniformed and secured the first uniforms any band ever had in Rochester, consisting of blue flannel pants with gold braid on the seams. The pants were so thin they had to be lined with muslin. We all had black coats so we turned the collars up and pinned them around the neck. The only thing we had to send for was the gold braid and little flat navy blue caps with a small bunch of feathers, called a "pompons" in front of the cap. That was certainly one of the proud days for the boys, when we marched down the street. We had tried to keep it a secret until we marched out in our new uniforms.

Emrick commenced to agitate the necessity of having new instruments. We gave balls, shows, Emrick's minstrels, etc., until we got enough money to get a set of Straton instruments. They were all hellicon shape and very cheap. I remember marching down the street one day, playing on the old board sidewalk. Billy Shelton's bell fell off his horn and he nearly fell over it. By the way, he still keeps his old hellicon alto, the only one of that breed left.

About that time the band decided to engage an instructor, a Grand Army man by the name of James Nevota, a very fine cornet player. I gave up Bb cornet and took solo alto, which I played for over twelve years. Prof. J. G. Pearson accepted solo Bb cornet and also received private instructions from Prof. Nevota. Prof. Pearson became one of the noted cornetists of the country. He was also chosen director of Emrick's band, which position he filled for several years and under his directorship the band became one of the best bands in northern Indiana, filling many important engagements. To Prof. J. G. Pearson is due the honor of elevating the standard of music in Rochester from a lower to a higher degree of excellency than any other man. In 1877 the band commenced giving concerts and entertainments to

equip themselves with new uniforms. I find in the Rochester Sentinel of July 7, 1877, that an entertainment was given by the young ladies of Rochester, on Friday evening, for the benefit of the band and raised \$51.55. I am very sorry the article does not give the names of the girls for it has been thirty-two years since. The uniforms were procured and consisted of good cloth and latest style cutaway coats and light blue pants; suits trimmed in red and good caps, costing about \$26.00 each. Also bought new instruments from Quimby Bros., one of the best makers of instruments in America. Old "Helicon" was sent to the factory, repaired with new valves and piping of the Quimby Bro's. make, also silver plated. Cost of repairing \$72.10, making a very beautiful horn out of an old one for George VanSike. This organization was continued with very few changes up to 1882. Prof. J. G. Pearson, director; Chas. Hastlinger, Eb cornet; J. S. Chapin, Bb cornet; Ovid Osgood, Eb cornet; Wm. W. Rannells, solo alto; O. R. Decker, 1st alto; W. H. Shelton, 2d alto; Ed Zook, tenor; L. S. Emrick, baritone; George VanSike, tuba; Milt Farnham, bass drum; Lol Samuels, tenor drum and finally Billy True, the old standby. This band had a great reputation and contracted many engagements at Indianapolis, Chicago, LaPorte and Michigan City.

July 4, 1871, the band, accompanied by their wives and sweet-hearts, went to Michigan City and had a jolly good time. We played a few pieces and the town was ours. We could play an evening's engagement without books, as every member knew his part. The little band of eleven led many parades at Indianapolis. At the General Grant boom we led the parade, both day and night. I could relate an account of a fight we had for it but space is limited.

In 1882 the band gave a show called "Emrick's Minstrels," benefit of the band. Will give a few names of those assisting: Lee Emrick, manager; Jack Case, stage manager; J. G. Pearson, musical director; Wm. Williams, leader orchestra. Performers: John Hunter, Ott Townsend, bones; J. H. Bibler, interlocutor; Chas. Brouillette, O. R. Decker, James Rannells, Frank Ralston, quartette; Bobbie Williams, black artist. The band realized about \$80.00 from the show. I may mention a few names of members of the band who belonged about that time, 1880. H. A. Reiter, commenced learning cornet; Julius Michael, piccolo and flute; Wm. Williamson, Eb clarinet, and many others whom I cannot remember.

In 1880 a band was organized called "The Rochester Band," consisting of twelve to twenty men, which "flunked" in about one year, from which Emrick's band received some new recruits. Among the number were Henry Meyer and J. F. Ault. In 1882

another band, called "Rochester Cornet Band" was organized by Prof. Pearson and after giving it a few lessons he received an engagement at San Antonio, Texas, playing cornet for Mox Samuels in theatre. Wm. Downey, manager of band, made me a proposition to join them. Oct. 22, 1883, I signed contract to play baritone and instruct band. This ended my membership with Emrick's band. George VanSike was elected director of the "Old Band" as it was commonly called and the battle was on. I found a new set of boys with no knowledge of music, except Charles Clymer, who had some knowledge of the cornet and Wm. Enders, who played the tuba in the band with Henry Meyer and J. F. Ault. I changed some of the parts, Frank Crim having baritone, I put him on solo alto, which he has played to the present time; Jake Crim, 1st alto, which he has played to the present time, and it is a fact which cannot be disputed that the Citizens' band has the best alto section of any band in the country. Schuyler Reed played 2d alto, Roy Myers and Wm. Downey, tenors; George Adams, bass drum; Allen Myers, tenor drum; Viv Essick was on alto. I changed Viv to Eb cornet and I feel that I did a good thing for he has become one of the best cornet players of the town, and a great entertainer at social gatherings, giving solos on the cornet. Chas. Clymer afterward took up tuba and became quite an artist on that instrument. We had to rent a band room, while Emrick's band, having secured a room in the fire engine house when it was built, did not have any expense for rent, which has been one of the greatest factors in perpetuating a band in Rochester. The two bands became the greatest rivals, in fact the members were so enthusiastic over the bands that they often nearly came to blows. Several would not speak to each other. They would work all night to beat the other band out of a job, money or not. When a show came to town both bands would be after it. I remember of a show coming here from the south and Emrick's band was going to get its job. Frank Crim, secretary of our band was notified, and as he could not go, we sent Schuyler Reed down to Peru to intercept the show and get the job of playing in front of the Academy of Music. He was successful and telegraphed for band to be at the depot. Both bands were there, but we had the job and escorted the troupe to the hotel. If there was any advantage to be gained by any move every one was ready and willing. Our practice was great and nothing kept the members away from rehearsal. If a new man came to town and he was a musician we would follow him all night. I remember when Walter Chapman came from Pennsylvania. George Adams discovered that he was a cornet player and passed the word. Two or three of the band boys were "put next" and stayed with him until one o'clock in the morning,

then others talked to him until they had him solid for the band.

The name of the band was changed to "Rannell's G. A. R. Band" having made arrangements with the G. A. R. to do their playing. We equipped ourselves with uniforms of good cloth, but the color did not suit the Grand Army boys, as the uniforms were butternut gray. The coats were colored to a deep blue, same as the Emrick band. We became one of the best bands Rochester ever had, with a membership of twenty-four men. We had a noted trombone soloist, Billy Casad, who played all the professional solos of the day, and Viv Essick became one of our cornet soloists, playing triple-tongue polkas; Chas. Clymer, tuba solos. Emrick's band changed its name to the "K. of P. Band" and equipped themselves with new uniforms, consisting of light frock coats, bright blue pants and white helmets with large horse-hair plumes. This was a very pretty and unique uniform. Emrick joined our band as Bb clarionet player. There were several clarionets in the G. A. R. band: Sam Hilbrun, Joe Hilbrun, Sam Steiglitz, Chas. Shoup and J. W. F. Smith, piccolo. Soon after this Rannell's G. A. R. band joined an association called the Tri-State Musicians' Association, composed of northern Indiana, southern Michigan and northwestern Ohio. There was a membership of over fifty bands. The first meeting was called at Fort Wayne, Gart Shober, of that city, was chosen president and Wm. W. Rannells, vice-president. They would hold meetings three days, all bands playing in unison on parade, one day. We had our last meeting at Warsaw. The band attended the G. A. R. encampment at Fort Wayne with the old soldiers for three or four days and things that happened would not look well in print. I could tell a good many things that happened in my experience with bands, but it has become, in the long years of my band life, a habit not to tell stories out of school, and I will not do so now.

I must relate one circumstance which occurred while at the Fort Wayne encampment. We had one tent about 10x12 feet erected for the band, which we used for our instruments and to sleep in. There were about twenty men in the band and space was limited. When we lay down with our heads to the wall and feet to the center of the tent, we were packed like sardines in a box. There was room for about four to lie lengthwise at our feet. I was lying next to the curtains at the back end of the tent and Viv Essick lay next to me. Frank Crim came in late and had to take his bed at our feet next to the entrance. We had our food cooked by steam, that is beef and roasting ears cooked in barrels with steam pipes in them. The second night was a good time to go strolling—and go quick. Viv waked up very suddenly with a desire to go strolling double-quick. He took one leap for the opening and landed on Frank Crim's neck. Frank

thought the cannon wagons had stampeded and were running over him and I don't think a short-hand writer could have found hieroglyphic characters enough to have recorded the things he said, but as no one replied Frank got settled without killing anyone before Viv got back. Next night all were peaceably sleeping as comfortably as the case would admit, when I awoke to find I was laying in water. It was raining in torrents and we had not ditched around our tent and that was a job we immediately had to do, with anything we could find to dig with. After the job was finished we were toq wet to sleep. Talk about your army life—we had a plenty. There was a panorama of the battle of Gettysburg showing under a large tent and the manager wanted a band to play at the entrance. We got the job for \$5 per hour, which we felt pretty big over, as there were eight or ten bands on the ground. We got five hours playing and a storm came up, blew down our show and closed up our business.

In the fall of 1887 the two bands were consolidated: Wm. Downey, manager; H. F. Crim, secretary; Wm. W. Rannells, director; Viv Essick, J. S. Crim, J. C. Tipton, Roy Myers, L. B. Walters, members of the G. A. R. band, and Chas. Myers, Ed. Zook, Joe Ault, Henry Meyer, O. K. Decker, S. P. Bailey, Will True, George Adams, members of the K. of P. band; Chas. Brouillette, drum major. This organization lasted only two or three weeks. Owing to petty jealousies existing among the members the band separated, going back to their respective band rooms. The G. A. R. band continued until 1889, when it disbanded, some of the members going in with the K. of P. band, which was changed later to the Third Regiment band under command of drum major C. A. Brouillette. George VanSike resigned his position as director, Henry Meyer was chosen as director and VanSike organized "The Mascot Band" about 1891, which by dilligent practice became very good and filled several important engagements under VanSike's directorship, but it had to give up as the old band, now called the Citizens' band, still held the prestige and a free band room, which has been the main factor and I may say, the only reason that Rochester ever held a band together as long as it has. The new members of the Citizens' band at this time were: Chas. A. Kilmer, Ellery Stockberger, Alfred Goodrich, Cal Hoover, P. J. Stingly and Billy DeWitt, the latter becoming quite a slide trombone player.

In 1898 a band was organized at the college by Prof. Germann and collapsed in 1901, the Citizens' band taking the best players into its fold, the following members joining: Wm. Hoffman, Lonnie Hoffman, Fred Ault, Guy Showley, Luther Mitchell, D. M. Swinehart, L. B. Walters. This was the last opposition the old Citizens' band had. I was solicited to take tuba and in

1900 the Citizens' band gave an antique fair which certainly was antique enough, for we had all the old relics in the county on exhibition. It was a great place for the old people to enjoy themselves and entertaining for the young. It was conceived by Albert Bitters and executed by Frank Crim and Joe Ault, assisted by the entire band and families. It was a great success socially and financially and netted over \$400.00 in three weeks and bought the present uniforms which are the showiest uniforms Rochester has ever had, but the band is sadly in need of new ones as they are getting scuffed and always were too heavy for comfort. In 1901 I was chosen director and continued to fill the position until 1906, when I resigned, Viv Essick filling the position until he was employed by Argos band as instructor and I was again appointed and filled the place until 1908, when Henry Myer was again elected director. The citizens donated enough money to purchase Mr. Meyer a beautiful new gold cornet of the latest Conn model and presented it to him. This was a very meritorious action on the part of some Rochester citizens, as the director in the band takes all the kicks if the music does not suit and when the band plays well the director is not thought of. This is all the director gets in the Citizens' band. M. L. Davidson, of Rochester college, has acted as director since the fall of 1908 and will do so as long as he wishes. The band does not pay the director any salary, in fact there has never been any salaried players.

No other band has ever gained the prestige or been more highly favored away from home, or executed more classic music, than the band of Rochester. Peru paid her band director fifty to seventy-five dollars per month. Logansport employs a director for her band; Michigan City keeps a high salaried man. Every city and town around us have hired musicians for their bands, while poor old Rochester refused to even let her band have a room for practice. Ever since the fire house was built, the band was allowed to have a practice room until the present council. In June, 1908, the council gave the band orders to vacate their room at once. Manager Crim and the members were looking for other quarters. The council tendered the band the use of the council room for rehearsals, which was thankfully accepted. In Dec., 1908, the council adopted a resolution that the band should vacate their room on or before Jan. 25, 1909. This was settled without any recourse, as friends did everything to change the decree. Everything was done to get a room suitable for practice, but we met with disappointment, as the excuse was always presented that it would annoy someone. In the time allotted to vacate, the town clerk, Mr. Jerome Swihart, circulated a petition among the taxpayers of the town, a tax of 1 1-4 cents for each person in Roches-

ter. The band, in return, to furnish concerts during the summer months and furnish music free for Decoration day. He was notified to stop at once, as the plan would be opposed, and as no other plan suggested itself, the band was taking action to disband. But the friends of the band, headed by Omar B. Smith, W. H. Taylor, (councilman, who stood by the band all through), J. E. Troutman, R. C. Wallace, Sol Allman, twice went before the council, pleading for the privilege to let the band return there. But Mr. Joel Stockberger, seconded by Mr. Frank Sheward, absolutely refused to consider any proposition. When the band was just about to draw its last breath, up steps Doctors Shafer & Rannells, free and unsolicited, offering, not medicine, but consolation to the band and friends of the band. They tendered the use of a fine, newly papered and painted room, centrally located. One of the best rooms the band ever had, to be used indefinitely. Therefore the band is at home once more.

The membership is, at present: Henry Meyer, Bb cornet, director; Adison Reiter, Bb cornet; Chas. A. Kilmer, 1st Bb cornet; Walter Stevenson, solo clarinet; Peter Stingly, Eb clarinet; H. F. Crim, solo alto, manager; J. S. Crim, 1st alto, treasurer; Fred Stevenson, slide trombone; Will Hoffman, slide trombone; Alfred Goodrich, trombone; Oran Karn, baritone saxophone; Cal Hoover, tuba; W. W. Rannells, tuba; William True, side drum; Wm. Crable, bass drum; Bert Skinner, drum major. This constitutes the roster of the band at this time, of the actual membership. Blythe Buchanan is playing slide trombone; also John Simons plays baritone; Lovell Walters, tenor saxophone, but are only honorary members. Paul Emrick, solo Bb cornet, will play with us when at home from his work. It is understood that Mr. Reiter will soon leave the old Citizens' Band and go to LaPorte. This is to be deplored as Mr. Reiter is a first-class cornetist and his place will be hard to fill. But this is always the case with Citizens' Band. They can not pay anyone to stay, while others can.

In regard to the "Old Helicon Tuba," which I use and of which I spoke, I can truly say it is the best instrument I have ever seen or blowed, but am sorry to say it does not belong to me, and is only under my care while I blow it. It belongs to the band, having been purchased by them after George VanSike's death, Sept. 28, 1897, when his sister was going to take it away from Rochester. The band was informed of this, and Manager Crim went to see what could be done. He found that it could be bought for fifty dollars, which amount was found to be in the treasury, and voted to be paid for "Old Helicon," to be preserved for Rochester, and to remain here until worn out, which was nearly the case, when, through the unsolicited kindness and gen-

erosity to the Citizens' Band, of friend Albert Bitters, the money has been donated by the citizens for the repair of "Old Helicon," and it is now good as new. It is an expensive instrument, having cost \$327. It is a great pleasure to me, as a friend and lover of the old horn, which I have played for so many years. I thank anyone laboring under the supposition that they were subscribing anything to me personally, as I am now the oldest musician playing in the band, having been associated with the band since 1871—38 years. I have always tried to do my duty and play what ever I had to play, whether playing for money or friendship. The band boys do not get very much for a year's playing, in fact if all expenses were counted, there would not be a member but would come out in debt. Our records will show that nearly one-half our playing is gratis for the town, and is donated by the band boys for the good of the town. No other organization in Rochester does for the town so much free advertising without remuneration. No charitable institution ever asked the aid of Citizens' Band, that it was not cheerfully granted. There are very few paying engagements in Rochester, and with giving concerts in summer, which keeps the boys practicing twice a week, and one night for concert. This occupies three nights each week, rain or shine, with a very liberal donation of fifty cents per man for concert night, or possibly seventy-five cents. This for three nights' work and the band pays for music, lights and forty cents for moving the wagon out each night. All other expenses deducted, who would like to take the band's place? The band is one of the greatest advertisers the town may have to draw a crowd. The band does not receive anything for this, and our manager, H. F. Crim, who has acted as such for nearly twenty years, says a great many subscribers never pay, or make a big kick.

July 4, 1886, L. S. Emrick engaged the band to accompany an excursion to Chicago. I was playing "Old Helicon" for the band. Several of the band boys' wives accompanied them. Emrick engaged lodging at the Kune hotel, on Clark street. At four o'clock in the morning someone aroused my wife and I by pounding on our door. On inquiring what was wanted, found Ed Zook frightened nearly to death, trying to find all the band boys, saying the house was all on fire. It did not take us long to get out, in truth I think my wife forgot to see if my necktie was on straight. On gaining the hall, there was a general rush to get out. Some carrying their clothes, some without any. I was told that Stilla Bailey went out with one pants leg on and the other over his shoulder. Lee Emrick, when awakened, turned over and put his hand on the wall, said: "Oh, it ain't hot yet," then turned over and tried to go to sleep. When we reached the balcony in front, over the street, we found the fire was on the opposite

side of the street, in a four-story building used as a restaurant, and rooming house. Smoke, in thick, heavy, greasy-looking rolls and clouds, was seen pouring out from every window. The whole neighborhood was thick with a dense fog of smoke. It was a very extensive conflagration. There were thirty-six engines playing the fire. The first alarm reported that it was our hotel, which caused the first excitement, but when it was reported that some of our crowd was over in the place, Sam Heffley and Chandley were missing, then there was more excitement, but it proved to be a mistake. We saw two bodies carried out of the building. The fire was not fully under control until ten o'clock.

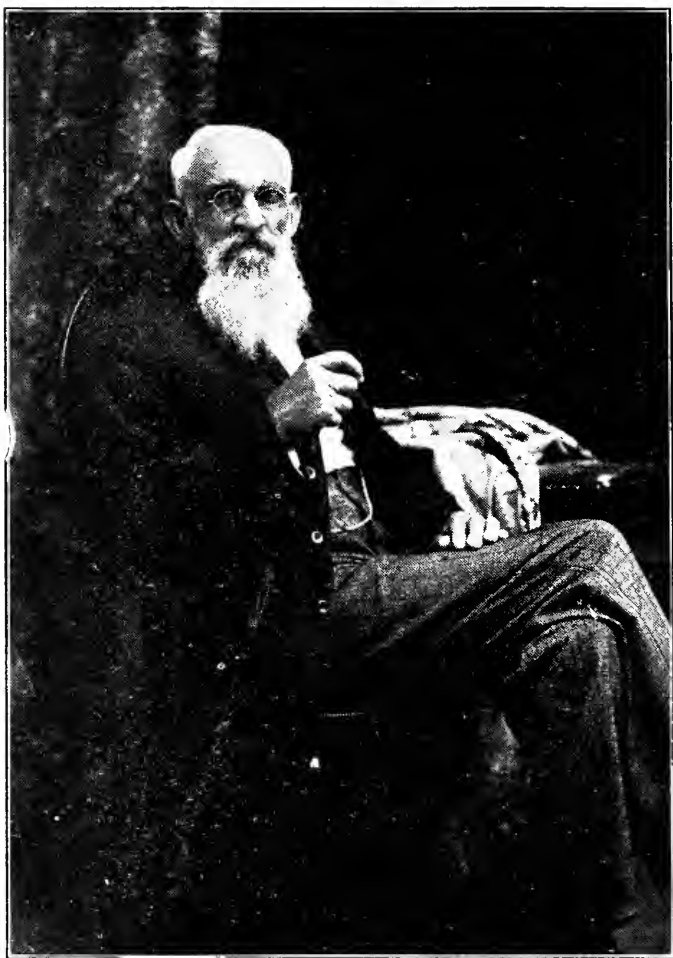
I will now bring this story to a close, as it is too lengthy now, and I have not mentioned several very funny things that happened for fear it would offend someone. But I must name some of the boys who have made some take notice.

Prof. J. G. Pearson started from the Rochester band and has gained a great reputation as a cornet soloist, located at Kansas City. Fred Ault, another boy, started from the band, would have become one of the noted musicians, but was called into the wilds of Wisconsin with his father, J. F. Ault. Another fine young man, and a chip of the "old block," is Paul Emrick, who grew up in the band, son of L. S. Emrick. He is full of musical enthusiasm, a good clarinet, violin or cornet player, capable of blowing any part in the band. Was director of Purdue College band two years. Another bright, kind-hearted, good boy everyone liked, was Luther Mitchell. Played piccolo in band, but was a professional on violin. If he had lived would have become one of America's best violinists. Another Citizens' Band boy was Edgar Wallace, who grew up in the band, and is today a professional trap drummer at Mishawaka. And another; my old friend Viv Essick, who I depended on for my solo cornet work for many years. How often when directing, has he caused my heart to pound with anxiety, fear, pride and pleasure. But I can truthfully say Viv seldom failed me, and today he is one of the best cornetists in the country, holding positions with several bands as instructor and soloist. I could mention many others but my space is full. I will say for myself that I have done some hard work in the band business and have not given up yet.

I never laid any claim to being a soloist, or a great musician, but have been a lover of music all my life. If I have given pleasure to some, I am repaid, but if I have caused any sorrow, I will beg your forgiveness, as my aim has been ever to please. I have been cross in the band room many times when things did not go to suit me, and said harsh things, for which I am ashamed. I could never reach my ideal in music, therefore have been a failure. I would like to say that the band is not the place for every young

man. Some have talent, others join the band for the purpose of show and to "mash." They never amount to anything for themselves and are worse for the band. There are always some silly girls who would run after any fellow if he wore a uniform. It is not a good school for such a young man. There is a certain nature, or trait, in a musician, born with them, to love music. They are of a very sensitive and nervous temperament, or become so. There is no lodge fraternity as great as the fraternity which exists among band men. After being associated for a number of years, they have their minds so frequently attuned in harmony that they have a sympathy for each other. While there may be feelings of jealousy, there is a bond of friendship existing between them, though they may not speak to each other. It has long been the custom of the band to play or attend in a body all funerals of band men if it does not conflict with the fraternal societies to which they belong.





DAVID W. SHRYOCK

INCIDENTS OF BOYHOOD DAYS.

Fun of Youthful Inhabitants of Rochester When Town was a Small Village.

BY DAVID W. SHRYOCK.
FITZGERALD, GEORGIA.

MR. EDITOR: In reading Mr. Perschbacher's reminiscences I saw many incidents in the narrative that I remember, so thought I would try and write a few that happened and to do so I will have to go back to my younger days again and work up to the present.

Not giving much of a history of my family in my other article, I will give a short sketch of it after arriving in Rochester. There were eleven children of us, four boys and seven girls. One brother and two sisters died in Ohio, one sister in southern Indiana and four in Rochester. My oldest sister Susan, married Stephen Davidson. Many of the old settlers will remember him. My sister Eliza, married a man by the name of McGruder; sister Sarah married Albert Ward, brother of Del. Sister Nancy married Bill Carter.

Now I want to give you a little history of Bill and his bride, to show how things were done in those days when they wanted to take a honey-moon trip. Carter came from Bartholomew county and he proposed to take his bride home to see his folks. There were no railroads in those days, so they concluded to go in a covered wagon. They got all ready to start a day or two after the wedding. Had the wagon all fixed up fine ready to start the next morning, but when Bill looked at his wagon it only had three wheels, the other one was gone. He didn't know what to do. Of course they thought they would have to give it up, but next morning the wagon stood at the same place with the fourth wheel all right. He never knew who played the trick. If I had been old enough they would have

blamed me, but I was not. I grew older and was always just as full of fun as it was possible for a boy to be.

In this narrative I want to speak of a few things and if you think it worth while print it; there may be some left there who will remember some of the things I write about. I just want to say that I don't write them for the long-faced and sanctimonious, but for a little fun. People, if they are like me, love fun, if it is truly fun, and of what I write was fun for me and my chums way back in the forties and fifties. The first little incident was back about the year 1843, when we were living on the farm. Our neighbor, Mr. Samuel Parker, had a boy, James (Jim, we always called him) about three years my senior. One Sunday we concluded we would slip off and go hunting, so I took our dog and my little hatchet and met him according to the plan. We started west through our pasture; there was a small field of rye joining the pasture on the west. The dog "treed" something in the rye field and we broke for him. There was an old hollow elm stump in the field, one side all burned off and two roots that were hollow. There was something there, we were sure, but what, we didn't know. We could see something down in the roots, so concluded we would investigate. Jim reached down and got hold of something and yanked it out. We could pretty nearly tell what it was by the odor. Well Jim held it up and I whacked it with my little hatchet and then gave it to the dog and he shook it awhile. Suppose you know what it was, if you don't I can tell you. It was a skunk kitten. That one disposed of Jim proceeded to take out another and I would whack that one and throw it to the dog, which he carried out as his part of the program. The atmosphere by this time was getting pretty blue, but we did not mind that much. We were out for a "lark" and did not propose to give it up and proceeded until we had killed three kittens and two old ones. I tell you we thought that was fun and we had done a good thing for the country. It didn't make us sick, but the poor dog was indisposed for quite a while, but finally recovered. Thought we had enough experience for one day, so concluded we would go home. Thought probably we would not smell very good, so we decided we would go down to a creek that ran through our pasture and take a bath. Well, we did, but thought it would be better to keep our clothes on and then tell the folks we had fallen into the creek. I expect you have seen a good many people and boys that looked more tidy than we did, but no matter, we lit out for home. This part of it was not so funny for us. I thought I would slip up behind the stable and get to the house without mother seeing me, but she met me about fifty rods from the house. I knew pretty near what was coming. The first thing I had to do was to divest my-

self of all the garments I had on, then I was sure of what happened, for if there ever was a kid got trimmed down, I was the chap, and Jim, well, he didn't fare any better than I did, maybe worse, for he had a father to attend to his case. In a day or two I saw Jim and he asked me how I got along and what mother did. I told him that if he had been there and seen for himself he could form his own opinion. That was the last time I ever went hunting on Sunday. Poor Jimmie, he got snake bit, and every season about the time he was bitten, he would have a very hard time and I guess that was what killed him.

Now, how's that for a skunk story? It may look like a skunk story and may smell like it, and in fact is, but I don't think it any more of a skunk story than Jonas Myers' fish story. Jonas' fish story I can vouch for. I know of it and have often told the story, and havn't any idea that people thought it was true. I have seen fish come down the creek from the lake in a freshet, that was perfectly astonishing. Along the creek and over the bottom willows grew quit thickly. Those large buffalo fish would get caught in those willows and you could go there after the creek went down and get more than you could carry, for some of them were very large. I remember one time, I think it was Ike Good and Dave Edwards, came to town one day with one on a pole between them and the tail of the fish reached to the ground. It weighed sixty pounds. (Another fish story.)

Now we will talk a little more of my life on the farm and then we will go over on the other side of the Michigan road and I will try and entertain you a few minutes from that part of the country. In those early days everyone had a large fireplace. No stoves then and no matches; yes, there were some, but poor folks could not afford to use them and had to depend on keeping fire in the fireplace. If you happened to get out of fire, you had to go to the neighbors for it. Well, one time we ran short and mother sent me down to Mr. Parker's after some. It was getting quite late in the evening. Got the fire and started home. By that time it was beginning to get dark and I was hustling along. It was through the woods, only a small place cleared away for a road. When I had gotten within sight of home, there was an awful yell, I thought it was right behind me. I dropped the fire and if ever a fellow did tall running I was the chap. Told mother there was some awful thing that yelled at me and scared me, so I dropped the fire. By the way, I didn't look back until I reached home. One of the girls went back and managed to get enough fire to start with. Mother said I was brave(?) to get scared at a screech owl, but I was scared pretty bad all the same.

Now, for the other side of the road. There lived in the neighborhood of which I wish to speak, Bill Carter, Hardy Parker,

Thos. Wilson and Jos. Reed. Hardy Parker lived on the hill, just north of Carter's. Joe. Reed's place joined Carter's farm on the south and Tom Wilson's just south of Reed's about half a mile. I was out to Carter's to spend the night. He proposed to go and get Wilson and Parker, and taking me along as a kind of a side partner, we would go over to John Pence's and buy some apples, the way we most always got them. Pence had a fine orchard. This happened before Carter had any apples, in fact none of them had orchards that bore any fruit at that time. Pence also had a dog and he was cross as sixty. The orchard was quite a distance from the house, and we thought that by being right quiet, we would not disturb the dog. The orchard was about forty rods from the timber and along the timber was a high stake and rider fence. Well, we got to the orchard all right and was going around just as quiet as we could to find the best fruit. We came to a tree that had very fine ones on. We had to get them some way as the tree was pretty large. Parker thought he could shake the tree and not disturb the dog. Carter told him he had better not as the dog would hear us. He shook the tree and about that time we heard the dog and he was coming in our direction. Now if ever you saw fellers "git," we were the three. We didn't stop to climb the fence, just naturally fell over it. I was the youngest of the trio and got into the woods first, the others got over the fence just in time, for the dog was pretty close, but the fence being pretty high he didn't try to get any farther. We were some pretty badly frightened boys and did not get any apples there.

Mr. Sinks lived about three-quarters of a mile from Pence's, on the road running from Rochester to Hoover's Mill, not far from the lake. He had a good orchard and we held a council of war and decided we would try and get some of Sinks. That time we made a haul. Got a bag of fine apples. I don't know whether he missed them or not, anyhow we never heard anything about it. We had another little time over there, but lest I tire you will not relate it, but will go from there to Rochester and see what we can find there, whether anything of interest to you.

Fulton county settled up pretty fast and it was not long before there was a good many people in the county. The first 4th of July celebration held in Rochester was in 1846 or 1847, and when the Fourth was celebrated then, it was a celebration in the full sense of the word. There were two tables constructed in the public square, on the south side of the court house, among the trees. Early in the morning the people began to come in. We had no idea there were so many in the country. About nine o'clock Isaac True, snare drummer, Nat Bryant, fifer, (I don't remember who beat the bass drum) began to play down about

where Banner Lawhead's tavern used to stand. Of course the crowd moved toward the music. I think brother Kline was Marshal of the Day. They began to form in line for the march. Let me say right here, lest I forget it, that there was one Revolutionary soldier in the county at that time, old Mr. John Johnson. I think he was the father of Grandpa Tommy Shelton's wife. He rode in a buggy with some one. Don't recollect who led the procession at that time, and for two or three celebrations after that. The procession formed and marched south, out near where the old fair ground used to be, then returned and filed in to the table. At the head of the table was a small squad of militia, and as the column marched in fired a salute. If tables were ever loaded with good things to eat, it was on that occasion. After dinner they had some toasts. I didn't hardly know what that meant—remember of brother Kline making quite a speech, as well as others. Don't remember of but one other—that was Jesse Yhost. He used to be with Chris Hoover in the furniture business. At that time he was living a few miles east of Rochester. That was the first Fourth of July celebration Rochester ever held. There were many subsequent, and every one better than the preceeding one. People then celebrated with an enthusiasm that has been outgrown.

I must now tell you a little more of my experience, and that of some others. Jesse Shields was keeping store on the corner north of public square, and it was there at Jesse's that Jonathan Daw-on made his debut. He was a young man from the country, and a nice fellow. His father was one of Fulton county's solid men. Now for a little joke said to have been played on the young man from the country I don't know that it is true—Jonathan will know. R.N. Rannells kept store at the north end of town. The story goes that Jonathan had not been with Jesse very long before he was sent down to Rannells' to get a dozen button holes. Think some are living in Rochester who will remember the circumstance.

The first show under a tent, in Rochester, was on the lot across from the Mansion House. It was a small affair, but very interesting to us kids, and I was one of them, don't you forget it. What struck me as being the nicest thing of the whole shooting match was the monkey riding the pony. Thought that was just too grand for anything. That was the only time I ever wished to be a monkey, so that I might ride that pony. The next show was a larger concern. That one had an elephant, which was the wonder of the nineteenth century to us boys. It exhibited up at the north end of town, just east of Alex Chamberlain's tavern. We all thought it was a "buster" of a show. Some of the girls rode the elephant—don't remember who they were, but know

they kept up quite a giggling, each one holding on to the other to keep from falling off.

I must hasten along, for I can't tell everything I know in regard to the times when I was a boy. Will just speak of one of the jollifications they had at Rochester. The Democrats and Republicans tried to outdo each other in the way of a big demonstration, but I thing the Democrats rather came out ahead. (I am a Republican and always have been.) If it had not been for Newcastle township the Republicans might have taken the cake, but when the delegation came in from Bloomingburg, that just beat everything. They came, that time, with twenty-five yoke of oxen drawing a big hickory wagon full of Democrats—and the band playing "Shove 'em Up," Fin Emmons leading the van. Of course things didn't go off right unless there was a fight, and they had it all right, as they had many times before and afterward.

I don't know that this has interested any of you, but will tell two or three other little incidents and then "ring off" and give you a rest. I will give, as the last of my reminiscences, where Chris Hoover figures again. It wouldn't be complete if I couldn't bring Chris in somewhere. Did any of you fellows ever go out "sniping?" Maybe you don't know anything about it, so I will have to explain the workings. Get some "greeny," as you suppose, to go with you with a sack. You get him to hold the sack at a certain place while you and your chums go and drive the snipe into the bag, etc. One night we found a young fellow who didn't know anything about the game. Took him out just north of the old cemetery, at the edge of the prairie. Got him all fixed, told him to be very quiet, and we would go up along the prairie and drive in the snipe. We left him and then lit out for town. We loafed around about an hour and the fellow didn't come in, consequently became a little uneasy about him and went back to hunt for him. Found him just where we had left him, fast asleep. After awakening him he wanted to know if we had seen any. Told him we had, and if he hadn't been asleep would have made a good haul. That is snipe story No. 1. Now for another, somewhat different.

There was a young fellow in town—I don't remember his name. We had been fishing for him for some time. One night four of us rogues went down to Rannells' store on a kind o' lark, and that chap was there. He was a very friendly sort of fellow. We proposed that we would go sniping and asked if he wouldn't like to go along. He said "anything for fun." Asked him if he would hold the sack, and he replied that he would do anything. We borrowed a new sack at Rannells' store and told the proprietor we would return it next morning, then made haste to our

"snipery." Took our victim to the same place we had taken the other fellow. He was very particular and wanted to know just how to hold the sack, and how he should act when he heard the birds coming. Of course we gave him the necessary information, got him all fixed and then broke for town. Went to Rannells' store, loafed around there a while, and thought we would go and have a dish of oysters. Reub Tally was keeping a little oyster stand just across the alley from Dr. A. H. Robbins' office. When we got there, who should we find but this young fellow, eating oysters. He had traded the sack to Tally for a dish. That was one on us. We gave Tally thirty cents for the sack and returned it to Rannells, who sold sacks at twenty-five cents. Don't you think that was a good one? We were always good friends after that, and quit the snipe business.

In the early days of Rochester the town site was covered with hazel brush and oak grubs, on the west side of Main street to the prairie on the west. Lot Bozarth had a farm just at the edge of town, on the west, or rather northwest. He was at one time a partner with my brother, J. J. Shryock. Lot had a little path from his house through the brush to the store. You could not see him when coming or going, as the brush hid him from view. By the way, I want to say that I used to drop corn for him, back where I. O. O. F. cemetery is now located, for one dollar and a quarter per week, to get money enough to go to the circus. But this is not what I started out to say.

Rabbits, those days, were almost as plentiful as the brush. We used to have great times shooting and catching them. Chris Hoover was quite a sport, as well as myself. Just after a snow Chris and I used to go hunting down by the prairie. We would see Br. Rabbit's track going down into the prairie and we'd follow it into the tall grass and see where Br. Rabbit had crept in under a bunch. Well, Chris would square himself, and down he would go on top of Br. Rabbit, and he never missed getting his game. I was always afraid to fall, through fear of hurting myself. A dog wasn't in it with Chris when it came to hunting rabbits.

Think I have written about enough nonsense for once. You know there is always a funny side to almost every one's life, and I have written just a small part of mine, hoping it may amuse some, at least those who read this article. "A little humor now and then is relished by the best of men."

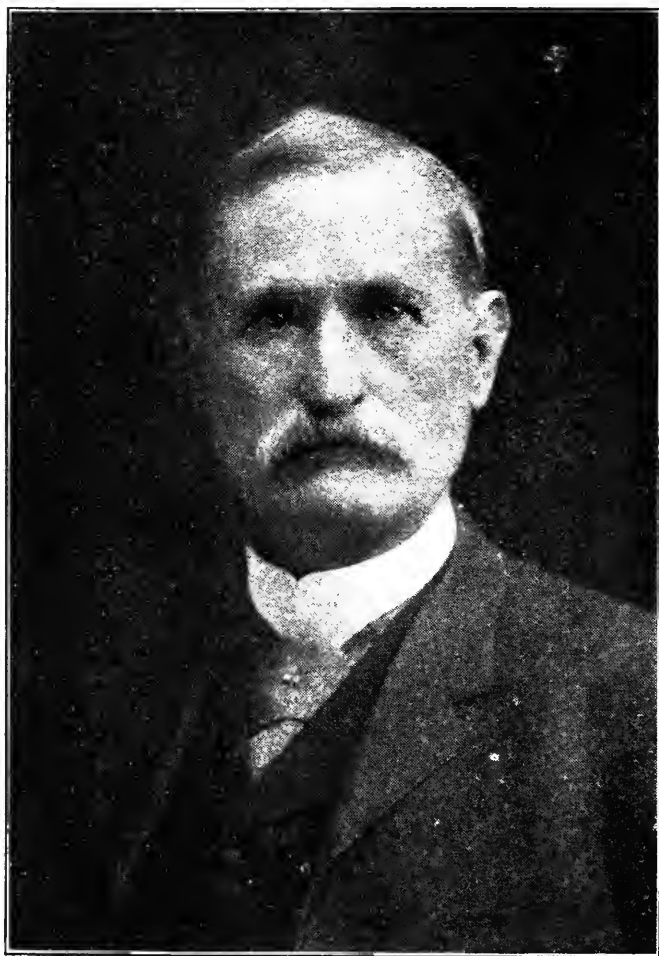
I don't want to close this story without giving a short history of our city. When I came here, in 1895, there was nothing here but pine woods and a turpentine camp. Now it is a most beautiful city of nine thousand inhabitants, with all the modern improvements that go to make a city attractive. It is located one

hundred miles south of Macon, with five good railroads. It is nine miles from Irvinville, where Jeff Davis was captured, ninety miles from the sea coast. There are a great many old soldiers here, some two or three hundred, where the old chaps have a good time, away from the cold winters. Here it is just fine—only winter enough to tell when spring begins. We make our garden in February. You will find everything in the way of “garden sass” in the markets. We are building a new court house, jail, and high school buildings, putting in a sewage system and extending the water mains and electric lighting system, which makes it quite lively in the way of business.

Right here I “ring off” and bid you all good bye.

*Backward, turn backward, of Time in your flight,
Just about sixty years would be about right,—
Cover my bald head with hair as of yore,
Give back my teeth, good and sound to the core,
Let me again without spectacles see—
Oh hallelujah! How happy I'd be.*







ANCIL B. BALL

PICKED UP FROM OTHERS.

Music of the Howling of the Wolves Described for Boys and Girls of Today.

 BY ANCIL B. BALL. 
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN: This is my third letter written upon early times in Fulton county. It is with great pleasure that I read the letters of those who have contributed to the early history of the county.

In my former letters I have given a history, according to my best recollection, of early times up to the civil war, and this letter will consist of "pick-ups" from other letters. My old friend and boyhood neighbor, Jonathan Dawson, speaks of the spelling schools we had in the winter time. I remember well that we went as far as six or eight miles to spell down a school, and Dawson was one among the best. The foundation stone of our education is now shamefully neglected—the three Rs are somewhat eliminated—and now we receive letters from college students with misspelt words, and also find them deficient in arithmetic and reading. I cannot help but think that the old log school-house method of teaching is more proficient than the method now in vogue.

I note what Brother Mitchell says about the Rev. Dr. Bazie Clevenger and family, when they resided in Akron. I went to the same school with Sarah Clevenger and became somewhat infatuated with her, and she thought "the world of me," and I made up my mind she would be my life partner, when one evening after spelling school, on the road home, she told me she was engaged to John Louderback, of Fulton. Disappointment was no name for it, for I thought she was perfection.

I well remember the underground railroad spoken of by Bro. Essick. When I was a boy I used to see one or two negroes come down from our "loft" in the evening, to get into a wagon

with a white driver and go north toward the Canadian line. Dr. Sippy and my father both kept "underground" stations. There are no more use for those railroads—the black crime of human slavery is gone forever. I remember also that one of the Essick boys, who was a student in Fort Wayne college, came to Akron and delivered a temperance lecture, one evening. Whether it was M. L. or not I cannot say.

Bro. Waymire speaks of Millark. When a boy I was frequently sent to Hoover's mill with a grist of wheat and corn, and usually had to stay at the mill over night. There were bunks in the mill building, with straw ticks and straw pillows, and we had to furnish our own cover. There we would sleep while the mill would grind away all night long. They "tolled" the grists with a peck measure, so much for each bushel of wheat or corn, and John Hoover never forgot to "toll" the grists—once—or twice.

I remember Dr. Charles Brackett and his brothers Lyman and Albert. Albert was the youngest of them, and went to the war with Mexico, and at the close wrote a history of the doings of the Indiana soldiery during the war. I happened to be in Rochester when the books came and I purchased one. It was among the first, if not the first one sold. I paid a dollar for it in "shin-plaster."

Now, you young Hoosiers never heard a wolf howl. Sometimes, during the summer, especially of a dark, gloomy night, the wolves would begin to howl. Of all the howls that ever did howl, they were the "howliest," and most mournful. It would make the hair raise on your cocoanut, and make you think they were in a few rods from the house. My father and mother would stand on the door steps and listen to them, but not me. I would not have gone out of doors for all of Carnegie's gold or Roosevelt's reputation. One afternoon about 4 o'clock, there came up a terrible wind and rain storm, and I could not go and drive in the sheep, as was my duty, and next morning at daylight my father went to the woods and found the wolves had killed fourteen out of twenty sheep. Did they eat the sheep? you ask. No, they only cut their throats and suck the blood. There were many droves of wild hogs in the woods. How they came there no one appears to know. But they were there, and were more dangerous than the bear or wolf. No person was safe in going through the woods without a trusty gun. One time a neighbor by the name of John Hoover was attacked by a dozen wild hogs, and after firing his last bullet at them, climbed a tree and the hogs kept him up until 10 o'clock at night, when some neighbors came and relieved him. Firearms were not the same then as they are now. Could only shoot once until you would have to

reload. Roosevelt would be in great danger if he had the same kind of shooting irons they had then. "The goblins would get him if he didn't watch out."

Railroads were not thought of then, and we marketed our grain at Wabash or Peru, a distance of about twenty-five miles from Akron. Once a neighbor and I took two wagon loads of wheat to Wabash to market, and stopped over night at a farm house about three miles from town. There was a spelling school nearby and I went over and spelled down the whole cheese three times. Gee! but I was happy, and they did not know where I came from and wondered what had struck 'em.

I remember the murder of Jack Clemans, by Arnold Perry, as related by Bro. Ward. My father thought he must have been insane, but according to the history of his after life he must have had his right mind.

I remember, also, of Sheriff Ben Wilson being locked up in the old log jail, and his friends "bored" him severely about it. Wilson was a good-natured fellow and took the "augering" in good part.

Well, I have had some political career. Was a candidate for auditor of Fulton county against A. J. Holmes, in 1858, and came within eighteen votes of being elected. Was clerk of Henry township several years.

Married and located in Warsaw. Was school director for several years. Elected county auditor and served eight years. I was appointed United States special agent, with headquarters at Seattle, by the Harrison administration in 1889, and served until Cleveland was elected and "turned the rascals out." Served a term in the customs office here. Was engaged in the taking of the last census.

My wife and I have a good home and pleasant family and are living well. Am doing little except writing for one of our daily newspapers.

Good luck to all old settlers of Fulton county.

STORY OF A PREACHER.

Vicissitudes and Vexations of Orphan Boy Compared With Present Possibilities.

BY REV. SAMUEL McNEELY.

ON THE 20th of October, 1844, in a log cabin on the banks of Brown's Run, Butler County, Ohio, the writer first saw the light of day, being the youngest of nine children born to John and Elizabeth McNeely, father being of Irish and mother of Scotch descent. Mother died in September, 1846, and father in 1849, from the terrible scourge of cholera. The writer also suffered an attack of the same disease, but fortunately recovered to be, in later years, the victim of all the diseases incident to childhood, such as measles, whooping cough, mumps and other like ailments.

My early years were spent in many homes. Having neither father or mother, I was subjected to the kindness of strangers, as a rule, who treated me fairly well as long as I was able to serve them without extra trouble upon their part; but when sickness came they would take me to an aunt, my mother's sister, who always took me in and cared for me tenderly until health was restored, when some other home would be found for me. All with whom I spent my earlier years have long since passed to their reward. Of the nine children of the family, seven grew to man and womanhood. There were five brothers, and all were soldiers during the civil war, but no two of us in the same regiment. There was one brother in the Eighteenth Indiana, one in the Twenty-sixth Indiana, one in the Twelfth Ohio, one in the Sixth Iowa, and myself in the Forty-sixth Indiana, also the One Hundred and Eighteenth Indiana. All have been mustered out and gone to join the ranks on the other shore and I am left all alone, so far as blood relation goes.

There are some incidents in my early life that recall some



REV. SAMUEL McNEELY

pleasing recollections. When about eight years of age a couple of incidents occurred which I recall as rather amusing. Myself and brother Henry, who was two years older than I, were both staying at my aunt's, who lived just on the edge of a large clover field, in which brother and I spent a good deal of our time. One day, playing with a neighbor girl, she caught a bumble bee and got a drop of honey with which she taunted me for a while and then ate it. That fired me with a desire to have a feast of honey. I told my brother about it, so we repaired to the clover field bent on having all the honey we could eat. We would watch for a bumble bee to settle on a clover bloom, when we would put our hat over it and pound the life out of it. After securing some eight or ten, we concluded to begin the feast. Of course I wanted to do the dissecting, but my brother said he knew all about the business, so I had to yield. He took up a bee and began operations, but alas for human expectations. Soon the air was rent by screams sufficient to raise the dead. The bee resented and made use of his only weapon, stinging my brother on the end of the thumb, which put an end to our feast. A few days afterward we were again under the shade tree in the clover field, where the dust was nearly ankle deep, and we concluded that we would play fighting bumble bees. We would fill our hats with dust and throw it up in the air and then run through it, waving our arms in imaginary battle. We were having a good time, until suddenly a sound fell upon our ears, the angry voice of our cousin calling us to the house. When we arrived we discovered that she had a gad about five feet long, which was anything but a welcome sight to us. We crowded into a narrow space between the buildings, where she could not follow us, and of all the begging and "slinging snot" you ever witnessed, surely that was the limit, but all to no purpose. We had to come out and take our medicine, which was pretty severe, but proved to be a radical cure, as I don't think I have fought bumble bees since.

When twelve years of age, I was brought to Indiana, landing at Lagro, Wabash county, on new year's eve., 1856, and have lived in the state ever since. When in my fourteenth year, I went to live with an Irishman, named Casey, with whom I remained until I enlisted in the Forty-sixth Indiana. My life there was a complete change from former things. It simply set me free, allowing me to go where I pleased and do what I pleased, so long as I would be home Monday morning to go to work. While there I learned to dance, play cards, drink whisky, or whatever my fancy dictated. Living three years under such influences, it was no wonder that I graduated soon after going in the army. I was an expert in nearly all games played with cards, but one thing I absolutely refused to do, and that was to play for money. I tried "chuckaluck" once or twice and that satisfied me.

I enlisted in Company I, Forty-sixth Indiana, in October, 1861, being but seventeen years of age. Was with the regiment until December, 1862, when I was sent with a number of others to St. Louis, Mo., to the Good Samaritan Hospital, where I kept going lower and lower in strength until I gave up hopes of ever seeing Indiana again. I became so weak that I fainted, several times, in making efforts to raise up in bed. One day I was lying on my cot when the door bell rang, and I sprang up in my bed and turned my ear toward the door. The boys in the ward became frightened, supposing that I was dying. They gathered around me and tried to get me to lie down, but I told them to let me alone, that was someone from Lagro. In a few moments my uncle was shown into the ward, after which I laid down, perfectly happy. My uncle was so overcome that he could not talk for several minutes. The first words he said were: "My God, Sam, is this you?" I replied, "Yes, what there is left of me," when he exclaimed, "Well, God knows there is not much left except your feet." In after years he used to joke me about it, saying that my feet looked like mud sills hung to a rye straw. I was completely "hide-bound" and could not hide my teeth to save me. My uncle often remarked afterwards, that if anyone had told him that men could become so poor and emaciated, and still live, he would not have believed it until he saw a case with his own eyes. He remained with me for over a week, trying to get me a furlough, but could not succeed, as all the hospitals were run by contract at so much per head, and every one furloughed would cut off that much revenue from the doctor. But I got a discharge on the 13th of February, 1863, and my uncle came down and took me home. I recruited up and on the 1st of July, 1863, enlisted in Company F, One Hundred and Eighteenth Indiana, and spent the winter of '63 and 4 in East Tennessee, coming home in March, 1864.

Feeling that I had soldiered enough, concluded I would get a wife and settle down, thinking that that was all I needed to make life complete. I soon found that I needed everything else worse than I did a wife, but having got her, I had to keep her. For some years after marriage I tried farming, but made a complete failure, so I worked by day's work to maintain myself and family. Many a time I have walked five miles, done a day's work and walked home again. I did whatever my hands found to do. One thing was in my favor—I always enjoyed good health. I have many times made the statement that I had not missed a half-dozen meals on account of sickness in forty years. In the year 1872 I began trying to preach and have been in the work for thirty-seven years, having done what good I could. Some of my experiences have not been the most pleasant. I remember one or two that will bear telling. While living in



Huntington county, I had to go to Argos. Wishing to catch the early train at Huntington, I aimed to start at two o'clock in the morning from the house. Having company, I did not get to bed until eleven o'clock; when I awoke I made a mistake of one hour in looking at the clock and was taking things very coolly until my wife awoke and said: "You can't go now, as it is three o'clock." I said "no, it is only two o'clock," but when I looked again, saw my mistake. I was five and one-half miles from town and the train due at 4:04. Started on a race for the train. The night was dark and the roads rough, hence I partly ran and partly walked, but I made the train all right. Another time I started for the same train. It was just when they were working the road and everything was all the same color. Aimed to keep in the center of the road, but unfortunately for me I could not see where I was going, so about a mile from home I fell off a culvert into a hog wallow and was completely plastered. What to do I hardly knew, as I had not time to return home and then make the train, so I continued on my way. When I reached Huntington it was just coming daylight, so I went to the river and commenced to wash off all the mud in sight. It was a cold, damp morning and no fire. I nearly froze until I got to a fire to dry my clothes. If some of the preachers of today would meet with such experiences I don't know what they would do. In those days I thought nothing of walking fifteen and twenty miles to fill my appointments, and I will say, right here, that although I have been in the work thirty-seven years, I have never made a complete disappointment. Have been detained on account of funerals and sickness, but always managed to send word to my people.

I located in Argos in the summer of 1875, and remained there until I moved to Tiosa, twenty-eight years ago, where I expect to remain as long as I stay on this mundane sphere. After locating in Argos I soon found my salary was too small to maintain my family, so I took up plastering and stone masonry, which I followed for fifteen years, working five days in the week and preaching over Sunday, besides preaching a great many funerals. In fact I never knew anything but hard work until the last twelve years, but I don't regret it, as I feel that it is better to wear out than rust out.

I have been trying for three or four years to cut out some of my points, feeling that I am entitled to some rest, but the people won't have it that way and keep me in the work. While I have never had what would be called a living salary for my work, I am not complaining, as I have a home and enough to eat and wear, and what should we ask for more. I have often made the remark that I would rather die a pauper and be buried as a county charge and know that I had done something to help some poor soul than to die a millionaire and know that I had lived for nobody but myself.

RETROSPECTIVE REMARKS.

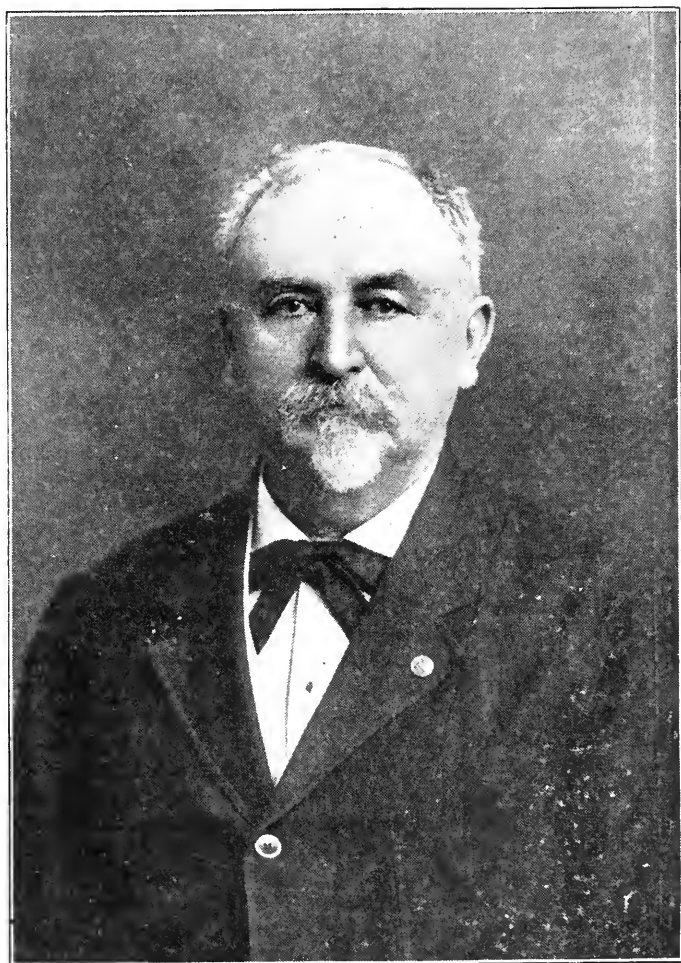
Fall of a Giant Poplar Tree and Piercing Cry of a Panther Impress Memory.

 BY BEN FRANKLIN BROWN. 

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

I WAS BORN IN FULTON COUNTY, Indiana, on the 14th day of July, 1841, so says the records. The particular place of this happening was on what was known, thirty years ago, as the John Shriver farm, about two and one-half miles southwest of Akron. My mother told me she used a sugar-sap trough in lieu of a cradle, to rock me to sleep when I had a spell of disturbing things with an unusually loud and unnecessary noise. With my father-in-law, Mr. E. R. Powers, I visited this particular spot the last time in the summer of 1868.

My earliest recollection of an incident worthy of note in this article, occurred on a farm about one mile west and one mile north of Akron, adjoining Judge John Ball's farm on the north, and where I became acquainted with Ancil, Daniel and George Ball, sons of Judge Ball. I do not know how he came to have the honorable prefix of "Judge" to his name. No doubt Ancil could give us light on the subject, but I remember well that father called him "Judge." Father purchased this farm and had moved his family on it when I was quite young, as I have no recollection of the transfer. The incident occurred in the spring-time of 1845 or 6. This portion of Fulton county was covered with the heaviest timber I ever saw anywhere in all my ramblings over several states and territories in the last fifty years. Early one morning there came to our house two neighbors, living west of us about a mile, by the name of Bryant (the description of our house I will omit, as there has been so many just like it described in former articles). It was a drizzling, rainy morning. They could not work out, so came over to have a talk with father. They sat down in front of the fireplace and were soon engaged in



BEN FRANKLIN BROWN

conversation. Not long after they had got to talking good, father spoke about the giant tree of all that forest, a yellow poplar, standing some fifty feet southeast of our house, and expressed a fear that lightning would strike it and thereby endanger the lives of his family. I remember that one of the men said, "Henry, if you have the axes we will help you to cut it down today, as we cannot do anything else." Father rather demurred on account of the weather, but they insisted. Finally he said, "I have the axes," and went out into a kind of a lean-to shed, in the rear of the house, and brought in three axes, with a whetstone. They whet them and then went out and walked around the tree two or three times before commencing operations. Now, it so happened that all three men were what is termed right-handed in axe craft, and when they were at work were entirely out of sight of each other. They worked until mother called them to dinner. Of course they did not work all the time, as if they were working for wages, as they would stop and inspect one another's work and talk a little. After dinner and more talk, they resumed and worked something more than an hour before the giant fell, and it made a terrible crash and shook our cabin like an earthquake. The men then measured the stump and found it to be a little over eight feet inside the bark any way they measured, and it was sixty feet to the first limb, and that was over three feet in diameter. What a value there would be to such a tree now. Methinks enough could be realized to buy a farm of one hundred and sixty acres in some localities in this country today.

The following autumn we moved to Rochester and father worked for Grandfather Rannells, who was operating a general store at that time. I don't think I visited the old home again until in 1866, when I found a part of that tree still lying there where it fell twenty years before. After moving to Rochester, I spent most of my time, for four or five years, at my grandfather's home, which was about half way between Rochester and Akron (then Newark). He had a large family and one boy, Jacob, a few months my senior, who made a good playmate, hence I preferred to stay there rather than at home. Grandfather had a large house, perhaps the largest in Fulton county at that time, particularly on a farm, and I do not remember any house in Rochester, sixty years ago, as large as it was. He had two large frame barns at that time. I attended my first school while staying there. The school house, like a number that have already been described, was situated about a half-mile north and east of Henry Hoover's mill, which was also of ancient type, and the person who wielded the birch, or beach, at that school was James F. Wagoner, still an honored, valuable and respected citizen of Fulton county. I shall be much disappointed if I fail to read an

article from his pen in the series being published by the REPUBLICAN before the closing changes are rung on.

It was while staying at grandfather's that my next incident of note occurred. It was in the early springtime of 1847 or 8, it being sugar-making time. William Woods, who had married my aunt, Nancy Rannels, had become foreman of grandfather's large farm, being chief in everything pertaining to sugar-making. The camp was of logs, about 12 feet by 20, as I remember it, and covered with clapboards. It was so constructed that the west end was almost entirely open, as from that end the furnace was fed with fuel, which consisted of logs split up ten feet long. The furnace contained four very large iron kettles for boiling sap. The pit under the furnace to receive the fuel was about one foot deep and extended outside the camp house at the west end about four or five feet. The camp was located about a half-mile from grandfather's house in a southwest direction and about due south of where the town of Athens now stands, very near the residence of Frank Brouillette, which was then all a dense forest from the Akron road two miles due south without a single human habitation, and about half a mile south of the camp meandered a sluggish stream called Beaver creek. Its borders contained numerous almost impenetrable jungles, ideal places for varmints and wild animals to frequent and seek shelter from the hunters in quest of game, such as served for food. This particular evening, after supper at the mansion, I got permission of Uncle Bill to accompany him to the camp. He also took Fan Rose, a negro woman, along to help carry the sugar home. He expected to "take off" that evening, after dark. Fan and I sat in front of the furnace, watching the bright glow of the fire, while Uncle Bill busied himself with the boiling of sap. He always did his final boiling down in the kettle, farthest back in the camp. Along about ten o'clock, while he was transferring the syrup from the kettle to a large wooden tray for the purpose of graining into sugar, which he did by constantly stirring with a large paddle until cold, up and out of the darkness from the south came the most piercing scream I ever heard before or since. Fan turned her eyes wrong side out and looked at me and exclaimed: "Fo' de lub uf God, what's dat"? And almost in the same breath turned and asked Uncle Bill what that screeching was. He replied that he did not hear it, but I always thought he did and was doing some very hard thinking, just then, before announcing a conclusion. However, he did not wait long, for in five minutes the scream was repeated, and then when Fan interrogated him again, he replied without hesitation, "Panther, b— G—d." I did not know at that time what a panther was, and asked Fan. She told me that it was a large and ferocious wild animal, which was in the habit of

dining on women and nice young kids, when or wherever found. This somewhat disturbed my sense of safety, and I at once changed my position from in front of the furnace to the rear end of the camp house, on the inside, near Uncle Bill. Now, don't think I was alone in making this change. Fan was moved by the same spirit at the same time, and we both got as close to Uncle Bill as he would allow. The movement of the panther was slowly to the east and the screams were repeated about every five minutes, it appeared to me. Uncle Bill finally transferred his sugar from the large tray to two wooden pails and we were soon wending our way through the timber toward home. Uncle Bill was on the side toward the panther, Fan next to him, helping to carry one of the pails of sugar, while I was on the other side of Fan, hanging on to Fan's other hand. Still I did not feel at all comfortable, by this time having heard the screams a number of times. Fan had come to the conclusion that it was not a panther, but was a woman, lost in the woods, calling for relief. They argued the question as we walked along, but Uncle Bill could not convince her that she was wrong. Finally he told her that when he got to the house he would prove to her that he was right, by the dogs. All settlers had dogs, and whenever there were dogs in hearing of the screams they would bark and howl. (We had three dogs.) Uncle Bill told Fan when we got to the house he would get his gun and start out toward the noise and call the dogs to follow, and if they followed him it would be something other than a panther; but if they refused to go with him it was sure to be a panther. This proposition to test the matter seemed to satisfy her. So when we arrived at the house he proceeded to carry out the test. Our dogs were all sitting on their haunches in the front yard, barking and howling. By the time we arrived home, the panther seemed to be almost due south of there. Uncle Bill procured his gun and started out, calling the dogs, which were always ready to go with him when he had his gun, but this time they seemed to become ashamed of themselves, for instead of following him, they immediately hushed their noise and retired to the rear of the house, out of sight, utterly refusing to take part in the game in evidence. This seemed to satisfy Fan that her contention was wrong. However, I thought she had good reason for her belief, for I have heard very much the same kind of noise from girls and women at the sight of a little mouse. This was the only time that the scream of a panther was heard in that particular neighborhood, to my knowledge. I was told that Asa Bozarth, father of Jasper Bozarth, of Rochester, killed one in the timber east of Lake Manitou, when looking for his cows, one evening. I speak of this case, for I have failed to note any reference of the fact that there were panthers in the early days of Fulton county, by any of the former contributors.

There were wild hogs in the vicinity of grandfather's home, more numerous than deer or wild turkeys. I remember one autumn grandfather had forty acres of corn, where it was entirely surrounded by heavy timber. No human habitation nearer than half a mile. It was fenced into two fields, the outside fence being eleven rails high. Still the wild hogs would climb that fence and get into the corn, and being so plentiful, done great damage. Chris Woods, one of the employes on the farm, thought he would take a look at that corn, one afternoon, and in walking through the field, flushed four or five bunches of wild hogs. He reported that they were fat, and grandfather told him to take a team, his gun and a dog and get some fresh pork to eat if he found any hogs in the corn again. The next afternoon he hitched a team to a wagon, took his gun and a good dog for the business. Myself, and I believe George Moore, who lived near Athens, went along to see the fun. On our arrival at the field, we hitched the team, climbed over the fence and started the dog out. It was only a very short time until he found a bunch and soon we heard a squeal. We were quite close, soon coming in sight, and prevented the balance of the hogs from attacking the dog. He was holding one that Chris said would weigh about 200 pounds and would make good meat. Accordingly he shot it and told Towser to go after another one, which he soon caught. That one, proving satisfactory, was dispatched the same way. After driving all the hogs out of the corn, we returned to the dead ones and proceeded to skin them and cut them into convenient pieces to carry out to the wagon. It was dark when we reached home with our meat. After that, for several years, fresh hog meat was plenty in the fall of the year if they were found trespassing in the fields of grain.

I remember one day, when wheat was almost ripe, one of the men told grandfather that the hogs were in his wheat in a certain field. After dinner grandfather put the saddle and bridle on old Jim, his saddle horse, mounted and rode out to the field reported infested with hogs, destroying the wheat. As he was riding through the field he suddenly came upon a nest of them lying down. They did not see him, nor he them, until very close. Among them was a large, sandy boar. Being so suddenly aroused he at once became furious, springing up, with bristles six inches long pointing toward his head, and tusks three inches, reared on his hind feet and aimed a blow at the horse. But he had seen the danger coming and made a wheel at the right moment, as the boar missed him, but caught grandfather's boot-top with one of his tusks and cut it about half off. Old Jim had business elsewhere and proceeded to take himself and grandfather out of there before the boar could renew the attack. Grandfather was satis-

fied with the investigation and quit the field very willingly, but sent one of the men, with gun and dogs, to clear the field, which they did at the time, but the work had to be repeated every day or two until the wheat was harvested. This incident illustrates the ferocious nature of the wild hog, which was dreaded and feared by the early settler more than any other wild beast inhabiting the forests of Fulton county over sixty years ago.

We now come to about the winter of 1856 and 7, at Rochester. The Methodist people put on a revival meeting in their church, which stood where Chris Hoover had his furniture store in 1900, when I was last there, Rev. Burghner acting as chief pilot, and a Mr. Fairchild, as good a man, morally and religiously, as ever lived in Fulton county, as first mate. Bro. Burghner threw the brimstone, while Fairchild dispensed the milk and honey, and they succeeded in working up quite an interest, as I think the sequel will show, and I will ask Uncle Del Ward, Milo R. Smith and others that no doubt remember this incident, to corroborate what I here relate. R. N. Rannells, better known as Newt, and Rev. Burghner had become quite friendly in a business way, prior to the opening of this meeting. Before this I don't think Newt ever went to church, but on account of friendship for Burghner in their business matters, concluded that he would attend some of the meetings. At first he was irregular, but seemingly becoming interested became quite regular in his attendance. This action on his part being so unusual, caused a great deal of gossip and conjecture as to the final result. After the meeting had progressed a month or more, Bro. Burghner, as usual before closing the meeting for the evening, extended an invitation to the penitent to come forward to the altar. Uncle Newt, being of a very impulsive make-up, was the first on his feet and immediately went forward. This action on his part created quite an excitement as well as surprise to those knowing him best. He approached the altar with alacrity, Bro. Burghner meeting him with extended hands. As they clasped hands Uncle Newt was heard to exclaim (and several heard him, as he was not in the habit of whispering or even speaking in a low tone of voice when he had anything to say): "Here is my hand for thirty days, Burghner, and if I can stick thirty days I will try it six months." I am sorry to have to record the fact that he failed to finish the thirty days. He had a number of men in his employ at that time, and some of them were prompted to do things that they thought would annoy and aggravate him to say something not strictly orthodox. One of these men was Spang Sperry. Uncle Del, Milo, et al., will remember him. I have heard him relate things he would do, then lay in hiding for Uncle Newt to show up and hear him swear, and then the laugh of Sperry proved too much for him.

Before closing I will relate an army story about Uncle Newt that is well known to a goodly number of Rochester people. He went into the army in 1862, as quartermaster of the Eighty-seventh Indiana Volunteer Infantry, in which service he remained about eighteen months. On the morning of September 17, 1863, the Eighty-seventh was in line of battle in front of Pigeon range of mountains, in Northern Georgia, about twenty-five miles southeast of Chattanooga, Tenn. We were confronting that wily old Confederate general, Braxton Bragg, and for some reason, about eight o'clock that morning, he saluted our lines, from left to right, with a desultory artillery fire. It seemed to have the desired effect, for very soon we received orders to strike tent, load transports and move to the left. We got busy at once, and what could not be carried by the boys was left for the quartermaster and teamsters to load in wagons. The regiment filed out into a road that, for acute angles, excelled anything of the kind I have ever seen, before or since. No one of said angles would contain more than two of our six-mule-team transports, and be in sight of one another. Just as the regiment was ready to move, a regiment of rebel cavalry came in view, about a half-mile to our front, in the timber. This fact and the fact that we were leaving the quartermaster to finish loading, as he was only about half loaded, perturbed him, consequently he rushed things, in order to follow, before the Johnnies could intercept him. Our officers had taken the precaution of throwing out a pretty strong line of men to the right of main column, about one hundred yards or more, as flankers, as protection against a sudden attack. We had marched something more than a mile when a courier from the quartermaster passed to the front, where the colonel and staff were, and asked for a halt of regiment until he, the quartermaster could come up with his transportation, as he was seriously threatened with capture. The colonel promptly moved column by right oblique, outside the road, then halted. The colonel and staff dismounted and waited for the quartermaster to show up, which he very soon did, coming into view from around one of the sharp angles, on his roan charger, and he was making good time, I assure you. A few rods behind him came a six-mule team on the double-quick, a few rods behind that another, and so on in this very much out-of-order condition until they were all safe within the lines. For some time there had existed a bad feeling between the colonel and the quartermaster and he never failed to rebuke the quartermaster when opportunity was presented. As the quartermaster pulled the old roan down, near where the colonel stood, and dismounted, he being in a very high state of excitement, the colonel saw his opportunity, from the condition the transportation was in and proceeded to deliver his reprimand

by saying: "Mr. Quartermaster, I want you to keep those teams closed up and straight in the road, sir." The quartermaster, assuming his characteristic position, by crossing his hands on his back, replied: "Colonel, how in h—l are you going to keep teams closed up and straight in a crooked road, by G—d," this being delivered with a rising inflection from start to finish. Laugh, did you say? Everybody that heard the quartermaster laughed except the colonel and the quartermaster. The colonel turned and walked down the line with more bad blood to the surface than ever before, and the quartermaster having never before delivered himself more seriously, could not see where the laugh came in. Closing, will say that the colonel and the quartermaster had several tilts before this, in which the colonel invariably came out second best. Thus endeth the chapter.



KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS HISTORY.

Story of the Institution, Progress and Prosperity of Fredonia Lodge, Rochester.

IN JUNE, 1884, C. D. Sisson, who was a member of the Knights of Pythias, at Ashland, Ohio, Joseph Copeland, who was a member of Marion Lodge, Ohio, and S. P. Terry, concluded to attempt to organize a K. of P. lodge at Rochester, Ind. S. P. Terry corresponded with Grand Chancellor Dunlap in regard to instituting a lodge. He secured the necessary blanks and the boys got busy. In a short time they had secured the signatures of the following persons, who became

CHARTER MEMBERS:

S. P. Terry,	I. W. Brown,	Ben Heilbrun,
M. S. Weills,	Joe Levi,	Leon Kewney,
K. W. Shore.	J. F. Johnson,	Chas. D. Sisson,
Ferd Heilburn,	F. W. Busenburg,	A. E. Rapsh,
S. J. Steiglitz,	W. E. Becker,	J. C. Copeland,
R. S. Stewart,	John C. Phillips,	Jos. F. Siegfleid,
Sigmond Lauer,	Henry Morrison,	J. F. Barcus,
Nathan Kramer.		

They next secured a warrant and arrangements were made to institute the new lodge on the evening of July 3, 1884, at I. O. O. F. Hall. That evening Grand Chancellor Dunlap and Grand Instructor Heiskel were present, and assisted by Hyperion Lodge, No. 117, of Plymouth, Indiana, they instituted what is now Fredonia Lodge No. 122.

Before the instituting of the lodge, the Grand Chancellor asked if they had a name for the lodge. S. P. Terry suggested that as we already had a Rochester Masonic lodge and Rochester I. O. O. F. lodge, that the name of the K. P. lodge be something besides Rochester, and proposed the name of Fredonia, the same being impressed upon his mind by the private car of Col. Condit Smith, president of the construction company which built the Chicago & Erie railroad, being of that name, he having named



JOE LEVI

K. W. SHORE

I. W. BROWN

CHAS. D. SISSON

JOS. F. SIEGFREID

the car after the home town, Fredonia, N. Y., which name was adopted.

The first and second ranks were conferred and then intermission was taken for supper, which was prepared by Mrs. I. W. Brown and furnished by the Colonel. The third rank was then conferred, after which the following officers were elected and installed: Ben Heilburn, P. C.; J. L. Copeland, C. C.; S. P. Terry, V. C.; M. S. Weills, P.; K. W. Shore, M. of Ex.; N. Kramer, M. of F.; Ferd Heilburn, K. of R. and S.; J. F. Barcus, M. at A.; H. Morrison, I. G.; I. W. Brown, O. G. Lodge was duly instituted about daybreak upon the morning of July 4, 1884. July 17, 1884, the resignation of J. C. Copeland, C. C., was read, and as he had not been present since his installation, was accepted, and S. P. Terry, who had filled the position pro tem., was elected as C. C. and J. C. Phillips as V. C.

For the first few months of its existence the lodge was financially weak, and whenever any money was needed, C. C. S. P. Terry went down in his pocket and procured the same. A short time after being instituted the lodge was invited to assist in instituting Hercules Lodge No. 127, of Peru. Officers and members responded, taking the band with them, and assisted in the work. Later they were invited to North Manchester to do some work, and were highly complimented by Grand Chancellor Charles Shively for their proficiency in the work. Afterward they went to Michigan City and there added laurels to their reputation. Later they assisted in instituting Argos and Kewanna lodges, and instituted Akron and Fulton lodges.

April 15, 1886, a committee, consisting of Ferd Heilbrun and J. C. Phillips, was appointed to ascertain the feeling and the possibility of organizing a division of the Uniform Rank, and on May 24, 1886, a division of the Uniform Rank, known as Rochester Division, No. 27, U. R. K. of P., was instituted by James R. Carnahan, Major General U. R. K. P., with the following

CHARTER MEMBERS:

Ferd Heilbrun,	Al. Ford,	John C. Phillips,
Wm. W. McMahan,	Sam'l Heilbrun,	C. W. Brackett,
W. H. Deniston,	L. Wohlgemuth,	Soloman Allman,
Nathan Kramer,	C. D. Sisson,	Chas. Brouilett,
Joseph F. Siegfried,	L. M. Brackett,	J. P. Michael,
E. F. Johnston,	F. W. Bosenburg,	Chas. M. Shoup,
F. H. Cornelius,	M. S. Weills,	W. E. Becker,
G. W. Taylor,	R. C. Wallace,	James A. Terry,
M. O. Rees,	C. Cooper,	Chas. F. Meyer,
G. H. Killen,	A. B. Sabin,	John Wallace,
Charles Hoover,	D. L. Gaskill,	E. C. Stanton,
A. Biccard,	Clark Babcock,	

The first captain being John C. Phillips. After instituting the division a banquet was given at the Wallace Hotel. The division added more honor to the reputation of Fredonia Lodge by winning in drills over such divisions as Logansport, South Bend, La-Porte, Michigan City and Huntington. On March 11, 1886, Emrick's Band was adopted by the lodge and given the name of K. of P. Band. On July 1, 1886, they left I. O. O. F. hall and went to Masonic hall, where they remained until June 27, 1889, when they went back to I. O. O. F. hall.

January 24, 1889, there were two propositions submitted to the lodge to build and lease a castle hall; one from Brackett & Barrett and the other from J. B. Fieser, which were taken under advisement until the next meeting. At the next regular meeting, Jan. 31, 1889, the trustees were instructed to accept the proposition of Brackett & Barrett, which was to build and lease to the lodge a castle hall on the south half of the third floor of the block which they were planning to build, namely, what is known now as the Arlington Block. At the same meeting a committee of three, which afterwards was increased to four, to be known as an advisory committee, to act in conjunction with the trustees, until the new hall was built and furnished, was appointed, the committee, consisting of S. P. Terry, C. B. Moore, Enoch Myers and Newt McQueen. April 18, 1889, a committee consisting of Lou Wohlgenuth, Charles Brackett and Floyd Herman was appointed to fix the time and make arrangements for laying the corner stone of the new hall. May 30 a committee of five, consisting of H. A. Barnhart, R. C. Wallace, Enoch Myers, P. M. Buchanan and S. P. Terry was appointed to prepare the ceremonies for laying the corner stone. Afterward, S. P. Terry and Enoch Myers were appointed to prepare a synopsis of the lodge, a list of the charter members, also of all the members up to that date, the first and present officers of the lodge, a list of Past Chancellors, also of the Grand and Supreme officers, to be deposited in the corner stone, which was laid June 6, 1889.

Ex-Senator Zimmerman when introduced delivered the address of welcome on behalf of the citizens. The Senator spoke briefly, opening his remarks with an eloquent welcome, couched in the following language:

Once within the borders of our city, her freedom is yours. We welcome you, not as strangers, but as our guests and friends, and while in our midst you are a part of the common household, a part of the great family of this peaceful and prosperous community. None are more hospitable and kind, none more sociable and generous than the good people who surround you this hour. No pilgrim ever entered the gates of this city and departed hungry. No man or woman in distress or danger, knocking at the doors of her denizens for protection, shelter or relief, was ever

refused. Such is tradition and the history of our town. Pardon me, when asserting that we feel a modest pride in our city. Not because she is a great metropolis, not because she is the abode of millionaires and lords, not because we can boast of riches and wealth, but because within the city's confines are contained most precious jewels—jewels of virtue and all the attainments and attributes of superior manhood and womanhood, because crime, poverty and indolence are unknown within her walls, whilst industry, peace and happiness mark the pathway of her homogenous population. We welcome you because you have come hither to honor Fredonia Lodge—an organization composed of the flower of the community, and which is today the pride and admiration of the city. Although the junior fraternal order of Fulton county, her charter dating back but five short years, in point of strength and character, in discipline and general prosperity, she surpasses her worthy sen or rivals. We welcome you because we see inscribed upon your handsome proud banner the significant motto: "Friendship, Charity and Benevolence," which embrace at once the cardinal principles of true christianity, genuine philanthropy and good fellowship.

The senator also referred to the sublime example of true friendship demonstrated by Damon and Pythias, from which the order took its origin, and eulogized the fundamental principles of Pythianism—Friendship, Charity and Benevolence—in a most eloquent tribute.

At the close of this speech the glee club rendered the beautiful quartette, "Over Land and Sea," after which the procession was reformed and marched to the site of the new building. Here the opening ode of the order was sung, and Prelate J. H. Winans delivered a fervent prayer. Then the president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and architect, viz: Sam P. Terry, P. M. Buchanan, Charles K. Plank, Enoch Myers and Robert C. Wallace, laid the corner stone with impressive ceremonies, after which the president delivered a short address, and the exercises were closed by the pronouncement of the benediction by Rev. J. H. Neff.

About the 1st of January, 1890, the lodge moved from I. O. O. F. hall into the new hall. On January 9, a committee of five, consisting of Joseph Levi, C. D. Sisson, A. L. Rannells, A. T. Richter and P. M. Buchanan, was appointed to make arrangements to dedicate the new hall, and also a committee of three, consisting of E. A. Rannells, Charles Brackett and O. A. Davis, was appointed to prepare a banquet for the same. On Jan. 21, 1890, the present castle hall was dedicated, with a membership of 114, by the following improvised grand officers: G. C. C., H. A. Barnhart; G. V. C., M. A. Baker; G. P., C. D. Sisson; G. K. of R. and S., A. Biccard; G. M. of Ex., M. B. Phillips; Herald, E.

A. Rannells; G. M. at A., Charles Brackett; G. I. G., Estilla Bailey; G. O. G., James A. Terry. The ceremonies were admirably given, being both beautiful and impressive. These ceremonies over, the doors to the banquet room were thrown open and the assemblage, numbering more than one hundred Knights and their ladies, were seated, where they feasted, broke bread and tipped cups to the everlasting prosperity of Fredonia Lodge. The tables were then removed, and to the delightful strains of Williamson's orchestra, the knights and ladies tripped the light fantastic far into the midnight hour.

Dec. 28, 1888, a committee of three, consisting of I. W. Brown, Adolph Biccard and N. McQuern, were appointed to make arrangements to institute a ladies' rank, and on Dec. 4, 1890, I. W. Brown, chairman of the committee, reported that after nearly two years of hustling, he had made the proper arrangements, and on Dec. 17, 1890, a ladies' rank, known as the Pythian Sisterhood, was instituted by Grand Chief Alice M. Gilman, with a charter membership of fifty-four ladies and thirteen knights, as follows:

Mrs. Veron Gould, Belle Slusser, Dollie Siegfried, Mollie Baker, Julia Hoover, Dora Rannells, Alice Allman, Bertha Rosenberg, Masia Deniston, Mary L. Zook, Theressa Levi, Mabel Tipton, Pauline Bowers, Dove Miller, Essa Bailey, Etta Gast, Mollie Phillips, Clara Bitters, Ora Myers, Rose Killen, Eva Bennett, Hida Wohlgemuth, Edith Rhyan, Carrie Shore, Kate Cooper, Estella Reiter, Jennie Sisson, Lena Fretz, Fannie McMahan, Hala Myers, Isadore Goss, Angie Lowe, Ellen Essick, Ella Brackett, Byrd Mercer, Maggie Buchanan, Emma Brown, Retta Barnhart, Sarah Brackett, Rose Reed, Mary Wolf, Emma Wilson, Belle Woods, Minnie Plank, Nona Butler, Mary Butler, Mollie Rannells, Nellie Wallace, Lizzie Stanton, Louisa Holman, Mrs. J. P. Michael, May Terry, Mrs. Charles Swartwood and Mrs. Orton Mitchell. Knights—I. W. Brown, C. D. Sisson, C. K. Plank, J. F. Siegfried, F. C. Wilson, S. P. Terry, Joseph Levi, J. C. Phillips, G. H. Killen, Jacob Rosenburg, L. B. Walters, L. Wohlgemuth, and M. M. Bitters, by card, from North Manchester, Indiana. The organization adopted the name of Isabelle Temple No. 33. The following officers were elected and installed: P. C., Mary Wolf; M. E. C., Emma Wilson; M. E. S., Hala Myers; M. E. J., Rose Killen; M. of F., Rose Reed; M. of R. and S., May Terry; M. of F., Dora Rannells; P. of T., Estella Reiter; G. of O. T., Minnie Plank.

The lodge gradually increased in membership up to the latter part of 1893, when there was a revival started, and during that period and the first half of 1894, thirty-six were added to the membership. About this time there was an inclination upon the part of the older members to shift the responsibilities and active

duties of the lodge upon the shoulders of the younger members. Those who had been present at the beginning of the lodge and had guided its early footsteps as an unmaned barque upon an unknown sea, out of the silence of darkness which entombed it into the light of day and prosperity, a strong, healthy youngster, able to combat with the best, backed up by the principles and teachings of Friendship, Charity and Benevolence, considered that their active work was done, and the results, after a quarter of a century, have shown that it was well done. Although the majority of them still retained their membership, they gradually ceased, one by one, to be active members, until, at the present, there are but three or four of the old members who are active workers. The next largest increase in membership was in the term beginning Jan. 1, 1899, and ending June 30, 1899, when the membership was increased by twenty-eight. The banner term was the last term, ending June 30, 1909, marking the twenty-fifth anniversary of the lodge, when the membership was increased thirty-five, making the largest number taken in during any one term of the lodge. On the 13th of May, 1909, the rank of Knight was conferred on twenty-five Esquires. At 7 o'clock p. m. the members and visitors met at the hall, and, headed by the Citizens' (K. P.) Band, marched up Main street and down again. While a good turn out was expected, the parade was a surprise, as over 250 members and visitors, including the twenty-five candidates for Knightly honors and the goat, turned out. The commodious hall was well filled, and the excellent team of Fredonia Lodge conferred the work in an excellent and impressive manner, omitting nothing of the work; but working without unnecessary delay, the work was completed by 1:00 a. m.

Soon after the work began announcement was made that lunch would be served in the adjoining hall, and notwithstanding the large crowd, there was plenty, and the committee was kept busy until 1:00 a. m. During the work the band furnished music, and after the work the quartet sung for the lodges. Atwell Siegfried, son of Joe Siegfried, one of the charter member, was given a little extra at the close, and Brother Alvah McCarter performed a stunt not down on the program. There were present large delegations from Fulton, Akron and Argos; also representatives of lodges in Frankfort, Delphi, Indianapolis and Osage City, Kan. The officers and active working members of that term are deserving of great praise and credit for their earnest and diligent work on behalf of Pythianism, and also went to prove that the trust placed upon the younger members by the older ones was not misplaced.

During the twenty-five years of Fredonia Lodge's existence there was taken into membership 471; lost by death, 20; by withdrawal card, 40; by suspension for non-payment of dues, 96; by

expulsion, 6. Making a membership at the close of the term ending June 30, 1909, of 308. During the above time there was paid out of the exchequer of the lodge for relief, \$10,624.74. The deceased members of the order are:

J. F. Johnson, Kt., J. A. Carter, P. C., A. E. Rapsh, Kt.,
 Jos. C. Zolman, Kt., Wm. Downey, Kt., E. C. Stanton, Kt.,
 E. Neil Hoyte, Kt., Chas. H. Hoover, Kt., Rudy Bybee, Kt.,
 H. L. Weltmer, Kt., A. L. Rannells, Kt., Wm. Pontious, Kt.,
 Lon Stockberger, Kt., P. E. Terry, P. C. E. Thompson, Kt.,
 E. M. Polley, Kt., Lon J. Hoffman, Page, John King, Kt.,
 Bloomfield Metzler, Kt.

Fredonia Lodge has had its ups and downs, its seasons of joy and hours of sorrow, but it has at all times stood ready and willing to lend a helping hand to those in need and sorrow. Like in every other organization, there may have been some members who have not at times come up to that standard which is measured by the principles of Pythianism, but take them as a body, it will be hard to find a more loyal-hearted, chivalric band of Knights in the Supreme Domain than those who dwell within castle hall of Fredonia Lodge No. 122, and they make better citizens, better husbands, fathers, sons and brothers by having taken the vows and obligations of Pythianism.

JOSEPH F. SIEGFRIED,

C. D. SISSON,

K. W. SHORE, Committee.

E. E. BORDEN, K. of R. and S.



FULTON COUNTY ODD FELLOWS.

Brief History of the Brotherhood, from its Institution to the Present Day.

 BY DELL KESSLER. 

IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES preceding this the life and history of our community has been reflected, as well as the personality of the various individuals who wrote the articles. It is from the records of the past that we learn to measure our progress and thus formulate and forecast for the future. From the experience of many of the writers of these articles referred to, we have gleaned much that was of interest and value concerning our community. While the individual is the unit of society, yet any sociological organization of individuals whose interests become common, such as churches, fraternal societies, etc., is also of moment and interest to the community, as they are the expression of a common interest of a collection of individuals. Believing that the fraternal society is an important and useful element of a community, and also believing that Odd Fellowship has accomplished much that has been for the more complete and better development of the community, the writer, at the request of friends, is submitting the following as a sketch history of Odd Fellowship at Rochester:

Upon a petition of J. H. Staley, W. H. Mann, Anthony F. Smith and Samuel Staley, the I. O. O. F. Grand Lodge of Indiana on July 15th, 1847, issued a charter authorizing the institution of Rochester Lodge No. 47. This lodge was one of the early pioneers in the field of Odd Fellowship, having been established about twenty-eight years after the first American Odd Fellow Lodge had been founded by Thomas Wildly at Baltimore, April 28th, 1819. Thus this lodge is in its sixty-second year, and in those three-score years and two reflect, in point of time practi-

cally the entire history of Fulton county. There is no brother of this lodge now living who witnessed the birth of No. 47; but no doubt many of our more aged brothers and citizens may have many pleasant and personal memories of those whose petition made the institution of this lodge possible. At the time of the founding of this local lodge our community was new. Few indeed were the changes that the hand of man had wrought to that section now known as Fulton county where forests stood primeval, and where now are our fine farms and flourishing villages. Fulton county had been organized only eleven years previous, and the small town of Rochester had been platted out by Alexander Chamberlain and Lot N. Bozarth for a period of only twelve years. The Indian had scarcely ceased building his wigwam and birch bark canoe on the banks of Lake Manitou and Tippecanoe, his removal from this, his former hunting ground, had been accomplished for but a period of eight or nine years, when Odd Fellowship was founded at Rochester. Thus, it is true, that in point of time, Rochester Odd Fellowship reflects practically the entire life of Fulton county, and it is the oldest lodge of any fraternal society in the county.

Let us reflect back over these three-score years and two, which represent the life of Rochester lodge, the aged in memory, the younger in history, and follow briefly what the local Odd Fellows believe to be a successful career. Few, if any, are the old landmarks now standing to guide the memory back to those earlier days. Rochester Lodge No. 47 was instituted in a frame structure on the west side of Main street, about where the Zook hardware store is located today, and its first permanent home, which they owned, was the second story of a very modest frame structure, situated on the corner of Jefferson and Seventh streets, which corner is now occupied by the Methodist church. Handicapped by lack of members, lack of paraphernalia and many of the now supposed-to-be necessities, the pioneer brothers struggled against difficulties and established the lodge upon a firm and safe foundation. The lodge then conferred upon the candidate five degrees at a minimum cost of \$25.00 and paid \$3.00 per week sick benefits. The lodge now confers the work for a minimum price of \$10.00 and pays \$4.00 per week sick benefits and \$75.00 funeral expenses, and furnishes a nurse day and night if required. Some of our present members were made Odd Fellows amidst these adverse surroundings. For instance, Brother Isaac Good, who was initiated September 15, 1849. He is the oldest member in Rochester Lodge, and one of the oldest in Indiana in point of continuous membership, and, if perchance, Brother Isaac Good is seen trudging down the pathway of life assisted by a gold-headed walking stick, or the venerable old Jonas Myers is seen

peacefully reclining in the large Morris chair at his residence on Jefferson street, it can be remembered that these are presents from Rochester Lodge No. 47, given to show their appreciation of the lodge for their long, continuous membership and sturdy efforts to make Odd Fellowship what it is today.

Having outgrown their former quarters, negotiations were closed whereby the lodge became the owner of their present home, the third story of the brick building at the corner of Main and Ninth streets, and the same was dedicated as such on August 15, 1870. A very important act, and one which has been very highly appreciated by the community, was the establishment, in 1855, of the Odd Fellows' cemetery. A total of 1828 now lie buried in our silent city of the dead, and it has become a source of pride to the lodge and community. On January 19th, 1853, upon a petition of John H. Stailey, Anthony F. Smith, Charles W. Brackett, Robert Rannels, Henry Alexander, James H. Tucker and William Sagger, a charter was granted to Mt. Horeb Encampment No. 24, I. O. O. F., and thus an opportunity was given for members of Rochester and surrounding subordinate lodges to receive the advanced work of the order. The membership of this department have always been noted for their social good times, frequent picnics and banquets.

On August 15, 1870, upon the petition of John W. and Eliza J. Davis, David and Ella Barb, Samuel and Sarah T. Heffley, A. L. and Deborah Goodrich, and Samuel and Susan J. Barkdoll, a charter was granted to Evergreen Rebekah Lodge No. 57. This department is officered and managed exclusively by the ladies, who must be wives and daughters of Odd Fellows in good standing, Odd Fellows, or single ladies, to be eligible to membership. Evergreen Rebekah Lodge No. 57 is one of the most active lodges in the community, and a great deal of good is accomplished through this branch of the order. Woman is especially adapted to the care of the sick and afflicted, and the Daughters of Rebekah have ever been ready to give that help and comfort which is so needful in the day of trial. The membership of the various departments of the order at Rochester are as follows: Subordinate, 268 members; Rebekah, 171 members, and Encampment, 63 members. Besides various donations to other lodges and members in distress, flowers to sick and deceased members, these various departments expended last year for the care of their members about \$1,200. These departments have property, consisting of lodge hall, furniture and fixtures, paraphernalia, cemetery, notes and other properties, of a total value of over \$13,000.

Among the present and deceased membership, Rochester Lodge No. 47 enrolls many of the leading Rochester citizens. The growth of the lodge from its beginning has been steady and

sure. At its beginning and through its early history conditions were such as to present many difficulties to the organization, one of which was the prejudice of the people, which time has practically eliminated, as fraternal societies are now looked upon as being of help to any community, and through the civil war its membership and attendance was much depleted by absent members that were sacrificing their life blood on the field of action, and those absent members were kept in good standing by the members here paying their dues as they matured. But through it all Rochester I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 47 has existed, and who can estimate the influence it has exerted toward placing Rochester and community upon the high, moral and intellectual plane it enjoys today?

Rochester Odd Fellowship has a smaller working jurisdiction than any other lodge in Rochester, as there are more other Odd Fellow lodges in Fulton county than is true of any other society here. There are ten I. O. O. F. lodges in Fulton county, with an aggregate membership of 1,000. Odd Fellowship in Rochester is today in a very satisfactory condition in every way. Last year the present home was made very attractive by a thorough overhauling, having a very attractive design of paper hung upon its walls, new desks purchased, all the chairs upholstered and varnished, and in all making a very pleasant and well-lighted home for its membership. The financial condition is the best of any time in its history, having accumulated enough funds to warrant, with careful handling, a sufficient resource for all future needs. Its membership is large and active in all departments, and the various degree staffs in splendid working order. And especially true is this at present of the Rebekah Degree Staff, which has been pronounced, by those in position to know, as being one of the best in the state. The Rochester degree teams frequently confer degrees for the other lodges at other points in the county, and such invitations are favorably hailed by Odd Fellowship, as it warrants a pleasant social time to all present.

In recent years, perhaps, there has been no such events that have been so universally enjoyed by our membership as the dedication of the hall at Leiters Ford, where Rochester and sister lodges met in great numbers, witnessed the dedication ceremonies, assisted in the degree work and the consumption of a very bounteous spread at that time. Another event which is especially well remembered was the institution of the new lodge at Blue Grass, No. 840, which was instituted about three years ago, as those who were present will remember some additional excitement was caused by a fire, which originated during the degree work, and which was put out only by timely and hard effort, and some of the members were compelled to make the journey home

in the wee sma' hours of the night minus coat-tails and headgear. Perhaps the coolest of all present at the time were the candidates, who took it all as a part of the ceremony.

The teachings of the fraternity of Odd Fellows conform to law and sound morality. They inculcate a veneration for religion and subordination to civil government and its laws. To visit the sick, relieve the distressed, educate the orphan and bury the dead are leading offices of our affiliations. The motto of the order is "Friendship, Love and Truth." Its emblem is the three links entwined, which is almost universally worn by its members.

When we reflect upon the age of our local lodge, its large and active membership, its strong financial resources; when we witness the care with which the order exercises for its members in distress, the care with which they consign the dead bodies of deceased members to the grave; when we pass by the beautiful cemetery which the order has prepared for the last resting place of man; when we reflect on all this can we not conclude that Rochester Odd Fellowship has done, and is now doing much that is of benefit and for the more complete development of the community?



INCIDENTS OF BRIDAL DAYS.

Stage Hold-up, Attempted Robbery of U. S. Mail and Lucky Escape in 1859.

BY MRS. CHAS. K. SHRYOCK.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

I CAME TO THE LITTLE TOWN of Rochester on December 24th, 1856, the bride of Charles K. Shryock, the editor of the Rochester Republican paper.

We were married at my home in LaPorte and came directly from there to Plymouth by rail, and from there made the twenty-five-mile trip to Rochester by carriage, there being nothing at that time between the two places but a stage line. Fred Ryland, our best man, returned home with us. He, like many other brave boys, fell in the civil war and now sleeps in an unknown grave on the battlefield of Chickamauga. He fought and died for the dear old flag.

"Oh long may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

How well I remember our arrival at the Shryock home! I had never seen any of my husband's family, except his sister Josie. I felt a little shy about meeting them. But when my husband's father, Col. K. G. Shryock, came out to the carriage, and, taking me in his strong arms, said, "Welcome home, daughter," all fear left me, for I then knew I had found a friend in my father-in-law, which proved true in the years that followed. Then I met the dear little mother, with her welcome smile and gentle manner, which was her birthright. After meeting the rest of the family, I went directly to my room, to adorn myself in my wedding gown.

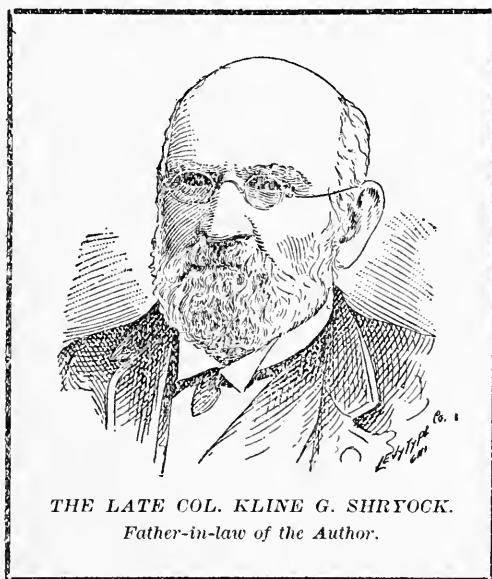
I could hear the murmur of voices in the rooms below, and knew the guests were anxiously waiting to meet the new bride, who had come to make her home in Rochester. I had just com-



MR. AND MRS. CHAS. K. SHRYOCK

pleted my toilet when I discovered some object, completely hidden in a blanket, on the bed. I went over, and drawing aside the cover, to my surprise, saw a little child fast asleep. I turned to my husband's sister and asked, "Whose baby is this?" "Why, that is little Charlie Plank, our druggist's little son," she replied. "His mother placed him there to bring good luck to the bride." I stooped down and touched my lips to his warm cheek, thinking and wishing the mother's prophecy would come true. Just then my husband came to take me down to meet his friends. The first I was presented to was Brother Watkins, pastor of the Methodist church, who you all will remember; then the parents of the little baby, and a host of good people, whose names I cannot remember now, gave me their welcome hand and good wishes.

The large fire place was piled with old hickory logs, which made the room so bright and cheerful, and the warmth was very



welcome to me, for I felt chilled through and through after my long, cold drive. We soon surrounded the long table, with its snowy cloth and dainty china, spread with all the good things that had been prepared for the occasion. All seemed to enjoy the bountiful repast, and it was long past midnight before the Merry Christmas greetings and good nights were exchanged. The next week or two was spent in meeting my husband's friends and rela-

tives, and it was not long before I knew most of the town people, many of whom have passed away years ago, while others have moved to distant places.

After we had lived in Rochester some two or three years, there came to our home a little stranger—a son. The first to announce the good news was the Democratic town paper. It came out next morning in a big headline—

“A LITTLE REPUBLICAN GAIN!”

Born, last night, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Shryock,
a son. Congratulations.”

This announcement, coming from the Democratic paper, caused quite a little furore among the people, many calling at my husband's office to congratulate him.

When our little son was some months old I went to LaPorte, to visit my parents, and on my return trip I had quite an experience. I left LaPorte in the morning, arriving in Plymouth near noon, and there took the stage for Rochester. There were but two other passengers besides myself. It was a lovely day, and it did not seem long before the stage reached the little tavern, where we stopped for the passengers to partake of the evening meal and to feed and rest the tired horses. I was sitting in the waiting room when the driver of the stage entered and said: “Well, I believe you are the only passenger who goes through to Rochester tonight.” I noticed, for the first time, how young the driver was—a mere lad.

By this time it was getting well toward sunset. With my baby I got into the stage. The young driver climbed to his seat, cracked his long whip, which the horses knew was the signal to start. After we had gone a few miles we came to a dense wood, which made the surroundings look rather gloomy. I thought of the stage coaches in California, that were so often “held up” by masked men and the passengers robbed of all of their hard-earned gold, but glad to escape with their lives. The road led down into a swampy hollow, and, just as we reached it, two men came out of the woods. One sprang to the leaders' bits, while the other came to the side of the coach and demanded, in a rough voice, to deliver up the mail. I was looking through the front window of the stage, and I saw the driver wrap the lines around his left arm and with his right hand take the long whip out of the holder. He arose to his feet. His right arm went out from the shoulder, and with whip in hand, he fought those men. The whip was not what they bargained for. The man at the leaders' heads sprang aside. The horses, not understanding such treatment from their young master, became unmanageable and started on a run over the corduroy road. I could not keep my seat; was rolling and bumping around on the floor, but my whole thought was for the

safety of my little son. The horses went quite a distance at the same mad gait; but finally the driver had them under control, and he, bending down from the box, called and asked if I were safe. "Yes," I answered. "But tell me who those men were?" He then told me they were stage robbers. "They thought I had nothing to protect myself with and would have an easy time to get the mail, but my whip was too much for them." He then got down from the box and went to the horses' heads. I saw him pat their smooth necks, and in a low, gentle voice, he said: "Old boy, I'm sorry, but I had to do it; and you, too, Brownie, but we will fix that, old fellow, when we get to the stable tonight." I knew then that those frightened horses had felt the sharp sting of their driver's whip. The young man again mounted the stage, and the horses trudged along, seeming to understand that they had had a peace meeting with their young driver.

We arrived in Rochester some time after nightfall, and drove up to the postoffice. The attempted robbery was told to a crowd which surrounded the stage. The postmaster, Jesse Shields, came out to get the mail. The driver threw the bag down and said: "There is the mail, but I had a hard fight to get it here. Firearms are all right when you want to kill a man, but in this case my whip did the business."

Here I want to say if any of my readers know who drove the stage in 1859, and if he is still alive, I would be pleased to hear from him.

In 1862 my husband gave up his paper and came to Washington, D. C., and was appointed a clerk in the mailing division of the city postoffice, which place he retained until his death, which occurred in 1901.

In 1880 my son reached his twenty-first birthday and his father and grandfather were both anxious for him to return to Rochester to cast his first vote for president. It was arranged, so he and his father, who had never given up his right to vote in Rochester, started on their trip. At the polls, election morning, there were some Democrats who challenged my son's vote, but it did not take his Grandfather Shryock long to hunt up the record of his birth, which proofs gave him the lawful privilege to vote. So he cast his first vote for James A. Garfield.

He has held a position in the city postoffice for a number of years, has a little home in Maryland, a few miles' run on the electric cars from Washington. He still votes the Republican ticket, which makes "a little Republican gain" for "Maryland, My Maryland."

TRAINING TO BE SOLDIERS.

How a Blushing Fulton County Girl Danced with the Governor of Indiana.

BY DR. JOHN E. BRACKETT.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY GRANDFATHER, WILLIAM RANNELLS, and his wife were cousins, and therefore of the same family in Virginia, where they were born, and where their ancestors for many generations had lived and labored. During the days "that tried men's souls," the long and bloody period of the American Revolution, members of these families were found with the riflemen of Morgan and among the troopers of Light Horse Harry Lee. Slavery in his native state became so intolerable that he and his cousin, also named William, decided to migrate to the far west. Kentucky would have been their natural selection for their new home, reaching the fertile lands beyond the mountains by way of the old wilderness road, over which so many Virginians had passed on their way to the blue grass country. But then, Kentucky had elected to enter the Union as a slave state, an insurmountable objection. They decided in favor of the northwest. These two cousins were known in Virginia as Long Billy, my grandfather, and Short Billy. Their homes were near together and from boyhood days they had lived and worked side by side, attended the same schools and the same frolics. Late in May, about the year 1816, these cousins, having disposed of their lands and such stock as they cared not to take with them, freeing their slaves, and leaving their wives with friends and neighbors until their return, with two good saddle horses and one pack horse, all properly equipped with such articles as voyagers through the wilderness would require, started westward and to the north.



DR. JOHN E. BRACKETT

My grandfather carried in his saddle bags and about his person, gold and silver coin to the amount of \$9,500. How much Short Billy had I do not know, but probably a like amount. Now, \$9,500 was a considerable sum of money to be wandering about with in an unknown country, infested by Indians, to say nothing of the weight. Without loss or serious accident of any kind they reached Champaign county, Ohio, where uncle, or Short Billy, concluded he would make his home, selecting a fine piece of land on the Springfield road, near the county seat Urbana, and here he afterwards brought his wife, cleared away and cultivated one of the finest farms in the state of Ohio, and here also, he reared a large family of boys and girls, no better ever lived. My grandfather pushed on alone to Cary, several miles further west, and it was here he halted for a number of years, also clearing and cultivating a large tract of land, and also rearing a family of boys and girls, though before they reached maturity the western fever seized him and he pushed farther out.

The Pottawattomie Indians were preparing to vacate their lands for their new reservation west of the Missouri river, and here promised a favorable opening, and so, alone this time, he went prospecting and found satisfactory land in the dense timber district about midway between the towns of Rochester and Akron. Making his purchases and claims and having them properly surveyed and recorded, he returned to bring his family, stock and farm implements. My mother and grandmother have often told me of that trip through the dense wilderness. Roads, such as they were, often impassable until properly mended, through swamps, over sand hills, fording streams and skirting lakes, camping at night, when bodies of Indians often would steal in out of the darkness, silently squatting around the camp fire, smoking their pipes, finally wrapping themselves in their blankets and going to sleep. When morning came the camp would find itself rid of its dusky visitors, probably to reappear at nightfall, with strings of fish and game of various kinds, venison, wild turkey, squirrels and quails. These they would carefully dress and with grave ceremony and courtesy hand them over to be cooked. Under such circumstances always self-invited guests for supper. Invariably kind, little to say, but never forgetting to treat us with the greatest courtesy, so that soon the terror that their presence at first produced among the women and children wore away, except in the case of Fanny Rose, a slave girl who had insisted in sharing the adventures of her young mistress, and but for whom life in the wilderness would have been hard for all of us, especially mother. And so the days and nights passed away until finally the journey came to an end. A house of logs, such as was generally found in the far west in

those days was built with the aid of neighbors and we moved into it and settled ourselves as best we could in our narrow and cramped quarters. There was a loft, or attic, where we children slept, as did Fanny Rose, a space at one end having been partitioned off for her especial accommodation. As on the journey, Indians in various numbers would come in from the quiet darkness after supper, squatting around the hearth when the nights were cold, often bringing game and fish. If early enough, joining us at supper and apparently enjoying our cooking, certainly our coffee, of which they would drink great quantities.

And so we lived alone there in the wilderness, quietly and uneventfully, we children growing older and stronger and more able to help in the work.

It is my mother talking.

"Eliza Ann, a girl of about twelve at that time. The heavy timber was giving way to fields of wheat, corn and other farm products. The land was rich and the yield plentiful. Our log house at that time stood in the middle of the second field, about half a mile south of the Akron road. But father soon found the little cabin much too small for his growing family and began preparations for a new and larger house, a site for which was cleared north of the road, and not far from the little stream of Chippewanoche, along the banks of which and north and west of the house an orchard was planted, fruit trees of great variety, proving as it soon did, to be one of the finest orchards in the whole county. Below us lived the Hoovers, who, about that time, built a dam across the creek to run a sawmill, from which much of the lumber for our house and numerous out-houses were brought. The work went on and, August 25th, 1842, the house was finished—large, substantial, and the counterpart, as far as possible, of the old home in Virginia. To us it seemed very fine in its white paint and green window shutters. We were very proud of it, for a more commodious or handsome home was not to be found in that part of the county. Father, not satisfied with farming, bought a whole square of ground in town on which he built a large store house for dry goods and general merchandise, and another for groceries, so that he and the boys, James and Newton, spent most of their time in trade, and we saw little of them at the farm, which mother managed with the help of several hired men. Will Woods, who afterwards married sister Nancy, was her main prop, though ably supported by George Moore, whom she called Little George, and Tim Williams, whom she named Timothy Tugmutton, and one or two others all of the time, and in busy seasons as many as a dozen or more. I was not destined to live long in the new house for your father came a-courting. At first we did not know to whom he gave

preference. There was quite a rivalry between Becky and me. We girls were all fond of him for he was a fine man and much thought of by everybody. Father set great store by him declaring, often, that while Lyman was not a professed Christian (we were ardent Wesleyans), leastwise not an orthodox Christian, nevertheless a better man never lived nor a more honest. Lyman equally admired father. Many times I've heard him say he did not know which to admire most, father, mother or Fanny Rose. Father for his strong sense of justice and sound political opinions and courage in freeing his slaves and pushing out into a new country, "The Great Republic of the West," as he was wont to call it, or mother for following and so ably supporting with her unchanging cheerfulness in the midst of so many discouraging and disheartening conditions, confronting the pioneer and frontiersman, or again, Fanny Rose, the black woman, who refused freedom and comfort in order that she might cast her fortunes with those of her young mistress—all of which praise I listened to with great satisfaction, for I am sure that I was very much in love with your father."

"Father served two terms in the state legislature. It was thought best, before I married, that I spend one winter in Indianapolis. During father's last term, mother and I did so, though I did not care especially to go until your father said that he would be down for a week or two during my stay. The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows was to meet there and he wished to be present at their meetings. One bright fall morning saw father, mother and myself occupants of the old Concord stage coach that ran between South Bend and Indianapolis. As I happened to be the only young lady passenger, it was voted that I should have a seat on the box with the driver. I therefore was mounted up in front when we started with four fresh horses from the front of Alexander Chamberlain's hotel, just across the street from father's store. Quite a little crowd had gathered to see us off, as the arrival and departure of the stage was always an event in those days. Your father had climbed up on the coach box, and somehow, squeezed himself on the seat beside me. I felt very proud on my elevated perch with a man on either side of me, behind four fine spirited horses. I thought how all the girls in town must envy me, for it was my first experience of the kind, and so we trotted merrily away toward the state capitol, more than seventy miles distant. In the fall of the year the roads were at their best, which was not saying a great deal, though parts of this particular road was very smooth and pleasant. Your father left us at the Elam farm, saying he would walk back a mile or more, and then for the first time I realized I was really going away from home. Onward we went, at times quite rapidly, at others

not moving at all, for we often stuck in the mud of the swamps. We reached Logansport just at dark. How we went clattering down the long hill just before reaching the Wabash river, the driver blowing a delightful call on his horn. I became quite excited. Across the old covered bridge we rattled, up the hill and through the streets of the town until we pulled up at the steps of the hotel where we were to spend the night. Four days and nights this sort of thing continued, in many ways delightful, always something new and romantic. The frequent stops to change horses and drivers, and the stage drivers, in those days, were mighty fine fellows, as fine in their way as those Uncle Sam tells about out in California. We had no mountain roads, but there were hills and many bad places that required quite a degree of skill in driving, to avoid. The drivers were all very kind to me but never obtrusive, probably because they knew father and mother were inside. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed that ride. The inns or taverns where we stopped for dinner or for the night, were always so pleasant, the meals all so good. Th it was perhaps partly because we were so hungry from our long ride. Often we would have our breakfast by lamplight in order that we might get an early start. Our supper, always by lamplight. Then the beds were so soft and comfortable. I could go on for hours recalling those days and that ride in the old stage coach. Nothing like it in these days. Well, we arrived in Indianapolis in due time. The season, it was said, was unusually gay that winter. Every night we were out to a party of some kind, a ball, concert, reception, what not. I was crazy to go to the theatre, but father thought it no place for a professor, so I did not have my wish gratified until after your father came. He took me several times. I was glad when he came, for I now always had some one to go with me, and I tell you I felt very proud going into the reception rooms leaning on the arm of your father, for he was tall, graceful, handsome, and walked with such a lordly air as if the world belonged to him—just a way he had, a way I much admired, as I know did many other girls, for I saw many a bright eye glance admiringly as we passed. I was no dancer, but your father was a fine one. He seemed to enjoy it so. One night he persuaded me to dance a reel with him. I acquitted myself very well. The governor gave several balls and receptions at his home, to all of which we were invited, and attended. The finest of all was the reception given to the Odd Fellows. To this one I went with your father, and if I say it, who should not, a finer couple was not seen there. I wore a new dress father had given me, made in the latest style and which fitted me perfectly. I knew all this and felt quite proud. I was so happy that I danced several times, once even with the governor himself, while

Lyman had the governor's lady for a partner. We four were in the same set. I well remember the look of surprise on the faces of mother and father as they saw us. I could also note that father was quite pleased that his little backwoods Hoosier girl, as he often called me, should be so distinguished by the ruler of his adopted state. He had been very fond of dancing in his youth and attended all the balls and routs in Richmond during the winter, and at the Springs during the summer. Indeed, he and mother had been quite gay before they were converted to Methodism."

"And so the winter passed away and we were back home again and glad enough to be there, for while we had a pleasant time we somehow felt that such festivities were not suited to our simple tastes. Well, we were married, and I moved to town where your father had built himself a good, substantial house near Newton's grocery store and not far from father's dry goods store. As father and the boys boarded with me, and much of the time I had one or two of the girls down from the farm, I did not lack company, though often when your father would be away on professional work in a distant part of the county for three or four days, I would become lonesome. We were very happy in those days, for we were young, strong and all enjoyed good health. We were warm and comfortably housed, I had a fine fruit and vegetable garden and many flowers and fruit trees in our vegetable garden. Plenty to eat and drink, though no very fine dresses, yet good, strong and substantial clothing, warm and comfortable if not very stylish. Fine enough for a girl brought up to farm or country life as I was, indeed, good enough for any one, and so you see I was necessarily very happy at that time, and when you came, as you did quite soon, I was truly a happy woman if ever there was one. We were both very proud of you for you were well formed and healthy and bid fair to favor your father, than whom, let me tell you, there were few handsomer men, or more kind-hearted, tender or affectionate. But our happiness could not, did not last. Your father came home wet, cold and weary from a long ride in the country. He complained of pains in his chest. Albert, his youngest brother, was with us at the time, studying medicine. He sent at once for Doctors Howes and Shyroek, but pneumonia developed and he sank rapidly. He died April 7th, 1847, 28 years of age. We buried him at the farm. Our little family burying ground is now incorporated in what is known as Hoover's cemetery. Friends from both town and county came to show their love and respect by accompanying us all the long five miles to the little country graveyard. Odd Fellows from Logansport, members of the lodge to which your father belonged, were also present in a

body and conducted the funeral ceremonies after the ritual of the order. While I do not know it for a fact, I have no doubt but that your father was the first member of that order to die in Fulton county. Indeed, I believe that there were but few members of the order in the county, but a lodge was organized soon after. I was frequently told that such action was hastened by the kindness and attention members of the brotherhood had shown at your father's funeral.

This little chap, known as John Ely, waxed strong and healthy and soon grew to be a sturdy lad, somewhat mischievous, as all strong, hearty boys are inclined to be, though never vicious, usually well contented, for he had practically two homes to choose from. His time was about equally divided between his home with his mother, who had married again, and at the farm with his grandmother, aunts, uncles and cousins, all good, kind and inclined to humor and perhaps spoil the youngster. None of them kinder or more indulgent than the black woman, Fanny Rose, of whom he was very fond; indeed all were. Such a farm it was, for everything a boy's heart could wish was found. Of stock there were horses to ride and drive, cows to milk, oxen to yoke and sheep to pasture. Of fowls, turkeys, chickens, geese, ducks and a fine flock of pigeons.

Such eating as we had! Such dishes as Fanny Rose and my aunts could and did prepare! Such quantities of fruits of all kinds, both large and small! Could any boy, or boys, have wished for more? I say boys, for much of the time Scott Rannells, Uncle Newt's oldest son, a year or two my junior, was my companion. In the very early days there were two others, Willie Rannells, son of James and Susan Brown, daughter of June. Susan died in early girlhood. Plenty of company, and we were therefore never at a loss for fun and frolic, though we had our chores to do. These, however, were never very onerous and performed quickly in a spirit of fun, for we were good-hearted always, never, that I can remember, quarrelsome or unruly, all of which was no doubt owing to my grandmother's good government. Also to that prince of good fellows and best friend a boy ever had, William Woods, better known as Uncle Bill. What larks we had with him as guide, and what sweet times during sugar season, for the farm included one of the finest sugar groves in the county. No better sugar or syrup ever was made, even in the state of Vermont, than that made by Uncle Bill.

The sugar house was the original cabin occupied by the family during the first few years. What days and what nights were spent by us in that sugar house or camp, as we called it, boiling down sap. At night, seated or stretched out at full length on the ground around the fire listening to Uncle Bill's

stories of Indians and of wars, for he had served as a soldier and had taken in a campaign or two, probably during the Black Hawk war. He knew a great deal about the habits, ways and methods of Indian fighting, indeed Indian life in general. After a time he would jump to his feet, call out, "Fall in Company A!" and while he was busy with his sword and sash, Company A (I was Company A) a lad of from five to twelve for these exercises covered a period of several years. This little boy of five would spring to his feet, grab a piece of wood, shaped like a gun, and stand very erect, with head up and chest thrown out, feeling very proud and important and there remain until the commanding officer, Uncle Bill, had his handsome sash and sword properly adjusted, when he would step out into the light, draw his sword and shout, "Eyes right!" "Left!" "Front!" "Dress up there!" Finally, with great dignity, "Attention, battalion! File right! Forward, march!" Now and then Scott Rannells would form a part of Company A, though Scott never took so kindly to the work, not having the proper military spirit. He would rather lie on his back in front of the fire and listen to stories. After marching us about for half an hour we would be brought back to the fire and for another half hour or so we would be put through the manual of arms, often getting much mixed, for he had been drilled in Scott's tactics, while Harder's was the standard, latest. But he would consult the book, correct himself and correct us. All this was not only confusing to the intellect, but fatiguing to the body. When the order came, as it always did finally, "Break ranks!" we were very glad indeed and would hasten over to the barrel containing sugar sap, fill the gourd drinking cup and take a long, deep pull, then stretch ourselves out before the fire ready to listen to Uncle Bill's yarns of the Indians, of which he had an inexhaustible store.

And so this association went on year after year as long as I remained a member of the community. Uncle Bill's ambition as a drill master was not wholly satisfied with this sort of thing, for about 1856, '7 or '8, he organized the farmers, old and young, of his neighborhood into a military company, the first, so far as I know, to be organized in the county. Though there were a number of men in the county who had served in the Fourth Indiana Volunteers during the war with Mexico, members of a company in which my uncle, Albert G. Brackett, was first lieutenant. Whether any of these were members of this company I do not know, but I know that subsequently most, if not all of them, served during the civil war of 1861-5.

They met for drill at irregular intervals on a lawn, or rather glen, north of Uncle Bill's orchard. Here they would march, countermarch, go through the manual of arms, in all of which,

owing to the careful and patient instruction given by my painstaking uncle, they attained a good degree of proficiency. Now this was a well organized, uniformed company of men just away from the plow or harvest field, much in earnest and bound to make the most of their opportunities. Very proud and splendid they bore themselves. It was no easy matter to distinguish the individual member as they marched past a given point, for the ordinary stooped and slouchy gait gave place, when in the uniformed ranks, to an erect bearing true military air. Heads up, chests well out and a quick and elastic step. The uniform, I remember it well, consisted of a black cloth roundabout or jacket, military cut, standing collar and a single row of brass buttons, the exact counterpart of that worn as a fatigue uniform by the household troops of Great Britain today, even to the little point down behind. Only the British jacket is always scarlet or blue, generally the former. White duck trousers with bright red ribbon or stripe down the outer seam. Large blue cloth cap, black leather vizer and glazed cover for wet weather. Shoes or boots, as may be, always bright and shining as the best blacking and polishing could make them. This alone was enough to cause a transformation. For arms each man carried his own squirrel rifle, more or less ornamented according to individual fancy. Powder-horn, highly polished, bullet pouch of undressed deer-skin slung across the shoulders by a broad strap of the same material. No side arms except in the case of Uncle Bill, who always appeared with his handsome, crimson silk sash and bright, well polished dress sword and scabbard strapped to his side, and who marched proudly at the head of his company with sword drawn, the bright blade flashing in the sunlight. How I did enjoy watching them march past where I sat perched on the topmost rail of a high stake and rider fence, cheering lustily and waving my cap with enthusiasm. Once when Uncle Bill gave the order to "Present arms!" as they passed me, my enthusiasm was so great and my dignity so profound I almost fell from my high perch as I removed my cap in return for the courtesy. So the drills went on, from season to season, covering a period of several years. I was always an interested spectator. I do not recall just how the information came to me, but somehow I was always informed when a drill was to be held, and early made my plans to be present, driving or riding to the farm, when I could have the horse, and when not, walking. Now I always had one boon companion or comrade, one who always was glad and eager to join me in any expedition, no matter where. That was my step-sister, Helen Staily. Certainly no boy ever was so fortunate as I in having a comrade so kind, so gentle, so ready and eager to assist me with advice and comfort of her presence.

One bright day in June, I heard that the drill was to take place. I went at once to Helen and asked her to go with me. "Gladly, Johnnie," she said, "if father will let us have the horse and buck-board. I don't feel strong enough to walk so far. You go and ask him," which I did at once, knowing beforehand just what his answer would be whenever Helen was concerned, and when I told him what we proposed doing he very promptly replied, "Why certainly, Johnnie, I am glad you are going and it is real thoughtful in you to take Helen." He doted on Helen, as we all did. "I'm sure you will have a good dinner at your grandmother's. I declare I wish it was so I could go. Well, some day we will all go up and have dinner at the farm—Newt, Lib, and the rest of us. Tell Helen to take an extra wrap for it may be cool coming round the lake after sundown."

And so we started, but had not gone far when Helen suggested that we take Joe Chamberlain with us. Joe was soon ready and eager for the trip. At her request we added somewhat to the length by deciding to come home by the river road, visiting the famous Indian fields where strawberries were many and large. A couple of baskets were added to the outfit, when we were off, and in due time arrived at the head of the lane from where we could see the farm house. I soon discovered grandma, seated complacently in an easy chair on the honey-suckle covered front porch, and as surely there was the black face of Fanny Rose peering over the gate. I drove gaily up, sprang out, greeted Fanny with an affectionate slap on her broad shoulders, saying, "Fanny, my girl, you are going to have guests for dinner." She answered promptly, "Now you John, what you alls want for your dinner?" "Stewed chicken, cream gravy, hot biscuit and strawberry shortcake." I had approached grandma, who had arisen to greet me, holding out her soft, white plump hand, which I stooped over and kissed, a ceremony she was very fond of, and one I had been early taught by my mother. "Why, grandma," I exclaimed, "what a beautiful dress you have on, and that new and dainty lace cap is so becoming. I declare you look as if you had just stepped off a Watteau fan. Every day you are growing more and more like Martha Washington," all of which little excusable flattery seemed to please her and harmed no one. Indeed, the girls both corroborated my statement as they came forward to greet her, who beamed with pleasure at the sight of the bright young faces. She held out a hand to each and bade them welcome. While we were exchanging compliments, Fanny Rose came around the corner of the house followed by Jake and exclaimed: "Now, you John, if you alls want strawberry shortcake for your dinner, you will have to help pick the berries." We all gladly consented and started out for the south field where they were to

be found. We managed the first fence in good shape, but on reaching the second, were not so fortunate. The girls were ahead, Jake, my uncle (then a young man of 16 or 18), and I lingered behind. In attempting to climb the second fence their skirts caught on the fence rails, causing some consternation, and on the part of Joe, a considerable show of lace and embroidered lingerie, together with two plump calves and well turned ankles. Helen made very little show for her stockings were gray, with black elastic garters, and her skirt a dark silk. I ran to her assistance, while Jake helped Joe. I soon released Helen, she remarking to me in an understone, "What a spectacle Joe is making of herself! I hope I don't look like that." I assured her she did not, and further protested that Joe made rather a pleasing and interesting picture. Her voluminous white and billowy skirts looked like the foam of the sea, while the bright red of her garters, in the midst of all this whiteness, might resemble two coral reefs. But I think I shall have to paint Joe as the "circus-rider," "hoopla," ready to spring through the paper balloon. "O, John, you always think of pictures. What are you going to do with me?" "You, Helen? Oh, you are always my dear delightful, Esmeralda."

*"Esmeralda, lithe and airy,
Graceful she as any fairy,
Like a tuneful, sweet excess,
In a world of happiness,
While all gladsome motions meet,
In those lightly dancing feet."*

I sang as we ran to assist Joe in releasing herself from her embarrassing position. "John, you are real nice to think of me in that way," said Helen, as she caught me round the neck and gave me a soft kiss, taking up the refrain in her glad, sweet voice.

*"Esmeralda, joy surrounds her,
Sunlight clothes her, sunlight crowns her,
Passion stirring, thought entrancing,
Softly blushing, softly glancing,
And a thousand witching fancies,
Make wild music as she dances."*

But just then an exclamation from Joe, a rip and tear, and she had freed herself from the splinters of the fence, only leaving quite a bit of lace petticoat behind, which I saw Jake quickly release and hastily put in the inside pocket of his coat.

We were all now engaged picking strawberries. As they were plentiful and large our basket was soon filled, when we prepared to return to the house. At this point Joe declared she never would, in all her life again, attempt to climb a rail fence, if there was no other way out. She would remain here forever. Jake

and I soon had the rails lowered enough for the girls to step over. Returning to the house we found grandma still seated on the front porch. We seated ourselves there also, while Fanny went in to prepare dinner.

"John, what do you hear from your Uncle, Captain Albert?" asked grandma. Albert was a favorite of hers and she always asked about him. "O! Uncle Charlie had a letter from him the other day. He is with his regiment down in Texas fighting Indians. His Colonel, Albert Sydney Johnston, has been sent up to Utah to look after the mormons and straighten them out. Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Lee is in command. Uncle Albert likes him very much; says he is a good soldier, an excellent officer, a gentleman and a Virginian. You know he always thought well of Virginians, grandma. I suspect that is why he likes you so well. You and he were always great friends, you know." "Yes, indeed we were; Albert was a good soldier, his work in Mexico was a credit to himself and family." "I hope you have read the book he wrote about the services of his brigade while there." "Certainly, I have read it through three or four times, and parts of it, several times." "But, say grandma, I think the services of Uncle John vastly more important and interesting. You don't know much about him. I do, for Uncle Charlie has told me a lot which few knew. Uncle John did not write and publish a book about himself." "Why, Johnnie, tell me about him." "All I know, he was a West Pointer but resigned from the army after a campaign or two." "What had he to do with the Mexican war?" "Why, you see grandma, after war was declared, he offered his service to the Government and the President appointed him to a Captaincy in a regiment organizing in New York to be sent to California as soldiers of conquest and as settlers after the war was over, like many of the old Roman legions. After a voyage of six months around Cape Horn they reached San Francisco. Uncle John with his Company was sent to Nappa, where he was near neighbor of the Mexican general Vallejo, with whom he became quite chummy. Well, after the war, and California, as you know, became American territory, a state government was next in order, for with the discovery of gold the state filled up very quickly. In 1849 as many as a hundred thousand emigrants reached there, overland, and by the way of the Isthmus of Panama. The excitement was tremendous. That same year, Sept. 1849, a state convention was called at Monterey, to which delegates were sent for the purpose of framing a state constitution. Uncle John, well knowing the strong feeling on the part of delegates from slave states, Missouri, Kentucky and others, to make California a slave state, attended the convention, though not a delegate. Uncle John, through his friendship with General

Vallejo and other Mexican delegates, soon had all the Mexicans pledged to vote for a free state. The contest was warm and furious. The government at Washington favored the slave element and it looked as if they would win, but the free-state men kept well together, resisting all efforts at compromise and with the aid of the Mexicans kept a bold front. Efforts of all sorts were made to break the solid Mexican vote but an influence that no one could understand or make out, kept them together until a final vote was taken and the free state men won, by a small majority it is true, but still won. Now I will tell you what but few knew: Uncle John was the influence that kept the Mexicans together first, last and all the time, and so I say I had rather have done what he did, for it was he who practically made California a free state. Think what it would have meant to the Nation and the whole world had that great state adopted slavery. Why, I had rather been Uncle John than General Scott himself. I could tell you a lot about California if we had the time, but I see Fanny Rose has dinner ready and I am as hungry as a bear."

What a dinner it was! It makes my mouth water even now to think of it. Everything we had asked for and much, very much, more. We all ate heartily, even Helen, who generally fed daintily. As for Joe and I, we even astonished grandma by the way things disappeared down our throats. Joe was in her element while eating chicken, hot biscuits and gravy. Grandma, bless her kind old heart, fairly beamed on us with pleasure, at the way we ate of her good things. Well, even the stomach of a growing boy, and a jolly rollicking girl, have limits and ours were finally filled. And now to see the soldiers, Hurrah! There's the drums, and here they come, with the best martial music in the county leading. Ike True with his drum and Nat Bryant with his fife. We rushed to the front porch as they proudly marched past with banners waving and drums beating. A more inspiring sight I never saw and never expect to see again, for since then I have seen all the fine companies and crack regiments of all the countries of Europe, including Great Britain, as well as our own country and Mexico. None produced that proud, swelling of the breast, the almost choking sensation of enthusiasm as did the company of plain and sturdy yeoman, the farmers of our own beloved Fulton county. They passed by with a quick, springy step, the drawing up of the right leg and bringing the foot down with a sharp, quick thud, not unlike a horse with the spring halt. Uncle Billy at the head, calling out "one, two; one, two; one, two, three, four!" He saluted us as he passed and ordered his men to "Present Arms!" We waved our caps while the ladies waved their handkerchiefs with great enthusiasm. I saw Joe's eyes sparkle with delight and a bright red

flush mount to her face and neck. Even Helen showed emotion, for her eyes, too, sparkled and a flush suffused even her pale face. As for grandma, she was delighted and clapped her hands in glee. They marched on down the lane, passed the barn, turned and came back, reaching the house, halted and came to "dress parade." Uncle Will stepped forward and asked for a drink of cool water from the well. "Better than that boys," grandma answered. Turning to Jake, she asked him to go down cellar and draw a bucket of cider and bring it to the soldiers. I followed Jack as did Uncle Bill, and we soon returned, each with a bucket full of good sweet cider just beginning to turn a little, but noon the less tasteful and refreshing on that account. Fanny Rose brought up the rear with a great dish pan piled high with fress, brown ginger cookies. Uncle Bill called, "Attention! stack arms, break ranks and have a good time boys." They all preferred the shade and grass of the yard to the hot, dusty road, so stretched themselves out on the grass in the shade of the trees, drank cider, ate cookies until they could neither eat nor drink more. Helen and Joe busied themselves passing cookies and filling the tin cups.

How beautiful and charming they did look! like Hebe offering nectar to the Gods. After they had filled themselves with cider until they could hold no more and had eaten all of Fanny Rose's cookies, Uncle Bill, who had been talking with grandma, called out. "Fall in, Company A!" Grandma and the girls ranged themselves in line beside the gate. As they filed out, the men gravely and courteously shook hands, taking off their caps and expressing thanks for the good time they had had. I heard one or two call out—"Say, Captain Billy, that was a happy thought of yours, marching us up here!" I never had a better time in my life and never saw two prettier girls." They formed ranks and marched away to the stirring music of fife and drum. Tim Williams soon brought our horse around and we prepared to depart. "Johnnie," said grandma, "the next time you and your Uncle Charlie are out scouring the country you must come this way and tell me more about California. I hear Sam Stailey has lately returned. I should like to hear of his adventures. You might bring him along." "All right, grandma, I'll do it. Thank you so much for that good dinner and the general good time, for we have had a jolly one, haven't we girls?" "Indeed we have," they answered in union and away we went.

Turning north at Hoover's, we soon entered the dense timber. The road was soft and fairly smooth, the shade was grateful, so we bowled along at a pretty fair gait. Helen soon put her wrap about her shoulders, for the air was both cool and damp. We were not long in reaching the river and the old Indian fields,

where the horse was pulled up at the side of the road away from passing wagons and securely hitched to a tall sapling. All three went busily to work picking the small but deliciously sweet berries that grew in great profusion. On looking into Helen's basket we found it half-full of berries that had been gathered at the farm and which Fanny Rice had evidently placed there. After some persuasion, Joe was induced to have a few transferred to her basket, refusing many, because, as she said, Fanny had evidently intended them for my mother. It was not long before our basket was filled, when we both turned in to fill Joe's, and that took but a short time. Again we were on the buckboard, with faces turned homeward, where we arrived a short while before supper. Mother met us at the door and said: "Well, I'm glad to see you safely back. Now, girls, you set the table. We will have supper on the back porch, and I'll boil the ham and poach the eggs. My rolls are already in the oven. We might have a dish of those berries, if you girls will hull them." "Mother," I said, "may Will Chamberlain and I make ice cream for supper?" "Yes, certainly, and that will be real nice. You boys get the ice from the ice house and ask George Innman to come over and help me mix the cream, for he knows more about ice cream than anyone in this town." We two boys, very much delighted, soon had the horse in the stable and a big block of ice in the tub ready for cutting, while George Innman and mother fixed the cream. I insisted on the big freezer, and soon we boys were busy whirling it. George promised to step over now and then to watch progress. I rather think he wanted to exchange glances with Joe. It was not a great while before George pronounced the cream in prime condition, ready to dish. As the other things were ready, Helen rang the bell for her father and the children. As he came around the house Helen and I were standing together by the garden fence, where he paused, stroking her hair tenderly, saying: "Well, daughter, have you had a nice time today?" "Oh, father, so nice, and all owing to John. You don't know what a comfort he is to me." "You and John are very good friends, I am sure. Well, John is a very good boy when not engaged in mischief, though he is inclined to be a little lazy. They do say, however, that is because of the Brackett blood. I myself do not believe the Bracketts are the least bit lazy. It's only their slow, deliberate way of doing things that gives that appearance." We were now called to supper by mother. As we stepped upon the porch my father exclaimed, "What a pretty table! Why, girls, this beats me. I never saw anything more inviting. Joe, I'm sure you are responsible for the flowers. They certainly do look pretty—almost as pretty as you are." My step-father, John H. Stailey, could be very gallant when he chose to take the trouble.

My mother now called me to her side, saying, "I see Milo Smith across the lot going to feed his horse. You run over, give him my compliments and ask him to come and have a bit of supper with us." I did so. Milo said he would wash up a little and come over directly. We were all seated when Milo appeared, stopped and exclaimed: "I must have dropped down in Arcadia, everything looks so nice and comfortable." My step-father, holding aloft his carving knife, said: "Come right in, Milo; here is a place for you, and I'll give you my head if you don't say this is the best piece of ham you ever set your teeth into." Milo was liberally helped, and we were all busy, when my father again exclaimed: "I'm a living sinner if there ain't Charlie Brackett. Come right in, Charlie; there is always room for you." But before coming to the table Uncle Charlie stopped at the pump, where there was a basin, soap and towel, and gave his hands and face a thorough washing. "Well, this is nice," he remarked as he seated himself at the table, after having greeted everyone present. "How glad I am old Dolly turned down your alley. She knew what she was about, for a more charming table I never saw. The flowers are beautiful." "That is Joe's doing," I called out. Of course, George Innman was at the table, seated next to Joe, and I saw him squeeze her hand when I said this, and they looked knowingly into each other's eyes. "Yes," said Milo, "it struck me, and I still think we are all in Arcadia." "That's so, Milo," replied Charlie, "only there are two pretty maids here instead of one, as in the song, 'Pretty Maid of Arcadia; Pretty Little Maiden She.' I could play it for you if I had my fiddle; but I never was much at singing. It's a mighty pretty ballad, all the same, and our two maids here would answer well to the poetic fancy of the piece."

The supper progressed to the end. George Innman offered to dish the cream and Joe served the berries, while Will and I acted as waiters. Everything was good—the cream only such as George Innman knew how to mix and two stout boys how to freeze. George had brought with him a box of his famous sugar cakes, freshly baked that afternoon, as he said, expressly for this occasion. But after a while all were satisfied. They could eat no more. My mother suggested that they move to the front porch, where the moon could be seen, while she and Martha would wash the dishes. The large lunar oil lamp, my father's pride, had been lighted and placed on the table, and also a number of Chinese lanterns that Joe and George had strung about the porch. We were all gathered on the front porch admiring the moon when the gate latch clicked and in marched Mr. Kline Shryock, his daughter, Josie, Uncle Newt Rannells and Aunt Lib. They were all congenial and kindred spirits. While they

were exchanging salutations my father called out, "Is that you, Jonas Myers?" "Yes, that's about the size of it," came back the answer, cheerfully. "Well, Jonas, you old rascal," called Uncle Newt. "How dare you, sir, think of passing that gate? Come right in here, sir!" "O, well, Newt, don't get mad; I was only pretending. We were not going to pass, were we, wife? Why, man alive, we came down here expressly to make a call, a thing I seldom do." There was much shaking of hands and expressions of delight as the different members of the party were recognized by the new-comers. My mother came forward and invited them to the back porch, an invitation accepted by all, though Newt declared he could not eat a morsel, yet he would go out for company. Mother had newly spread the table, the lamp was burning brightly and the small colored Chinese lanterns added much to the beauty of the spread. There were many and loud exclamations of delight at the beauty of the fairy-like grotto. After ranging themselves around the table George Innman, with the two boys for waiters, prepared again to dish cream. Joe and Helen added berries at the table and mother poured the coffee. There could be no question about the tastefulness of it all. Uncle Newt was delighted and expressed himself in language forcible, if not always elegant. And so the evening passed away, eating, drinking and making merry. Uncle Newt was the first to suggest going, saying that while he had told Margaret, his wife, that he would probably not be home for supper and might even remain for lodge meeting, he now thought he had better be "moseying." At the word lodge my father sprang to his feet, declaring that he must go at once, however much he regretted leaving the good company. After a great deal of talk the men all decided that duty called them to the meeting, and they must go. I was asked to bring out a box of cigars, "the Rio Hundo," from the mantel in the parlor and pass them around. I did as directed, and all the men present took one, even Uncle Charlie, whom, I am sure, rarely smoked. He even said so, but would make an exception tonight. After lighting up, they all started for Odd Fellows hall, all being members of that order, several of them charter members. The ladies remained behind for a little further gossip and music.

While still on the porch Helen said to me: "What a day this has been! Perfect in every way. 'O! What is so rare as a day in June?'" she quoted. Uncle Charlie, who was standing near, answered: "I declare, Helen, I don't know, unless it is a night in June, for this is a perfect night, neither cold nor hot—just right. What a rare good time I have had, am having; an evening long to be remembered by all of us here. I am sure John will not soon forget it." "No, indeed," I replied, "for I

mean to paint the back porch as it looked tonight, and I shall have Joe and Helen in the foreground. I think it will make a good picture." "Indeed it will, John, and I bargain for the first copy."

Soon after all had departed, even mother had gone to walk home with Aunt Lib. The girls had gone to bed and I was left alone on the settee among the cushions and was fast drifting away into dreamland when Helen came out and cuddled up to my side. I told her I thought she ought to be in bed asleep, for she must be tired after such an exciting day. She quietly replied, "John, I could not sleep; it was so warm and close in the bedroom. Joe, the best girl in the world, was restless and uneasy and that disturbed me. I could not breathe freely, so came out here to be with you for a while and to ask mother when she comes back if I can't sleep upstairs. It is large and airy, with more windows. I don't believe she would object, do you?" "Of course not, Helen. You know very well that you may have any room in the house at any time. There is nothing anyone of us would not give up to you. You can go to bed at once if you wish. I will make it all right with mother." "Yes, dear, I know, but I had rather sit here with you a while and talk, it is so cool, so bright and pleasant here. You and I have sat out here many times watching the stars and wondering which one of them would be our home after leaving this world. John, tell me, would you feel very sad if I were to leave you and find a home in one of those far-distant stars up there, for I may tell you I have a feeling I shall not be here when another June comes around." "Dear Helen," I said (and there were tears in my voice) "please don't talk of leaving us just yet. I am sure now that the hard winter has passed and summer is here and you will grow stronger every day. I heard Uncle Charlie say to mother this evening you were looking so much better tonight; better and brighter than for a long time. We all think so, so please don't talk about leaving us." But it was as she had predicted. Before another spring came around her gentle spirit had left us, to join that of her mother, leaving us all inconsolable.

I am now an old man, but even now when I allow my thoughts to wander back to the time when she was the joy and brightness of my life, my eyes fill with tears. We laid her away by the side of her mother in Odd Fellows cemetery, near the town, and there she quietly sleeps.

*"Warm summer sun, shine kindly here,
Warm southern winds, blow softly here.
Green sod above, lie light, lie light,
Good night, dear heart, good night, good night."*

A LITTLE HISTORY OF "HOME FOLKS"

EDITOR OF NEWS-SENTINEL:

I understand a want ad has appeared in that section of your paper asking for a copy of *Home Folks* written and published by Marguerite Miller, the advertisement signed by the National Librarian at Washington, D. C.

I have had letters from the National Librarian, State Librarian and Secretary of the Indiana State Historical Society asking for extra copies of the book and thus far I have been unable to locate a copy of either volume besides those in my own library.

The National Librarian said: "You have given Indiana valuable history because it is first hand from those living in the early days of Indiana and your county." These statements have been written by the other two librarians mentioned.

It was through the kindness of the late Hon. H. A. Barnhart that "Home Folks" found a resting in the National Library, and our own librarian, Mrs. Grace Stingley-Mason placed a copy in the State Library at Indianapolis. A request from the State Historical Society was answered by forwarding one book of each volume.

A little first hand history of the book might be interesting to your readers. It came about by visiting with some of the men I interviewed every day when reporting for the *Daily Republican*, which covered a period of nearly twenty years.

Reporting for a country newspaper when Rochester was a town did not mean what it does today, now that Rochester is a city. Then it meant friendly visits every day with every merchant, clerk, doctor, lawyer, minister, officers in the court house and city hall, visits to the railway stations, justice of the peace—in fact, a continuous round of visiting and picking up items of interest to the general public.

One day when stopping at the Henry Ward furniture store in the commercial block, I stopped to visit with Uncle Dell Ward, as he was reminiscing on days in Rochester when Main Street was little more than a cow path through the town, of the Indians who were sent West, etc. The story was of such dynamic interest and told with such dramatic power that I asked for an interview, which he readily granted. The book grew from Uncle Dell Ward's story week by week until completed. I set the type of

evenings and Sunday afternoons and after each story appeared in the *Daily Republican*, my son, Earle A. Miller, printed four pages at a time on the old Mehle job press. He and I folded the pages, sewed them together and put on the binding. As I recall it, only one hundred copies were made. Each of the pioneers whose story appeared were given a copy of the book. An effort, not a very strenuous effort, was made to sell the remainder, but every one had read the stories in the paper so the remainder of the books were packed away in a box and later sold for waste paper as far as I know.

The second volume contained history of the Methodist Church, the late Charles Jackson furnishing the data, history of the Citizens' Band, with pictures of those early musicians, history of the K. of P. lodge, the late Isaac W. Brown providing the record and many other histories of men and events of the days in which they played a part in Rochester.

I was not in Rochester when the second volume appeared. It was edited by the late Albert W. Bitters, although I made notes and had set the type for the most of the book. The second volume does not have the same value to the general public because it dealt with purely local affairs and people, while the first book has to do with Indiana in the raw, of very primitive times. But the point is that after so many years that which seemed valueless and meant very little to the readers of *Home Folks* now is very valuable and the only record of the people and events of Rochester, Fulton County, Indiana, written from the personal experiences of men who lived when our town was little more than a pasture for cows, pigs and chickens and farms few and far apart.

I doubt very much whether there will ever be a monument at the head of my grave—after all a monument is but a bit of stone with a name and dates of birth and death inscribed thereon, but I believe in years to come *Home Folks* will grow in greater and still greater value as history, and that will be a monument that will endure long after his house of clay is but a bit of dust.

I shall also leave a history of Main Street as I knew it, of the men and women I knew, respected and loved, of the intimate stories told me of their trials, tribulations and better still their joy and happiness that made each day and each visit long to be remembered.



The Hon. George W. Holman and C. C. Campbell are the only attorneys living in the time to which I refer, Mr. Campbell than a young chap trying his wings in the flight of legal oratory. Every doctor of that day has passed on, every merchant but Charles K. Plank and George V. Dawson, Val Zimmerman, then a young man in the employ of his father, the late Hon. Valentine Zimmerman, and W. H. Howard, then learning the jewelry trade with C. C. Wolf.

Now strange faces everywhere—in stores, offices, shops. All who belonged to the yesterday of which I am writing have passed onward. Rare food for thought, rich thought for reflection, sacred thought for coming generations.

How fast the sands of time run on. What history made, what sorrows endured, what courage needed, what faith declared. Your life—my life but passing figures on the screen of time.

—Marguerite Miller, Sept. 16, 1940

ABOUT MARGUERITE MILLER, THE AUTHOR

 By Shirley Willard, 

president of
Fulton County Historical Society

Marguerite Lillian Bitters Miller was born in Peru, Indiana, October 29, 1863, to Thomas Major Bitters (born August 7, 1835, in Northampton County, Pennsylvania) and Maria Victoria Elizabeth Rose. (born near Basil, Ohio).

Thomas Major Bitters was always known as Major, having been so named in honor of his mother's maiden name. He came with his parents and brothers and sisters to Akron, Indiana, around 1850. He taught school in Akron one year. Then he was apprenticed to a printer and learned the trade. In 1856 he went to Peru and took the foremanship of the *Peru Republican*, which position he held for 17 years. He married Maria Rose in Peru in 1857 and had two children, Albert and Marguerite. He served in the Civil War.

Major's brother, Tully Bitters, was partner to William T. Cutshall in publishing the *Akron Globe* 1866-67. Then he moved to Rochester and bought the *Rochester Sentinel* in 1872 from A. T. Metcalf. He published the *Sentinel* until 1886, when he sold it to Henry A. Barnhart. Tully served as Rochester postmaster 1886-90. Tully was also a brickmason and built the first brick building in Rochester, the Jesse Shields store, on the northeast corner of Main and East 8th streets. (This building was razed in 1974 to be replaced by the new Farmers & Merchants Bank.)

Major bought the *Rochester Union Spy* weekly newspaper from William H. Mattingly on October 8, 1873. His son Albert quit school in the sixth grade at the age of 12 to become a "printers devil" and to press and type in the newspaper office. The office was on the second floor of the I.O.O.F. building (now called the Knapp building) on the northeast corner of Main and West 9th streets. Marguerite's newspaper career began at age 15 when she went to work as a typesetter.

Six years later on August 29, 1879, Major sold the *Spy* back to Mattingly, who had founded the *Rochester Republican* July 6, 1878. Bitters went to Rensselaer and purchased the *Republican* there, which he published for two years. Then the death of a six-year-old son (two sons,

Franklin and Frederick, died in childhood) made all of the family dissatisfied with Rensselaer and they returned to Rochester. Here Major tried both the grocery and real estate business, but as he was a newspaper man by training and inclination, he founded the *Rochester Tribune* in January of 1883. He sold the *Tribune* to W. I. Howard & Son in 1884, and purchased the *Rochester Republican* in January 1885 from L. N. Noyer. (These dates are verified from the old newspapers themselves, stored in the Recorder's office in the Fulton County courthouse.)

When his father did not have a newspaper, Albert worked for his uncle Tully on the *Sentinel*. In February 1886 Major started publishing Rochester's first daily newspaper, the *Daily Republican*. He continued to publish the *Weekly Republican*, using the important news stories already set in lead type for the *Daily*. Albert was assistant editor and job printer for the *Daily Republican*. In September 1891 Major bought out the *Tribune* and merged its business with the *Republican*.

Marguerite married John Logan Miller, son of Judge Hugh Miller, on May 6, 1882. After the wedding they lived in a new brick house on Railroad Street (now called Franklin Street). Among the wedding gifts were a majolica dish, silver card receiver, plush-frame mirror, nickle-plated smoothing iron, and \$5 in gold. Their only child, Earle, was born February 8, 1885. Following her marriage she taught art for a time but returned to the newspaper staff in 1900.

After a fire destroyed the I.O.O.F. building, Major bought a lot and put up a one-story building on the alley, 114 East 8th Street. The *Rochester Republican* was published there until it ceased to exist in 1923, after 45 years of publication.

Major made a success of the business to such an extent that he owned the *Republican*, the building it occupied, a business room just north of the Masonic building, and three residence properties.

Major was active in church work and in early life was a leading member of the Methodist church. But for the last 20 years of his life, he was a free thinker, an advocate of advanced or independent thought and for the last 10 years an enthusiastic Spiritualist, being head of the organization in Rochester. Having no church, this group met in the upstairs room above the Book Store (826 Main).

When Major died April 5, 1902, the funeral was held in the courtroom of the courthouse in order to accommodate the crowd of people. Business was suspended in the county offices, and the stairways and court room were decorated with flags and floral emblems. Rev. J. Harry Moore of the Spiritualist Society conducted the service. The Rochester Citizens Band led the funeral cortege to the Odd Fellows cemetery for the last rites.

The *Rochester Sentinel* supplied *Republican* subscribers with news service for a couple of days while funeral arrangements were going on. The *Republican* resumed publications on Monday with Albert W. Bitters as editor-in-chief. The *Weekly Republican* was published on Thursdays.

Albert's sister, Marguerite Bitters Miller, was associate editor. During 1909-10 Marguerite wrote the two volumes of *Home Folks*. Volume II of *Home Folks* was advertised in the *Republican* December 29, 1910, for 50 cents a copy.

Marguerite's son, Earle Miller, helped set type in the newspaper office. He operated one of Rochester's earliest movie theaters, the Earle,

located in the south half of the present Knapp building at the corner of Main and West 9th streets. It featured silent films of 20 minutes in length. Admission was five cents. He was also manager of independent basketball teams during the first years of that sport here and promoted appearances of semi-pro teams for games in Rochester.

Marguerite served as editor of the *Republican* 1921-23 while Albert Bitters was Rochester postmaster 1922 on. Earle Miller was managing editor. As editor of the *Daily* and *Weekly Republican*, Marguerite published the only Sunday edition of newspaper ever produced in Fulton County.

Bitters sold the *Republican* to the *Daily News* in September 1923. In 1924 the *Daily News*, owned by Harold and Floyd Van Trump, consolidated with the *Sentinel*, owned by Hugh A. Barnhart, into the *News Sentinel*.

Not much is now known about John Miller, Marguerite's husband. His father, Hugh Miller, was county surveyor 1844-51 and the first judge of Fulton County Court of Common Pleas 1853-57. John had a grocery store on the north half of the 800 block of Main street across from the courthouse. He may also have been a lawyer for a time. He died September 27, 1924, at age 70, of camp disease. According to I.O.O.F. cemetery records, he died and was buried the same day. His death was not recorded in the courthouse nor could an obituary be found in the newspaper.

After the death of her husband, Marguerite entered the lecture field and spoke in many cities across the nation on the Chautauqua circuit. She lectured on psychology, temperament and getting along with others. She always spoke without notes; words seemed to gush from her spontaneously and she held her audiences spellbound. When asked how she had nerve enough to get up before thousands of people to speak, she said she never even saw them; she just spoke from the heart and was unafraid. While lecturing in California, she was given a sapphire ring and a long necklace of pearls by an admiring audience that took up a collection to get her this gift. From then on she always wore them whenever she gave a speech. She is wearing the pearls in the photograph reproduced in this book.

Marguerite was nicknamed Maggie, but she always called herself Marguerite (pronounced Mar-gur-reet). She was a radio broadcaster over a Florida station in 1927.

Marguerite Miller was the author of several books, according to her obituary, but the titles are unknown except for the two volumes of *Home Folks*, an historic account of the lives of prominent and pioneer Fulton County citizens. She also wrote poetry. She was a student of religious philosophy and had an extensive library on the subject, including such titles as *The Encyclopaedia of Death* and *War Letters from a Living Dead Man*, which are now in the possession of Ann Kindig Sheets, editor of *Akron-Mentone News*. Ann purchased them at the sale following Mrs. Miller's death.

Earle Miller left Rochester to pursue a newspaper career, having begun in the *Rochester Republican*, and served as reporter and copy editor in Louisville, New Orleans, and San Francisco. He became associated with Blue Products Company, which manufactured special cleaning powders, in 1931 at Cleveland. Taking over ownership in 1940, he

moved the business to Rochester, 130 East 8th Street. Miller sold his interest in the firm to Dee Fultz in 1954.

At the age of 67 in 1952 Earle Miller became director of Fulton County Welfare. For 14 years he put more energy into this job than most younger men are capable of mustering. He wrote a weekly column, "Thoughts at Random," (sometimes called "It's Your Welfare" but the other title proved more popular) for the *Rochester Sentinel*, in which he discussed welfare programs, philosophy of life, and early local history. Scrapbooks of his articles are now in the Fulton County Library and the Fulton County Historical Society museum.

In her later years Marguerite lived with her son Earle and his wife Cecyle (Brady) in the big Bitters house that had belonged to her father and used to stand on the corner of East 9th and Monroe streets, where the Biggs building is now. Her quarters faced Monroe Street and Earle had the rest of the house and upstairs.

Well-known speakers and authors of books on new thought visited Marguerite Miller. One book which we believe was given to Mrs. Miller by the author is now in the FCHS museum: *Friendship* by Hugo Black, 1898. Mrs. Miller had given this book, along with the prized pearl necklace, to her dear friend, Gladys Kindig Hall. Mrs. Hall gave the book and photograph of Marguerite Miller to the museum. She gave the pearls to her niece, Marie Wideman.

Mrs. Miller visited many sick people and prayed for them. That is how she met Galdys Hall in 1937. Gladys had tuberculosis and lived a block east of Marguerite, at 916 Franklin Street. Mrs. Hall said, "Because the house had a large windowed porch, I was allowed to stay there to recuperate instead of going to a sanitarium. My hospital bed was on that porch and the windows were kept open so in the winter snow covered my bed and when I got out of bed, I stepped in snow. I was allowed to go in the house for only one hour a day.

"Mrs. Miller came down the alley to visit me and help me get well. We sat facing each other with hands extended palm upward 'to receive from God' and Mrs. Miller spoke the prayer. She was so sincere and prayed so intently that it really helped. It lifted my spirit and made me feel confident that I would get well. It took two years but I was finally cured.

"When Mrs. Miller prayed, in her intensity of love she tried to contact a higher Spirit to bring healing and answer her prayer. Of course, she was misunderstood and called a 'spooky kook' by some. When people criticized her, my husband would say, 'Mrs. Miller forgot more than he (the critic) ever knew.' We both loved her dearly.

"Her father, Thomas Major Bitters, had been the leader of a National Spiritualist group in Rochester, and Marguerite probably was a member of that group too when she was young. But the group died out after his death in 1902, and Marguerite was not connected with a Spiritualist group during the 20 years that I knew her. She was a Christian and taught my Sunday School class in the First Christian Church for several years, though she was not a member of the church. Her philosophy did not conflict with ours, and we greatly enjoyed her class.

"In the 1940's and 1950's Mrs. Miller taught a class of metaphysics in

her home. I attended and learned much about life and reality and how to live, which is what metaphysics means.

"Even in her 80's and 90's she was spry and active and enjoyed good health. She had a young mind and her eyes glowed with a lively spirit. We were very close, and she used to say to me, 'Gladys, if I had a dozen daughters, I would want every one of them to be like you.' During my bout with TB we became very close and continued until her death at the age of 97. She was sick toward the end and had to be taken to Miller's Nursing Home (by the post office on Madison Street) to be cared for. I went to visit her every day and so did her son. She cried to come home and I wished I were able to care for her in my home but couldn't.

"Marguerite Miller believed in being kind to everyone and trying to understand why they believe the way they do. She believed the best in everyone and questioned criticisms, urging the critic to investigate further and find out both sides before passing judgement. She loved people and her God and her son. It was an honor to know her and to hear her talk. I shall never forget her. She was the most wonderful person, the most spiritual person I ever met."

Marguerite Miller died November 14, 1960, at the age of 97 and was buried beside her husband in the I.O.O.F. cemetery. Her son Earle died January 19, 1966, at the age of 80, and was buried beside her.

As Earle had no children, and Albert Bitters' son Harry had no children and his daughter Margaret Rose Dillon lives in North Carolina, the Bitters family is gone from Rochester. But the contributions of this great publishing family of talented writers will never be forgotten in Fulton County.

(See *Fulton County Folks vol. 1* for Albert Bitters Family, Marguerite Miller and Earle Miller stories. Details are also included in Early Akron, Gast Family, and Hugh A. Barnhart stories.) Other references: *Historical Atlas of Fulton County*, 1883, A. L. Kingman; *History of Indiana and Fulton County*, 1896, Elia Peattie; *Account of Fulton County From Its Organization*, 1923, Logan Esarey and Henry A. Barnhart.)



MARGUERITE MILLER

Making Your Dreams Come True

CLASS TALKS

LIFE---ITS POSSIBILITIES

The Kingdom Within.
Personal Atmosphere.
Tithing—Key to Success.
The Power of Affirmation
Renunciation.

Love—The Emancipator.
The Open Road.
Keeping Young.
Enlarging Our Vision.
The Golden Rule.

What The Papers Say

"Mrs. Marguerite Miller, of Rochester (Ind.) Daily Republican, talked to a capacity house at Woodmen's Hall, Sunday evening. Her address was a running fire of wit and wisdom, done in de luxe binding. Mrs. Miller has a charming manner, and to this added the art of telling a story in an entertaining way. The subject, "Making Your Dreams Come True," was really a talk on opportunity; optimistic, but seasoned with hard practical facts. "Class Talks," will follow the lecture this week.—Kokomo Dispatch.

"Marguerite Miller, a newspaper writer from Indiana, occupied the rostrum at Mt. Pleasant Park, this afternoon. Her subject, "Making Your Dreams Come True," was filled with timely advice, witty stories and deep religious philosophy, which was delivered in a quaint, yet interesting style particularly pleasing. Mrs. Miller will return to Mt. Pleasant for the program next season.—Clinton (Iowa) Advertiser.

"One of the most entertaining and helpful lectures given in Peru this winter, was by Marguerite Miller. Mrs. Miller handled her subject, "Making Your Dreams Come True," in a graceful, easy way, and held the interest of the audience from first to last."—Peru Evening Chronicle.

"Those hearing Marguerite Miller, an Indiana newspaper writer, lecture at Knights of Pythias Hall, Thursday afternoon, will not regret they were given the opportunity to listen to this gifted speaker. Her theme, "Making Your Dreams Come True," contained many valuable suggestions which, if followed, would make life happier and better. "Class Talks," follow, this week at the homes of the members of the "Sun Flower club."—Fort Wayne Gazette.



"Marguerite Miller, a well known newspaper writer, found a receptive audience at Winter's Hall, when she gave her lecture, "Making Your Dreams Come True." There was no lack of interest from the beginning to the end of the talk, for it was presented in a new way, that instructed while entertaining. She will be welcomed to Dayton in future engagements."—Dayton (Ohio) Evening Herald.

OL' OCTOBER.

Marguerite Miller.

* * * * *
 * There is somethin' sad an' somethin' glad *
 * 'Bout ol' October. *
 * When yaller leaves come tumblin' down *
 * Coverin' earth with gol' an' brown, *
 * With here an' there a touch o' green. *
 * Purty as a carpet from ol' Bagdad, *
 * Yet it makes me sorry an' it makes me glad. *
 *
 * There is somethin' sad an' somethin' glad *
 * 'Bout ol' October. *
 * Did you ever take an ol' friend's han' *
 * When he was leavin' fer another lan' ? *
 * Your heart felt heavy as a lump of lead *
 * Thoughts of grief went through your head, *
 * An' you knew he'd go, yet wish'd he'd stay, *
 * That's how I feel this autumn day. *
 *
 * There is somethin' sad an' somethin' glad *
 * 'Bout ol' October. *
 * It's a pinch o' summer an' a pinch o' spring *
 * An' a hint o' what the frost will bring. *
 * Jest say goodbye to birds an' flowers *
 * Then its how d' do winter hours, *
 * For snow will fall on earth an' bough *
 * An' cover the ground where leaves are now. *
 *
 * There is somethin' sad an' somethin' glad *
 * 'Bout ol' October. *
 * It's just like life fer you an' me, *
 * Rich ez gol' er poor we be. *
 * Sometimes we laff, an' oftimes we cry— *
 * An' keep on askin' the good Lord why? *
 * Young an' happy the world's aglee, *
 * Then October days for you an' me. *
 * * * * *

GOING ROUND THE SQUARE

 BY ALBERT W. BITTERS 

This poem about the stores and businesses around the courthouse square in Rochester, Indiana, was written between 1910 and 1914.

Beginning with Dawson
The "soda fiz" man,
The only drug store run
On the "Rexal" plan.

And Omar, the Mayor,
First National Bank
With Arthur and Michael
All men of first rank.

And next we have "Nobby,"
The pie mon-te-bank,
The only original
Real doughnut crank.

And Ditmire sells paper
With such a sweet grin;
The ladies are crazy
To go there agin.

And next cometh Charley,
The Hoosier store man,
He'll fit your "toot-wootsies"
With shoes black or tan.

There's always big doin's
At Wile's clothing store.
There's bargains a plenty
For rich and for poor.

Southwest corner of Main and
West 8th streets, 800 Main,
now Lord's. Jonathan Dawson
Bought this drugstore in 1867.

802 Main, now AVCO Finance.
Omar Smith was mayor 1910-12,
later became president of the bank.
Arthur Copeland founded the bank
in 1866. Michael Sheridan was cashier

804 Main, now Doering TV. Reynaldo
P. True, nicknamed Nobby, had
a restaurant and Eagle Bakery.

806 Main, now Wards store. Henry
Ditmire had a book store.

808 Main, now north side of
Hirsh store. Charley Plank's
Hoosier shoe store.

810 Main, now south half of
Hirsh store. Lee Wile and
Joe Levi were partners.

But if you want something
Delicious to eat,
Dave Shaw is the gentleman
You want to meet.

812 Main, now Adler's dress
shop, Shaw's Cigar Store had
a lunch counter in front, pool
tables in back.

Mier Levi will greet you
At his great big store
Of dry goods and notions
And carpets galore.

814 Main, now B & B clothing
store, on north side of the
alley.

Cy Davis, the tall one,
And his better half
Have sundries to sell you;
The price cut in half.

816 Main, now the doctors' clinic
(formerly Dr. Dean Stinson, now
Dr. Kenneth Hoff and Dr. Paul Hess)
on south side of alley. Davis had
a variety store.

Ike Wile looks so handsome
With his bunch of girls;
His store is a garden
Of roses and curls.

818-820 Main, now Dr. Carson McGuire's
office and Clay Floor Covering.
Wile sold cloth, household goods.

Frank Marsh, the fat grocer,
On him we rely
To furnish us butter
And bacon to fry.

822 Main, now Rochester Auto
Parts.

Holman and Onstott
Are cutting a dash;
They've got the bargains
If you've got the cash.

824 Main, formerly Walle's
jewelry, now Hardesty's
Printing, John Holman and Isaac
Onstott had a dry goods store.

George Ross has the mug
That women adore.
When looking for sunshine,
They flock to his store.

826 Main, now The Book Store
operated by Lichtenwalters.
George Ross founded the
book store.

The fair lady Maxwell,
The star of South Main,
Will treat you so nicely
You'll come back again.

828 Main, northwest corner of
Main and 9th, now American
States Insurance. Fred
Maxwell ran a variety store
called the Bazaar.

Stockberger and Hisey,
The corner hardware,
If you want a square deal
Don't fail to go there.

105 East 9th, southeast corner
Main and 9th. Now the parking
lot for Kentucky Fried Chicken
restaurant. Joel Stockberger
and Lee Hisey had a hardware.

You can tell that George Keith
Sells drugs by the smell;
Buy your physic of him
And always be well.

107 East 9th, now Kentucky
Fried Chicken. Formerly the
New York Candy Kitchen before
the fire in 1949.

-
- | | |
|---|---|
| Chamberlain sells sugar
At five cents a pound;
He's the jolly, joking
Harry of the town. | 109 East 9th, now Deamer &
Deamer Realty and Lancaster
Insurance. Harry Chamberlain
had a grocery store. |
| If it's shoes that you need,
The kind that will fit,
The place is at Hedge's,
And Oscar is it. | 111 East 9th, now Manitou TV
& Stero. |
| I passed "King David's" place.
Nothin' doin' there.
I said "where's David gone?"
Echo answered where? | 113 East 9th, now Horn Cycle
Center. Evidently a vacant
store formerly occupied by
David King? |
| Right then I smelt a smell
Like roasted chicken meat,
And Shanks' South Side Hotel
Is just the place to eat. | 115 East 9th, now Moore Shoes.
Roy Shanks was proprietor
of hotel. |
| And next I found a place,
Just south the public square
Where Jesse shaves 'em slick
And cuts and combs their hair. | 117 East 9th, now Kroger parking
lot on east side of alley.
Jesse Shelton ran a barber
shop. |
| Ben Noftsgger sells you seeds
By the pound or can,
While Jesse C. sells parrots
On the installment plan. | 130 East 8th, now Blue Products. |
| If you want the white light
And the griddle red hot,
Just ask for the gas-sy-est
Joker John Ott. | 128 East 8th, still Chamberlain's
tavern, the only business in the
poem that is still operating.
Jesse Chamberlain had a pet parrot. |
| Such a busy hum
Of solid industry
And scores of sweet girls
At the glove factory. | 126 East 8th, now H & D Creamer
& Co. Then Rochester Gas
& Fuel Co., John Ott-manager. |
| In Babcock's great big store
Were bargains everywhere.
If I had plenty "dough,"
Sure I'd spend it there. | 120-22 East 8th, now Credit
Bureau and Gottchalk Realty.
Then Waring Glove Company both
upstairs and downstairs. |
| The faithful G.O.P.
With Albert at the wheel
Was grindin' out the news,
More than I can spiel. | 116-118 East 8th, now The Sentinel.
Clark Babcock had a grocery store
downstairs; the Red Man Lodge
was upstairs. |
| | 114 East 8th, west of the alley,
now Gemini variety store. Albert
Bitters was editor of the <i>Daily
Republican</i> newspaper. |

I passed the stairway down
To basement barber shop,
A lovely place to shave,
But no time to stop.

At Byer's place I saw
With anxious longing eyes,
The sweetest bunch of girls
This side of paradise.

Have you seen Dysert's store
Of clothing and shoes?
The bargains he turns out
Fairly beats the Jews.

At Frank Bryant's office
I found just only two
Of the sweetest peaches
This side of Kalmazoo.

At Indiana's bank
Was money plentier'n hay.
I feasted me my eyes
A while and walked away.

I crossed the street to see
My dear old Hebrew chum;
Sol Allman always leads
And bids the others come.

Now to conclude my rhyme
I'll say this at the end:
No public square can boast
Of cleaner business men.

112 East 8th, now Westwood's
barber shop. Then operated
by Alfred Tipton.

110 East 8th, now Lloyd Rouch
Insurance. Beyer Brothers had
the Rochester Electric Light &
Power Co. office here.

Back door 8th street entrance to
J. F. Dysert's Racket, whose
main door was at 929 Main.

Back door of Indiana Bank, now
Farmers & Merchants Bank. Frank
Bryant was examiner of bank,
had office by back door.

731 Main, northeast corner of
Main and 8th, now the new
Farmers & Merchants Bank.

730 Main, northwest corner of
Main and West 8th, now Olympic
Sports Center. Almann sold
clothes, advertised "Cy, I and
Sam."

THE EDITOR'S EVENING PRAYER.

ALBERT W. BITTERS.

Grand Artificer of the deep, the land and sky,
 Turn Thou Thine ear to humble mortal such as I;
 With contrite thought, in fervent supplication,
 Do seek Thy guidance with my full appreciation.
 Teach me, first, to weed my heart of guile,
 And I do beseech Thee, all the while,
 To plant therein the roses of pure white
 And nurture them with dew of Divine right.
 Give me light to better understand myself —
 That all of life is not of worldly pelf,
 For all the wealth of precious stones combined
 Is dross beside the will of man in being kind.
 Cleanse my mind of envy, greed and strife —
 Cast these aside for higher precepts rife.
 Let me but know my neighbor's righteousness,
 Nor ask to have him meekly wrongs confess.
 Give courage and reward to brethren of the pen,
 The workmen of the craft — beyond their ken —
 And banish every doubt, dread care and sorrow,
 That they may always see a bright tomorrow.
 Oh, let me voice my thanks profound
 For all blessings which on earth abound —
 The sunshine and the rain, the heat and cold,
 And all the works of nature we behold.
 Bless dear wife, who toils from morn to night
 That we have comfort, ease and pleasures light;
 And Mother, who entered the Garden of Gethsemane
 To give me birth, and life and win my good name.
 Show me the course to earn my way as I deserve —
 From honesty and frugality never swerve,
 And, if it by Thy law that I should lose,
 Good Lord, just grant me strength to choose
 The better way, at setting of the sun,
 To say "Thy Will, oh God, not mine be done."
 Finally, when all my labors here are o'er
 And faintly I hear the Boatman's oar,
 Let me lie down in peace to sleep
 Where dearest friends sweet vigils keep,
 Then give me grace to look to Thee
 And say that "All is well." — So mote it be.

Rochester, Indiana, December 20, 1920.



